



Between two Voids by reddogf.13

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Summary: now 26 years old and returning with her boyfriend she strives for a life of normalcy in the small town. Unaware that a certain stalking creature has awakened much earlier than expected. Looking for a challenge to cure its boredom in the now crumbling town IT aims to uproot her life as much as possible. Yet, is that really such a bad thing given her hidden life? (bev x pennywise)

1. Lonely day

October, 2001

"this shit aint workin for us." a man dressed in loose clothing spit toward the ground.

"its a big town. We just have to move somewhere smaller." he added, pulling the thin jacket closer to his thin body.

"big towns give more." Beverly shivered in her thin black jacket with even thinner clothing underneath. Her long sleeved dark blue shirt that hung down to mid thigh partially covering her ragged and ripped up dark jeans.

"give to people who don't need it. Remember all the damned families in the food line? Why don't they get jobs and make the kids work too." Erik shifted his lean against the brick wall.

"what's that small town you're from? Dairy land, dairy field, something to do with milk?" he asked.

"i – we – its not a very good place Erik." she spoke delicately to avoid making him upset. Looking to the thin man wearing a hole covered grey t shirt that loosely hanged off him. A short neatly trimmed beard covering his face. Slicked back black hair that helped highlight his jade green eyes. Being a little taller than her with tanned skin from being out in the sun constantly. Beverly was sure she developed some sort of farmers tan of her own these past few years being homeless.

Her slight darkening not helping to hide the multiple lighter scars tarnishing her body. Marks across her arms being the most noticeable. A few spreading over her face, however her bright red curly hair detracted attention from those.

"whys that?" Beverly swallowed nervously at the heavy tone he gave her.

"lots of bad luck. ... A lot of deaths. Many go missing." Shed rarely told him about Derry as she preferred not too. After her childhood

with the old gang against ... *IT*. It was the last place she ever wanted to return to. Yet when things got difficult, which was common, Erik wanted to go straight there. She regretted ever mentioning Derry to him.

"heh, you superstitious now? Sounds exactly like the place we're living in now. We need a smaller place to live. Someplace where foods easier to steal with no cameras on every street corner! Small towns are places stuck in the times of promises actually meaning something! We need a place like that to scam for real things!" Glaring her down until she flinched her gaze away.

"... look babe." he softened himself to bring her attention back.

"you know winters coming. I don't want to see you shivering in the snow again for another year in a row. Smaller towns make things easier. You know I want whats best for you, right?" holding a smile for a false kindness. Something Beverly never fully trusted, but never questioned.

"... yes." she answered passively.

"smart girl. You can take us to the dairy field, land, whatever." he patted her face. Chuckling as she flinched away from the action.

"it's all the way in Maine." she hoped with it being so far from new York he wouldn't want to travel.

"i got money for a bus."

"you said we had no money." she thought, glaring out of the corner of her eyes. Knowing well that saying so would get her another bruise on the ribs.

"come on babe! I want to get there sometime today!" he shouted back toward her on the way to the bus station. She sucked in a deep breath to gather some strength to follow behind.

Meanwhile far up north in the town of Derry something was stalking down below the roads. A huge insect like creature with many glowing yellow eyes shifting to be hidden under the skin. A smooth pointed head with rows of razor teeth bared in anger. Neck lined

with sharp ragged Armour plates looking toward a warped grouping of ruffles. A bulky chest with 8 massive spider like claws at the most front. Out of the four sets of larger legs, one was slightly smaller in all black. resembling a praying mantis like position against *IT*'s chest. The pair of praying arms being a cleverly disguised pair of hands ready to grab fleeing prey or to impale them down. Following behind the main body was a long armor sectioned body like a centipede crawling along on many legs.

The creature mumbling to itself with irritation at what its once lush hunting grounds had turned into. *IT* could keep Derry in a bubble of ignorance to its hunts, but not on the outside world. Things beginning to shut down in the small town was what started it all.

No more factory's meant no more work. Half the town was leaving for work to feed their family's. Then with no more people able to shop the stores closed one by one. Any families with kids have long since left. Leaving only old retired folk too stubborn to leave the town they were born in. With maybe a few younger members staying to care for the elders.

"nothing to hunt or to bring me entertainment." *IT* growled to itself. Remembering the schools full of young children. Easy to scare into an exciting chase ending with a nice flavorful meal. Now all gone with the schools having to shut down.

"the current selection above not even worth the hunt anymore. Old meat tough as a tire with the rest being flavor less cardboard." *IT*'s large spider like limbs tapping across the stone tunnels with many centipede ones tapping behind. Stopping to lay down across the cool open floor of its home. Spreading out one of his hands to rest his chin upon. The other spreading to lay against the stone.

"i need something to get me along here. If it's not food I want a challenge to thrive against. Having those annoying children back would be better than this insufferable boredom." tapping his sharp slender fingers against the stone.

"i suppose though, they are not children any longer. It has been ... 12 years." adding up quickly in his head.

Feeling the town slowly erode over time had *IT* waking early over its full 27 year hibernation. At first he didn't think too much of it. Sure a bunch of humans left, but there was still plenty. Then the shops closed, and when the schools shut down he grew worried.

"with so little prey I don't have to keep Derry in a bubble at this point. Winter is the prime hunting with no suspicion when the older humans disappear after a blizzard. "oh they just walked off to die in the snow. Big surprise."" he mocked in a higher voice. Puffing out a huge breath of air at the pathetic prey above.

"another day scratched off this rock in space." breathing in with a stretch to his feet. Catching a scent in the air with the approach of something.

"hmm, something new? Something full of fear soaked in the stench of blood coming here? How interesting." Long strands of drool oozing off its teeth at such a delicious smell above. Twisting around on itself back down through the tunnels to go see what arrived.

"why the hell is it freezing up here! You didn't say anything about winter being here already!" Erik shivered after stepping off the bus with Beverly right behind.

"it is further north." she muttered.

"what did you say? You want to speak up?!" he hissed out with a harsh shove to Beverly. Smiling at seeing her flinch in reaction at the minimal threat.

"i am sorry, the colds getting to me. Help me find someplace to buy you hot food to make up for it?" shifting drastically to a more polite tone toward her.

"yes, ... I can." giving a wavering smile. Cautiously passing by with her body preparing for a possible blow against it. Breathing out in relief when no hits came.

"i shouldn't have said that. I was stupid for saying that." she scolded herself. Walking ahead at a slow pace to keep from getting too far. He hated when she got too far away or entered a place before him.

"why are we stopping here?" he asked.

"a diner used to be here." she answered quietly. Walking around had her notice many changes in the town. Many places boarded up with dust filling the windows. Foreclosure letters blowing down the streets. Hardly anyone out walking the streets. It all seemed so dead from what the town used to be like in her childhood. She wondered just how much had changed since she was last here.

"you know another place?" his tone hinting aggressive impatience.

"i think so." holding her breath with worry at what might happen if she didn't find a place soon. If she hadn't been so worried she may have noticed the many eyes watching from a water drain across the street.

"how wonderful, young Beverly has returned. Filled with so much fear since the last we faced. Scared of my presence like she so rightfully should be?" *IT* chuckled to himself. Crawling his long sectioned body further down the tunnels to watch her from multiple drains. Many yellow eyes in two rows of fours peeking out from the small space in the streets. The eyes weren't necessarily needed with him able to track on body heat alone. It was more for seeing the finer details or merely intimidation reasons. Prey didn't like to be stared down by eight large eyes after all.

Beverly stiffened her stride at seeing something bright yellow pass in a dark drain. Staring toward the drain to catch another glimpse at what she may have seen.

"why are we stopping?!" Eriks yelling scaring her into looking forward again.

"sorry, needed to remember the way." an excuse with her voice hardly being present for the whole thing.

"*IT* can't be here. It hasn't been a full 27 years yet." she spoke to herself, The anxiety she avoided by leaving Derry returning full force.

"it's just worry having me turn paranoid. *IT* would have made its presence much more known if it was here. *IT* wasn't one for being

subtle." she thought.

The situation wasn't the same as when she was a kid. The support of her friends following her everywhere. She felt no fear when they were all together. Now all she had left was Erik, he wasn't exactly the most empathetic. The guys were right about him ruining her. He had her believe the guys didn't want her happy. That they wanted her to be completely reliant on them and she believed Erik. She said quite a few things she came to greatly regret along with her choice of who to be with in the end.

Since then she had turned completely reliant on Erik for everything she needed. She had no money, no place to go, she wasn't even allowed to hold her own ID card. He held her card and "their" money with him saying its for the best. She felt it was impossible to apologize for the things she said to her friends. Even if she could manage the proper words she had no way of contacting them. She was isolated in the world with only Erik for support.

"um, h-here we are." she stood by the front door of the diner for Erik to enter first. Following silently behind to the seat he choose.

"you having a burger?" he asked to only sound polite in public. Beverly knew he got what he wanted her to get, which was usually something cheap. Nodding to make it feel less awkward between them.

"at least i'll be getting food today." she thought. With neither of them earning money they relied heavily on stealing. Erik was the better of the two with skills in pickpocketing. Beverly, even though she's done it multiple times, had not gotten used to it. Fear of being caught overwhelming her most the time into stopping. Anxiety growing every minute on when the next meal would be or even where they would sleep.

"In new York they had homeless shelters, but none to be found here." She thought with a hand combing through her bright red hair to relieve stress. Looking out the large window to pass the time. Hearing the sound before a blanket of rain poured on the dreary town.

"perfect." she thought unhappily about stepping out into that. The

creature below the streets carefully examining over the two. Its excitement growing with two possible play things entering its territory.

"hmm, she brought a friend with her." *IT's* voice spoke from a drainage gate. Unable to be heard past the loud waterfall pouring through the drainage entrance.

"this will be a fun surprise for both of them. Ah, now when should I visit?" he cheerfully wondered. Leaving down the sunlit drainage tunnels to wait for his time to properly present itself.

"yes, I understand." When the food arrived, Erik had broken out in a huge lecture about money. He was always incredibly cheap when it came to spending money on those other than himself.

"i am serious. We have to start saving money babe." he said while cutting into a thick steak.

"maybe if you didn't spend like a king. We would have money." thinking bitterly with another bite off her burger.

"can't afford any place right now. Where can we sleep?" he asked.

"there's ... not really ... anywhere to go." she muttered, knowing the reaction to that coming up.

"nowhere, there's absolutely no where to go?!" his tone turned unhappy.

"its ... very small and-" she tried to explain that there were no shelters or food lines in the small town. Flinching at Erik banging a fist on the table. Sitting then on in silence with gaze aimed toward the ground.

"so why did we come here? Why did you bring us up here? Huh?! You didn't think things through again. This is why I have to think of everything!" he leaned his body toward her. Both hands clenched in a fist with a few heavy pounds on the table.

"sorry." she passively apologized. Something she did regularly in the hopes she wouldn't be harmed. It had a common theme of failure no

matter how sincere she made it.

"sorry doesn't work when I have to sleep in the rain because of your mistake. Get up, let's go, you're done. It's late and we need to find a place before the sky turns black." he wanted to deal with her away from outsider eyes. Erik hated when people butted in or called the police on him. Beverly abandoned her food still remaining while his was long finished. She didn't dare argue with him. Fear growing inside her about what was going to happen after they reached someplace without people watching.

"this better be a fucking joke. We just got off a bus after a 7 hour drive. I am tired, its raining, you better figure something out or i am gonna be really pissed!" he threatened her outside the diner.

"there's a junkyard." she fearfully offered up.

"that's the best you can do?!" one of his fists raising up over her head. Her body flinching into itself as she spoke multiple apologizes on reflex. "shut up, just go!" waving a pointed finger for her to start moving. Her walking a little fast to stay ahead of his furious pace.

The two shivering as the pouring rain drenched through there coats made for summer. Walking for quite some time to the junkyard. Passing the edge of town where there were no more roads, only a wide dirt or technically muddy path. No street lights to brighten it up under the settling darkness. Beverly swallowing at passing under the run down junkyard sign.

"we arrived in a bus. Might as well sleep in one too." Erik grumbled while heading over to a broken down school bus. The outside had paint peeling with rusted spots all over the frame. The windows being somehow intact, although covered in some moss from the ages. Erik approached to the back exit door. Wrenching open the back exit, with a painful metallic screech sounding out, for them to get in.

"hey, our luck is going up. There's a hobo stove in here." a bit more cheer in his voice. Taking a piece of wood from the metal barrel to light with a lighter from his pocket. Throwing it back into the metal barrel to grow a fire on the rest of the half burnt wood.

Beverly sat away from him without a word. Wanting to avoid his wrath at least for one night. Anxiously watching him from the corner of her eye. Making sure to avoid being caught watching him. He hated when he found her looking at him, talking, or doing anything without permission. He may as well have hated her very existence at some points. Hours of awkward silence passing between the two. Her anxiety building with the falling sun. the fiery colors of the sunset slowly replaced by the light of the burning fire.

The rain pouring harder over the course of time. Condensation building on the mossy windows to block any views to the outside. Beverly being happy for the heat, but not for who she was sharing it with. She had considered countless times on leaving him with a few attempts actually made. Unfortunately he always found her no matter how far she traveled. Being a girl with bright obvious red hair had its downsides. His friends weren't the most fond of her either. Ratting out her location as soon as she was spotted anywhere.

Her hidden watching faltering when she saw him light up a cigarette. Glaring at him for enjoying an expensive luxury only he was allowed. She hadn't smoked in a long time, but the cravings were still there. A twitchy irritating feeling under her skin burning as she watched him smoke. Her glare going on a little too long grabbed his attention.

"what?!" he snapped. Staring her down even after she looked away. Regret filling her chest when she heard him get up. Clawing into her own arm to stop her terrified shivering.

Outside the pouring down rain covered the sounds of multiple legs creeping through the piles of junk. Approaching the lit up bus just close enough to see through the water blurred windows. The smell of fear radiating from the metal structure. The multiple nostrils at the end of *IT's* snout flaring up to breath in the scent.

"is she aware of my presence? I cant be that rusty on my hunting yet." *IT* thought. Resting low to the ground to keep hidden in the dark night. *IT's* curiosity growing over what he expected Beverly to do if she was aware. His body stretched up enough to peek through a blurry window. Discovering the true origins of her fear planting a seed of discontent within *IT*.

"you going to start this early?! Why do you always want to make me angry?! You think I like being angry at you?!" Erik ranted down at her flinching in the seat. Slamming a fist down into her ribs hard enough to knock the wind out of her lungs. She winced in pain, locking up at a second painful hit.

"stop flinching! You know I didn't hit you that hard!" he spoke with little pity for her pain. "go to sleep!" finishing his assault on her.

"sorry." she wheezed out, not daring to look at him.

"shut up! I don't want to hear a sound from you!" he threateningly looming over her, daring her to say another word. Slowly backing away over to the barrel fire.

She took shallow breaths in to ease the pain away. Staying curled on the seat against the wall. Shaking as quietly as she could to not draw anymore attention on her. Not even wanting to move from the uncomfortable position she was curled in.

despite the lovely scent of fear he was breathing in. *IT* was disappointed at what it had seen.

"not the challenge she once was." *IT* thought little of the new cowering Beverly.

"this much fear coming off her from a pitiful male. Yet I could not gain any off her long ago. What a disappointing turn of events this has become. She could make a good meal, but that isn't my main reason for coming. I wanted a challenge, something to put me in a rush. I wont get any entertainment from her if she so easily crumbles like a leaf! Maybe letting her fester will have her straighten out." he thought, carefully crawling away to not be noticed.

Beverly stayed up for hours even when she could hear Erik snoring a few seats away. Staring up at the cold window all through the night. Watching the sky change with the rising sun. gaining something good from the cold morning air turning the metal bus sides into an ice pack. Resting her freshly bruised ribs on the freezing metal.

Inside she debated on moving or staying still. Terrified of

accidentally waking Erik at any little noise she could make. The feeling of being sick growing confidence inside just enough to get up. Sneaking as quiet as a mouse to the end of the bus. Turning the back exit handle with a screeching pop. Pausing to slowly look back at Erik for any movement. Looking forward with held breath to slide the door open with a unintentional drawn out screech of the metal.

Stepping quietly out onto the dirt. Letting out a breath at the fresh morning air. Covering her mouth at the painful cough coming up at breathing in deeply with bruised ribs. Walking a few feet from the bus to cough without risk of waking Erik. Crouching down to the floor with exhaustion filling her muscles. Breathing in at a more delicate amount to not start up another coughing fit.

"Please have him work today." she prayed in thought. Erik left Beverly on most the mornings to go pick pocketing. It was the only time she had temporary freedom to relax. If you could truly call it freedom. Erik didn't like her freely walking around since she tried running from him the first time.

"babe!" she heard him shout from inside the bus. Having her body jump with her heart skipping a beat.

"outside." she answered quickly. Holding in a coughing fit from shouting. She didn't move from her crouched position. Afraid he was going to be mad at her outside without asking first.

He stepped out seeming half awake. Walking over with a calm stride to be feet away from her.

"... i am sorry about last night. I know you didn't mean to make me angry. You forgive me?" speaking toward her back with fake sincerity. The same as every other morning after "she caused" a fight. Her body tensing at the sensation of him crouching low next to her.

"yes." she spoke quietly. Not honestly feeling what she answered with.

"thanks babe. I'll bring you back something after work." Startling her with a kiss on the cheek before he went off.

She slowly let out a long breath she held in his presence. Looking back to make sure he was fully gone from the junkyard. Not noticing something else watching her from among the junk.

"what was that?! Why did she accept?!" *IT* thought with a deep inner frustration.

"the female who once so boldly jammed a iron rod through my head! The female who faced me directly in my lair with only words! now accepts some false words with barely any emotion?! This is an insult! What is this new males position? Are they mates? Cant be so, shes far too above this pathetic male! Or at least she used to be." he thought. Watching her sit out on the open dirt.

"just going to sit there like a chained dog?" it started as a thought, but a few words escaping out of frustration.

Beverly's head shot up at the voice. Jumping to her feet at recognizing it as the clowns. Her fear and cold mixed shivering coming to a halt. Her eyes now slowly scanning across the mounds of items for his figure.

IT held its body still with the surrounding junk for camouflage. A spark of interest coming from her reaction to his unintentional speaking. Noticing much of her fear shedding away completely in preparedness to face him.

"maybe i am hearing things?" she thought. Failing to see *IT*'s figure anywhere or hear anymore of its voice. Not even hearing clearly what *IT* said, if *IT* said anything at all.

"*IT*'s not here. *IT* can't be here." she thought to calm herself. Grabbing her side at feeling her ribs ache from tensing up. She walked over to lean against the cold bus for some relief on her ribs.

"going against natural instincts of self defense when harmed. What purpose could that serve? If she was like this when facing me ... she must be playing a game with the male. She wouldn't sit by accepting such harm without a farther goal ahead." *IT* thought to make sense to itself on what was the reasoning in Beverly's mind. The interest *IT* had now gone with the frustration returning.

"maybe I should just end her misery. With all the delicious fear she emanates it would be a waste to let a fine meal go if it were caught in my web. " *IT* thought after watching Beverly stand around in pain for most the day.

"I'll play along to this game she has for a little while. If she's smart she won't test my patience." moving when he was sure she had no eyes in his direction. Crawling off to the Neibolt house not far past the neighboring train tracks.

Beverly sat on the front steps of the bus. Eyes shut leaning her back against the mini metal wall acting as a rail. Watching waves of wind brush over the treetops. Closing her eyes momentarily with a deep inhale of the fresh air hitting her face. Opening with a look over, seeing Erik walking back she went to greet him by the gate.

"hey babe, want to go for a walk?" his question raising red flags in Beverly's mind.

"... sure." Beverly answered hesitantly. Body tensing at what Erik was planning to do. They didn't just go on walks for enjoyment. They did enough walking when merely looking for supplies to live off of.

"you lead." there was no emotion on his face. Making it difficult for Beverly to guess what was to be expected. She gave a small nod while passing him. Watching him from the corner of her eye.

"it might be best for me to head somewhere public." she thought. Heading directly back to town instead of somewhere secluded in the surrounding woods. Body relaxing at being around others, despite knowing that *IT's* curse of bad happenings being ignored still around.

"he doesn't know about it." thinking about the curse and Erik. Which was good for her with him not liking to harm her in public for fear of cops getting involved.

Every now and again he would ask her a question about the town. Beverly figuring out he was making this walk into a tour. Something she didn't mind too much as long as it kept his anger away.

"what's that place?" Beverly looked in the direction he pointed toward

her old school. Seeing the building falling apart with boards covering every entrance possible. Some areas of brickwork falling out of place in the walls. The roof being covered in rusted holes leaving her imagination running on how rotten the insides were from weather.

"wow, that's my old high school. Can't believe they shut it down. It used to have so many kids when I went there. It's the same place where all the guys went to too." shocked at its state after once being so lively.

"okay I didn't need a little story." he pushed her along to rush past it. "where's that bridge lead?" he asked next.

"it's the big main bridge that passes over the river. Heads toward the factory's that turns to farmland after a while." she explained.

"river huh? Is it clean?" his walking momentarily stopping at the front of the bridge. Making his way down the dirt slope to the rocky river edge.

"uh, sort of? It's where all the street drainage pipes lead. No sewage in it." starting to follow his lead down the shore.

"looks a lot better then shitty new York water. That stuff is like black sludge workers tar the roads with." he kicked multiple rocks into the water while walking along the river's edge.

"yeah ..." Beverly passively agreed.

"does this same river run by the junkyard?"

"sometimes. A dry creek splits from it that only fills during the spring floods." Looking down as she stopped focusing on the environment around them.

"is there a treatment plant around here?"

"yes."

"is that where that huge drainage pipe leads?"

"what?!" Beverly froze to focus on their surroundings. Seeing the

drainage pipe she never wanted to go near.

"**this** pipe. Does. it. go. To a treatment plant?" Erik asked rudely in a much slower speech.

"uh ..." she tensed. Mind stalling on what answer to give. "What's most likely to get him away from the pipe."

"hello?!" waving at her for attention. Patients running out on the answer coming.

"yes." she blurted out.

"good, water treatments can make pretty great houses. You know that? Workers rarely visit, tons of space, lots of heat drawing off water pipes in the winter. practically a house of itself. As long as you don't get lost in the pipe network." Heading to the pipe entrance to look deeper inside.

"uh- i- what are we doing here?!" she stumbled over the words to speak. Her body tensing the more he drew closer to the pipe.

"i wanted to find a better spot to stay in. those bus seats are killer on my back. Let's check out the inside." completely ignoring her stress on purpose.

"no!" she exclaimed firmly.

"no?!" he glared from the pipe entrance.

"i-it's not safe!" Her strong voice momentarily crumbling under his glare.

"It's fine as long as you're not stupidly swimming around. Now get in here!" She stood there on the rocky shore with hesitance on going in. her fear of Erik being stronger than her fear of *IT's* lair, for the moment.

She guardedly walked in behind him. Sounds of rushing river water slowly fading into the background. The sounds left to hear were the echo of moving water at their feet the deeper they went in. sunlight slowly diminishing to the void of surrounding blackness.

Beverly's fear of Erik ebbing away to her body filling with adrenaline. Hesitating at every pipe crossing to make sure nothing was ready to pounce from the darkness.

"hey, there's light. Must be the center." Erik happily announced. Beverly stopping inside the remaining bit of tunnel. Watching Erik go out into the open room with *IT*'s pile at the center. Lit up by the blue sky light raining down from a large skylight up above everything. Memory's of how the open lit air above used to be filled with mutilated bodies.

"wow, look at all this junk. They must find stuff blocking the pipes and just throw it here." she watched him wander around the various items collecting up into the towering pile.

Erik's voice echoed along the stone walls down into the core of the large mound. large strands of oversize spider webbing vibrating with the echos passing. long rows of eyes opened to the sensation with long twisted body uncurling.

Rising to meet the presence of prey in its home.

Erik turned once noticing Beverly wasn't by him. "what are you doing? Get out here and look!" he waved for her to come over.

"**no!**" she shouted back.

"no?!" he glared.

"yes, **no!**" Holding her own challenging stare against him. Fear of him hurting her all gone as long as she was deep within the tunnels. She had something bigger to fear that hopefully wasn't home at the moment.

"Why are you being so difficult?! Get over here!" Erik spoke through gritted teeth. Furiously pointing down at the ground in front of him. She refused to speak further with him. Holding her ground with fists so tightly curled her nails dug into her palms.

"Are you really trying to start a fight with me?! When **i'm** the one looking for a nicer place, for us, to sleep!" tightening his own fists with mutterings of all kinds of curse words following.

"i don't want to be here!" she whispered through gritted teeth.

"it's just a room of water and cement! What could possibly hurt you, the rats?" Erik grabbed her by the arm. Dragging her out more toward the center of the room into the light. The two breaking out into a fight starting with Beverly biting down into Eriks arm, forcing him to let go. She got a returning blow to her arm. A new bruise being sure to form at the area. He grabbed a hold of her shirt with her doing the same.

Both stumbling to the ground throwing punches back and forth. A few cuts collecting with the heavy struggle on the jagged concrete stone. Erik gaining the upper hand with his extra height over her. Throwing her off him to smash her into the wall. Beverly standing defensively with a heavy flow of blood off her freshly cut mouth. Getting sliced against a cement shard sticking out of the wall when she fell.

"Ever since we got in here you've acted like a freak! I was looking for a nice place we can both stay, but now I have to defend myself from your insane acting! You started this, not me, you're lucky i don't strangle you like some assholes would!" he panted with a spit of drool toward the ground. Wiping dirt off his clothes to face her for another round.

All the energy Beverly had was spent in the first fight. Ribs in an extreme amount of pain after being smashed down left and right. Her breathing turned to pained wheezing. Fear settling in place of the lack of energy. Digging her nails into the wall beside her in desperation to stay on her feet.

Erik went forward to punch her when something big lunged from the darkness. Beverly only got a glimpse of many legs, yellow eyes and rows of teeth, it was all she needed to see to flee. Bolting away to a new tunnel while Erik went down where they came from. Separated by *IT's* large presence of snarling teeth snapping together.

Letting out a long deep hiss toward the tunnel Erik fled down. Shifting away to head down Beverly's path of escape. Following the heavy scent of blood leading along the tunnels. Getting closer to the sound of her footsteps fleeing through the water.

Running endlessly with no direction on injured ribs was not working for Beverly. she stopped momentarily to try and catch her bearings. Minimal light shining down through the tunnels making things just barely see able. the sound of water being disturbed leading her gaze back behind her. Hopes of Erik appearing crashing down with large spider legs coming into view.

"shit!" she thought. Trying to run more against the rounded wall then in the water to prevent noise.

"find a weapon!" was all that her mind was screaming. If she reaches a dead end with nothing for defense it was going to be a complete end, and there it was.

A dead end of a grate made of metal rods. Her heart sunk for a moment, searching for something to give her an out, spotting one rod being badly rusted. She grabbed a hold of it with little hesitation to yank on it. Kicking it a few times to twist it into snapping off. Holding it against her body to keep it hidden.

She didn't want *IT* seeing the weapon until it was too late. She stood still at the tunnels end in wait. Panting painfully with the taste of blood in her mouth. A dizzy feeling washing over her enough she needed to lean against the wall. She gathered herself to stand again on her own. Focusing on the space of the tunnel behind her. Feeling *IT* approach around the corner with a deep breath of air flowing out its snout.

Beverly listening to the water being disturbed to guess how close *IT* was. A sense of the darkness turning into a deeper void at its large form shadowing over her. Skin crawling as she felt *IT*'s hot breath flowing over her back.

i have a few chapters done, but will be posting them slowly. 1 chapter every other day.

wanted something a little different then the usual Beverly/pennywise fics. one where Beverly isnt just a pure sex/ mind controlled slave and pennywise isnt being a pure insufferable jackass.

2. The hunt begins

She swung around with the rod at the ready. Smashing it up through *IT's* bottom jaw up into the roof of the top jaw. Chunks splintering off of *IT's* broken hard shell. *IT* letting out a groaning hiss, unable to open its jaws pinned shut by the metal. Thrashing to yank the rod out of its face with flowing red liquid floating up to burn out of existence. The distraction being enough for Beverly to run past all its legs. Stopping at *IT's* tail swinging around to block her path. The rod pulled out just enough for *IT* to turn without getting caught on the walls. head turning with half open jaws with an out reaching hand of long slender sharp fingers. Beverly hopping over the segmented body just as she was grazed by *IT* reaching for her.

Being stopped by the rods twisted end tangling in hanging roots drooping from the ceiling. Missing its chance to chase after her, *IT* took its time on pulling out the rest of the metal rod. Angrily throwing it off to the side with a deep hiss. Twisting over its body to go back down the tunnels.

Beverly getting quite a head start back to the main center. Not looking back as she raced by the mountainous pile toward the exit tunnel. Thoughts racing on what she just saw. *IT's* form definitely wasn't the same old clown. Now appearing as a mash between a winding eels head on a spider legged body attached to a twisting centipede. Towering over the tallest of men at 12 feet high at just the shoulder alone. Jaws big enough to swallow her whole or even a whole cow without chewing.

Out of breath she stumbled past the pipe entrance into the running river under the warmth of the sun. having no time to catch her breath when Erik yanked her up against his chest.

"what was that thing?!" he shook her angrily.

"i-it was – uh. i-" her mind jumbled the words out, flinching in Erik presence. The lack of air in her lungs keeping her from getting out anymore noises.

"spit it out! You wanted me to die back there?! Is that it?! You **knew**

about it!" he punched her in the gut.

"no!" she wheezed out past a few tears. Body uncontrollably trembling under all the stress.

"liar!" shouting as he slapped her hard enough into being knocked back into the shallow water at their feet. Beverly freezing where she landed. Staring down at the water in anticipation of more hits. Watching blood slowly drip off her face to flow away with the water. Having the wind literally kicked from her lungs as Erik unleashed his full fury on her.

"get up! We're heading back!" he roughly yanked her up by the arm. Twisting her arm behind her back painfully. Forcing her forward with full control over the direction she walked.

Upon returning to the junkyard he threw her down into the dirt. Muttering curse words as he circled around her body. She kept her stare directed toward the ground. Shutting them under all the pain weighing on her exhausted body. Flinching at hearing Erik suddenly move as if going for another kick. Instead he had crouched down to be closer at her head.

"your staying outside all night tonight! I don't want you looking at me, speaking, or moving from this spot!" he yelled down at her. Standing up to storm off out of her view.

She painfully wheezed out a few shallow breaths. Swallowing the built up mouthful of blood. Thoughts crossing her mind on what just happened.

"*IT* is here. I have nowhere to hide. I can't move, even if I wanted to. ... will I be able to open my eyes if I shut them now? ... does it matter when *ITs* stalking around. ... it knows i am here. ... it'll find me soon enough with me stuck here." she thought, eyes shutting tightly to breath through the pain. Consciousness slowly fading to the numbness of sleep.

Below the city roads *IT* crawled back into the mountainous pile of items. Furiously speaking to himself over what he saw.

"that measly little male dared to enter my territory! Acting dominate in **my** home! the stupid human has no idea who he challenged by walking in like he owned the place! As for the girl, Beverly, its not me she fears, its all him. the humiliation I have to face over her fearing such a weakling over me! A higher being as myself being defeated once by this now whimpering female! What does that speak of me?!" he roared with a thrash of his long segmented tail. Bashing a pile of objects over to spread across the stone flooring.

"have I lost my touch?! With her crumbling am I as well? I cannot accept that one of my greatest adversary's fell so far from her throne. I cannot allow Beverly to have a win above me while so low. All the greater the insult that she wants that pathetic male as a mate. Hes not worthy of the title of being her consort! Why pick such a horrid male when there's an obviously better one in the vicinity?!" Pride burning deep inside to bubble up a deeper feeling.

An instinctual urge to prove his worth as a top prime male. *IT* had a male challenger barging into his home. Being dominant over a female *IT* saw of great worth in his territory. The only female to challenge him face to face and get away with it. Fighting him today even when she was horribly injured to the point of collapsing. The only one that did not fear him, unlike all the other prey. She was a female that had unintentionally proven herself as a strong worthy mate. Now all *IT* had to do was court her into accepting him as the better male. Which *IT* felt confident wouldn't be too difficult. It was obvious to him he was the prime choice.

"he provides no protection, no nest, or any food for her. I can easily provide all that and more so why possibly pick him?! ... I'll have to approach this delicately. I must face that I'll be a ... little ... different from the common human mate females choose." he admitted to himself.

"i can only assume that killing her current male will not be viewed as acceptable." he grumbled. humans did not necessarily like their own kind being killed. Killing the competition would make everything so much easier, but what would a competition be without a challenge. this courting was going to be harder then expected with this being out of bounds.

"... humans like warmth just as any creature. Soft bedding material ... that I do not have." he thought, trying to go off memory from observations on what humans liked. His acceptable den now seeming less so. The bedding he had, not being close to what the humans normally rested upon. It was all hard layered items he burrowed under to temporarily rest until his next hunt.

"a suitable nest is the most basic thing to have. I'll have to hunt for proper bedding." *IT* mumbled to itself. Looking over its hoard on the inner half. Already starting to sort or move things for a clearer space.

Beverly woke in the dark of night with a horrible shiver. Feeling something lightly covering her when she shifted. Grabbing a handful of what it was with her eyes opening to investigate. Sitting up stiffly to watch the blanket of snow covering her be disturbed. Watching the small amount in her hand melt away. She squinted up at the dark sky to watch more red lit flakes fall down. Looking back down to the snow lit up in a glowing red.

Turning her head looking over toward the bus containing a warm barrel fire. Seeing the silhouette of Erik through the foggy windows walking around inside. Swallowing roughly on the dry taste of blood left in her mouth. The snow falling was making it unsafe to sleep outside. Mind going back and forth on ideas for gaining shelter. Taking her time on standing with quick sucking in of breath at sharp spikes of pain. Unsteadily stepping through the thin snow closer to the glowing bus.

"if I really apologize from deep down. maybe he'll let me in." she thought. The last few feet of her walk up to the bus turning into a stumble. Falling into the cold metal with a loud bang followed by a hiss. Leaning there to regather her strength while listening for Erik inside. He stopped moving the moment she hit the metal. "any good mood he had is gone now." hope of getting inside vanishing. She stopped her leaning, going down along the bus to the back door. Hesitantly knocking with little strength in each hit. Being ignored she cautiously took the first step in communicating.

"i-i am s-sorry Erik. I s-should have s-said s-something." she spoke toward the door with a shivering voice.

"No you're not! You're the one who started fighting!" she heard him angrily speak from inside.

"i ... I am really s-sorry! It's really c-cold out here! P-please, please, can I come in!" she begged at the door. Tears building up in her eyes at knowing the futility of this begging.

"not my problem! Get the fuck away from the door!"

"... i don't want to be alone out here. ..." she whispered to the door. Stopping her plea to get inside after seeming to only make Erik even madder. Taking a part of her sleeve to wipe away the falling tears.

The cold wasn't the worst thing to arrive in the night. Beverly was sure *IT* would be hiding in the shadows around the piles. Even the large dark space hidden under the bus made her too nervous to be near for long. stepping off to be away from everything but the light of the fire.

She may have been far from any cover for *IT* to be behind, but being out in the open wasn't any safer. Sitting down with her back toward the light in an attempt at getting a heat source proving fruitless. The snow falling in a layer over her sitting form. Collecting more body heat the thicker it grew. Gently she leaned down onto her crossed legs. Hissing at a shock of pain coming through her shifted ribs followed by a painful coughing fit. Snow only helped numb the pain so far.

"i can't afford broken ribs in this weather." she mouthed the words to herself. Winter was the season she grew to hate. It was no longer a time of Christmas cheer and playing in the snow with school canceled. Now it was just trying to survive the snow with each passing day. Passing through it was a chore by itself with getting food becoming a nightmare. Which reminded her body of the traditional Christmas food like fresh turkey meat.

Memory cutting short by her stomach growling at its hollowness since that one meal yesterday. Regretting not having grabbed the last half of that burger to shove into a pocket.

"its something I should be used to, regret. That and guilt ever since I

told the guys to go die. Regret on meeting Erik, following him far off to new York. After all that i've done it's what I deserve. I need to stop making him so angry all the time. He was so happy and nice until he met me. It's all my fault he's changed. He'll leave me at some point if I don't make things up to him." thoughts stuck on the tracks of misery.

"maybe if I find something good for us tomorrow he will forgive me." she whispered out with a shiver. Cold air filling her lungs causing her to cough again. Flinching in pain at the ribs moving too quickly. Shutting her eyes tightly to fill her mind with sleep. Wanting to skip the rest of the cold hours of darkness.

"maybe if *IT* shows up, i'll just look like a snow covered rock." the final thought passing through her tired mind. Sleep passing the time by in an instant for her.

Waking up to a kick to the ribs under the morning sunlight. She looked up, face scrunched in a wince, toward Erik. Snow sliding down her hair to be in front of her eyes.

"yeah, you're not dead." voice sounding monotone as he puffed on a cigarette. Heading off toward the exit of the junkyard without waiting for a word from Beverly.

"i will be if I get more of those wake up calls." wheezing unhappily after he was long gone. Stiffly uncurling from her seated spot to stand up. Body letting out a few pops from leaving the uncomfortable position she had been laying in the many past hours. Coughing badly again on the strain her body was going through. Stomach growling again to remind her of the hunger building.

"there are fish in the river ... I could i am not allowed to leave." she thought, looking off to the junkyard entrance. "getting free food will make him happy. He won't mind me leaving if I bring something back. ... but I **have** to bring something back." her mind going in circles on risking her health further. If he discovered her returning with nothing in hand ... it wouldn't end well.

"... just for an hour." Quietly leaving the back way of the junkyard into the thicker wooden area. Turning anxious in the thick brush as if

the trees themselves would snitch on her for leaving. Deep breaths keeping the anxiety at bay enough to keep moving forward. Following the dry creek bed that only filled with the floods in spring. Even with its existence it seemed the streets still flooded with their own rivers. Rain was never light on the small town of Derry. Everything flooded, every house had to have tall foundations to keep water out. Sometimes even the rain could close the schools it poured so hard. Unlike snow days the rainy ones were worrying.

"that rainy day." remembering of when she first met Erik. Looking back on that day, maybe the weather was an omen of warning.

Her and the losers club had grown up out of Derry. Starting their own careers with great success in L.A. All relatively close to one another's working space allowing to see each other commonly. Her own career just starting to take off in the world of design. Despite the careers flying something was always missing for all of them. Talks of dating came up while they were dining together. One thing led to another with a final decision to meet up again on the weekend. Said weekend meet up starting with bar hopping across downtown in search of dates.

By the end of it all, her, Eddie and Richie were the only ones without dates. They stopped at a diner to grab some late lunch. When it started to rain the guys wanted to head back to their hotels. She wanted to roam around a little longer for a date. Heading through the drizzling rain to a coffee shop she heard was a good place to meet people. Half way there the drizzle turned into a pour. She ran to cover under a tree, bumping into Erik, who was doing the same.

They stood under the tree talking with one another. Phone numbers were exchanged and all seemed perfect. Until their relationship got around to the three month mark. For a while he was showering her with all sorts of compliments to extravagant gifts. Getting into whole expensive dinners inconveniently timed around when she usually met with the guys. Later, after the fact, she would realize he planned the overlaps on purpose.

Erik began showing his worries, in private, about one of the guys possibly taking her away. Telling her they just wanted her for looks. She tried her best to settle him, but it was never enough. Him coming

with her to join the guys had brought glares followed by arguments passed back and forth between them. Eventually the fighting was so bad she stopped going out with the guys altogether to keep Erik happy. Around then he proposed she move in with him.

Her gut told her it went all to fast, it had only been a few months, but she saw nothing wrong with everything so perfectly nice about him. Things started changing once she was fully moved in. He didn't want her working anymore, calling himself a little old fashioned. Refusing to quit her job arose many new arguments until eventually Beverly gave in. A little while after that he ended up being fired. Things like her car, cell phone, jewelry and other personal objects were all sold by him to pay bills.

She blamed all his anger being taken out on her as stress. Bills were piling up with him unable to get a job. Going to the guys for help, despite Erik's request, was a horrible choice that blew up in her face. They all insulted Erik behind his back. Begging Beverly to come stay with one of them. She couldn't believe what they said about Erik after he was trying so hard to pay bills.

This time she started the argument. One that made them all go quiet under her. Ranting for a good 5 minutes on each of them. Running off back to the apartment she and Erik shared without another word to the guys. Not even a chance for them to speak up about what she said. After that he said they should move away to forget their troubles. Far away to new York where he promised it would be easier to find a job. That promise flew out the door when they arrived with not even the money for a hotel. Ever since that day years ago they've remained on the streets. Fighting daily to get by.

"can't go back now." she ended the memory at the arrival of the river. Standing there feeling out of breath. "now how will I catch the fish?" she wondered, not fully thinking that through. Her body shivering uncontrollably to the point she hugged herself to try forcing it to stop. Taking a bit of time before the shaking ceased.

Standing there with a stare down at the running water with a sense of hollowness. This time the feeling not being a part of her stomach. The energy was gone from her body just from walking. Exhaustion clouding her thoughts and her body unable to do any more.

Something wasn't quite right.

"... I need to sit..." she thought. Moving lethargically over to the base of a large tree. Badly coughing into her hands on the verge of gagging on air. Curling into a ball at the tree's base, wincing at the ribs she grew frustrated of having. Plans to shut her eyes for just a moment unintentionally shifting to a deep sleep.

Further along, *IT* was walking down the riverside. Changing from his large insectoid like form to the more "normal" clown skin. He hadn't bared his Pennywise look, in years, since there was no need for it until now. No children to scare, adults not scared at all by clowns. His true form of a giant insect being built better for hunting adults.

As of recent he knew he needed to appear somewhat appealing for showing off. Can't have Beverly too intimidated to approach his awe-inspiring self. If only he knew where she went. Staying awake for so long had really drained his energy. It wasn't as easy to spy across the town as it once was. To keep his energy up he was required to eat double his usual feeding amount. Picking off almost every new visitor stepping across the derry town limits. His tracking of Beverly now could only rely on where he observed her last or off lingering scents.

He waited until he saw the male away in town before going to spy on Beverly. Coming to find she was gone too. Her tracks leading down the dry creek to end at the rocky river. Now going off the flowing scent of dry old blood. The scent lingered around her regularly to cover any real scent she naturally had. Covered every now and again temporarily by scent of fresher blood after getting into a fight.

He picked up his pace as the scent grew stronger. Wary of his approach with not wanting to be spotted yet. He wanted to hold off on any approaches until the den was complete. Moving slowly through the thick tall grass backing more into the trees.

"hmm?" humming to himself at seeing her at the base of the tree. "what is she doing?" he thought. Waiting to see if she was going to do anything. With nothing happening he sneaked closer. "resting out here?" standing by her resting body. Knowing this was the time of year humans wanted to be out the least in. It was cold and humans did not like the cold. He knew it could even make them quite sick or

kill on certain extremes.

"still haven't eaten either?" hearing her stomach growl in her sleep. "can that male rival do anything right? What **is** he doing?" turning away to leave Beverly alone. Feeling different after the first step he took. Instincts telling him to move her some place not out in the open. He knew very well what kind of dangerous humans wandered about. Without the energy to freely spy on her condition, she would be vulnerable. Feeling torn, he let out a growl.

The den wasn't ready enough for her, she'd run away first chance she could. He'd just have to hurry back from his little task. Fighting his inner urge long enough to get away. Taking the drainage pipe up river to the town center. Peeking from a storm drain to Erik nearby.

Erik was standing across the street at a run down pay phone. Sneaking up behind passers by to grab a wallet off them. Another trick he pulled was pretending to speak on the phone, backing up till he bumped into someone. Taking more wallets in the chaos of "apologizing" as he moved away.

Erik opened up his own wallet to count out his "borrowed" funds. Keeping it held close to his chest for nobody to see the amount.

"98 bucks." the amount mumbled, wallet packed away to head off for some shopping. Getting a few cigarette cartons, a beer, and a huge takeout tray of food. Heading with everything toward the empty baseball field, far from the eyes of others.

"that's a big plate, I think he won't mind if I borrowed some." Pennywise grinned down from the roof top he spied from for a better view. He couldn't kill the rival, but messing with him would be just fine. Snapping his fingers with a huge grin at what was about to happen.

"sir, can you stop for a moment." an officer walked up next to Erik.

"sorry, very busy." Erik turned tense at being stopped. Aiming to avoid being stuck talking with the officer by appearing in a rush.

"it can't wait. step over to my car." the officer pointed where he

needed to move. "put everything on the car."

"why?! What did I do?!" Eriks anxiety spiking over the officer commanding him.

"shoplifting."

"shoplifting?! I didn't shoplift anything! It's all been paid off, receipts are in my pocket!" Erik shouted, outraged by the accusation.

"put everything on the car and show me. "the officer spoke calmly. Erik muttering curses under his breath while setting everything down. Getting to emptying his pockets on the hood. he pulled out an object he didn't have before, a big bottle of wine.

"where did that come from?" the officer asked sarcastically.

"i didn't walk out with this! This was slipped on me! This is a fucking set up!" Erik slammed down the wine bottle on the police car. Hitting it hard enough to crack the bottom into a heavy leak.

"yeah yeah." the officer spoke, directing Erik down to the floor for a search following a pat down. Erik laying down was left facing the underside of the car forced to wait. The officer stood by talking on his radio with back toward the hood of his car. Unable to see the approaching figure coming to collect items off the hood.

Erik only noticing due to seeing a pair of legs walking by from his ground view. Looking up toward the hood with eyes locking onto a clown. *IT* looking down with a smirk, teasing Erik by waving his wallet in the air in mocking.

"hey! Put that down!" Erik shouted up at *IT*.

"quiet!" the cop hushed. Not noticing the clowns presence at all as if it wasn't there.

"that fucking clown is stealing my shit!" Erik being shushed a second time. *IT* walking away with everything in hand. Feeling satisfied at hearing Erik shout every curse he could into the air toward him.

"lets see what we have." *IT* went on its way back to Beverly. Looking

through the various items he stole. Tossing away the first thing he found, Eriks ID, out into the river. Then tossing his cartons of cigarettes along with a few lighters. Pulling out the wad of money to put in the food bag. Planning to give it to Beverly with the knowledge that money was important for humans. Last thing was Beverly's ID that he twisted around in his hand for a moments inspection.

"she'll want this." setting the card into the bag with all the other items.

Arriving to Beverly still sleeping, he was happy to find her undisturbed. Nearing closer to her then the other times to stand a mere few feet from her sleeping form. Watching her for any reactions of sensing him. Without taking his gaze off her he crouched down beside her. He knew she needed to eat the food while it was still warm. The current weather not being suitable for sleeping in either.

He set the food down beside her. Standing up to move around to where her back was facing him. He reached out, putting his hand on her shoulder in a firm grip. Beverly sitting up in surprise at the firm touch. Turning over to see nobody there. She looked around in a rush of anxiety for someone. Calming down after finding nothing, except the bag sitting nearby.

"no sign of anyone, must have left this a while ago." she thought, not liking that a stranger was able to sneak up as she was sleeping. Happy though that who ever did seemed to have left food by the strong smell of the bag. It was a nice moment when someone was kind enough to give something.

She opened the bag to grab the two things sitting on the take out tray. Surprised to find a lot of money in a bundle along with...

"my ID ..." she spoke in whispered shock. "did Erik leave this? ... no, he wouldn't give me this." staring down over all the details of the ID after having not seen it close up for years.

"or maybe he's just in a really good mood." she thought with a pop open of the food tray. Seeing inside sliced brisket, mac and cheese, slices of garlic bread, with small side containers of pickles and

jalapeno slices. All still being warm enough to create steam in the cold air. She made sure to eat everything, including the small sides she meshed in with the meat into a roll of sorts. Making sandwiches of the bread and mac cheese side.

She smashed the empty container back into the bag. Crushing the thing down into a minuscule ball to leave where she sat. Pocketing her ID and the money to take with her. Wondering what was Erik thinking at the moment.

"he saw me away from the junkyard. He gave me food and my ID. He must be in a really great mood ... or something happened." worry having her rush back to the junkyard. Falling at one point into the water leaving her soaked. Getting back up to run the rest of the way.

Arriving with a serious lack of breath. Wheezing as she held her ribs to ease the pain. Hacking almost bringing up the meal she ate not too long ago. She leaned against a rusted car frame with swirling vision. Slowly easing down onto her knees in case she blacked out. Wiping the wet hair away from her eyes to look for Erik. Not seeing him anywhere making her worries worse.

"should I look for him? What if he left? ... what if the bag was a parting gift." Panic rising into her chest at being abandoned by him. Hurrying over to the junkyard entrance to stand by in wait for his return.

"i fell asleep a while ago. He should have been back by now." she spoke to herself. Looking up toward the sun for a guess of the time.

"i shouldn't leave, but if he's gone." she thought. Waiting nervously for the next few hours. Pacing a few times going past the entrance sign then back to it. Debating on leaving to search when she saw the first night stars start to appear in the sky. Pacing going still when she saw Erik walking down the muddy path toward the junkyard.

"Erik!" calling his name with relief at his return.

"shut up!" he snapped.

"not in a good mood." she thought, shrinking away from him by the

reaction.

"you okay?" she quietly asked.

"no! I got dragged off by police and mugged!" speaking heatedly toward her throwing his arm up toward the sky. His fast movement causing Beverly to reflexively flinch at the limb. Preparing for the usual harm to her body despite none coming.

"what happened?" she asked quietly, again, with body loosening from the flinch.

"set up by the cops. Got stopped with planted merchandise on me. They made me put my stuff down then forced me to the ground. Then a bastard dressed as a clown came and took everything. I got stuck at a station for a few hours then they let me go." he stomped past to the bus.

"a clown?! ... what ... what did they look like?" Beverly swallowed, hand slipping into her pocket to feel the contents she got from the bag.

"whitish suit with a few red things on it, red hair, white makeup. It doesn't really matter if they're set up with the police. Won't report on one of their own." Erik lit up a cigarette to take a long drag off the stick.

"what did he take?"

"everything! My wallet, our money, our IDs!" he listed off. Beverly's face turning pale at the mention of what was taken. That *IT* had found her sleeping out by the river. Being near enough he could have done anything.

"babe ... why are you soaking wet?" he glared. Beverly snapping to attention with chest tightening at how to answer.

"uh, i-i was...trying to get clean ... wash off the blood." she barely spoke the words. Pulling the bloody collar of her shirt forward.

" ... you did a shitty job. Must be fun not caring how you look." looking up and down at her still very bloody clothes.

"sorry." she shivered nervously.

"whatever, we got bigger issues. Especially since we got no money for food today. I would have gotten you some chips to eat. You'll just have to go hungry tonight." heading to be inside the bus.

"yeah..." She knew he was lying about the chips. She was lucky if he returned with a candy bar. He ate the most and took the most. Only time she got to eat was when he was full and got something for free. Or she went out to steal something for the both of them. Which brought up the bagged food she was given earlier.

She didn't know why *IT* gave the items. The food she knew was probably bought by Erik. Being stolen without any notice as Erik was held by police.

"a dark joke of it being my final meal?" she thought. "It would be in character with the clowns cruel humor."

"Erik, c... can I stay inside tonight?" she asked, feeling sick to her stomach at knowingly being stalked.

"no!" he answered without a second thought. Beverly's mind froze at the answer. She had to get inside tonight if she wanted to survive. *IT* was following her while she grew sicker in the cold. She shakily breathed in some air to get herself prepared for what she was going to do.

"Erik!" she shouted with building adrenaline the closer she walked to the bus. "i **will** be staying inside tonight!" stepping up into the bus.

"you crazy?! Get the fuck out!" his shouting rattling the cold metal walls.

"no!" her body tensing for a fist fight.

"no?! Listen here you bitch! You listen to what I say!" a flash of something shiny brought out from his pocket catching Beverly's eye. The fight, along with all the blood in her face, draining right out of her as a large hunters knife was pointed toward her. "after that cop shit I got some defense on me. Now you want to try starting shit too?!" stepping closer toward her. His hatred filled stare as strong as

the white knuckled grip on the large knife.

"don't move!" he ordered when she tried stepping back.

"i-im s-sorry." she shivered fearfully from his anger. Body locking up as a deer would standing before a speeding car. Too scared to stay, too scared to run, either way would end with an injury. Her mind working to convince her that running would be a horrible mistake.

"yeah, I bet you're real damn sorry! Don't start something you can't finish!" he mocked with a smile.

"this the thanks I get for what I do for you?! I told you to stay off the bus! You'll have to learn the hard way to listen better!" stepping closer into striking range.

His arm bearing the knife, shot up then back down in a swing just as quickly. Beverly letting out a high pitched whimper in her cowering. Eyes closing tightly shut from the sharp pain hitting her. A wave of blood being splattered onto the seats nearby. Her body crumpling to the floor in incredible pain with a sharp gasp escaping her lungs. Blood pooling onto the bus floor in a steady flow.

3. Collapse

Beverly was shaking on the floor holding her carved side tightly. Blood seeping out from between her fingers to cover them in a slick red.

"get up!" Erik shouted down at her. She didn't want to, but thinking of the consequences of if she didn't had her standing anyway. Blood oozing out with the moment of the wound spreading open further. She flinched away by another swing of the knife. A reflexive block with her arm preventing a second gash to her chest. Leaving behind a deep gouge over her forearm instead.

The sound of the red liquid hitting the floor in a large amount alarming Beverly. Gut telling her to get away before more blood was forced out of her.

She backed away from him with her uninjured arm reaching to get the bus door open. Erik fiercely approached with knife at the ready. Beverly bashing her side into the door in forcing it open. Falling out backwards when the door flew open under the second slam. Body slamming down, back first, onto the snow. Smearing red across the thin layer of white along the ground.

"you remember this the next time you don't listen!" Erik shouted from the door frame, slamming the metal door shut. Beverly being left alone to bleed on the snowy dirt.

She held her breath to prevent herself from breaking out in hyperventilation. Removing her hand to see the damage to her side. The blood pouring out the moment she raised her hand off the deep wound. Feeling lightheaded at the sight she had to look away. Clamping her hand back on the wound with the other free, but injured, one to help herself up. Looking to where she got up from there were smears of red staining the once white snow. Forming a twisted version of red snow angels.

"shit, I need stitches or gauze." she spoke with a heavy swallow. Wanting to go to a hospital, but aside from being too far she didn't want attention on herself.

"it's late, there won't be too many people around town." she thought. Holding tightly onto her side in the hopes of lasting long enough to make it to town.

By the time she did make it she had been fighting off the blurry vision. Stumbling more over actually walking down the back alleys to avoid being seen. Stopping against the wall of the rite aid to catch her breath. Back leaning against the cold brick wall with her eyes toward the sky. Seeing more stars appear with the final retreat of the sun.

"please be open." Using the wall for some support down to the front of the store. Breathing out a frustrated sigh at seeing the store dark. "of course. Always closes early for some stupid reason." Turning her head toward the back door exit, hell bent on getting in somehow. If there was one good thing about this small town, its not having to worry about alarms.

She supported herself the best she could to bash down the door with a kick. Knocking it loose from the doors lock it swung wide open with a bang against the wall. Her body locking up alongside the wave of sharp pain rushing over her body. Taking a knee to keep from blacking out in pain. Coughing heavily into her free hand with desperate gasps of air. The other smashing down on the seeping wound to keep more blood from leaking out her side.

Wheezing in a few breaths she rose back up to stumble through the broken door. Entering the pitch black building without need to turn on the lights. Going by memory of the place to move around. Unintentionally leaving a trail of blood behind her steps across the tiles. Smearing more blood onto the walls she used for support. Sneaking down the aisles until she found all the medical supplies she needed. Sitting down with the materials to the side in preparation of shutting her wounds.

Cleaning the area with alcohol, stitching everything up, finishing off with thick gauze wrappings. A sigh of relief leaving her at finishing the first aid. Calming down inside the aisle to stop her adrenaline fueled shaking. The shivering lessening for her to feel confident enough to stand again. Walking over to grab a few drinks from the fridge to chug down.

Sitting down against the fridge to relax a little while longer in the calming darkness. The only sound in the environment coming from the fridges. The two coolers blue neon lights shining across the aisle they were in. Beverly sitting to the side of them having the neon light avoiding her. She sat back up from her leaning. Feeling she was getting far too comfortable for her own good.

"I'll be screwed if I fall asleep inside a store I broke into." she mumbled. Feeling sicker when on her feet she sat right back down. Swallowing down the spit building inside her mouth on the verge of vomiting.

"yet, maybe after seeing all the blood around here they'll give me a break." chugging down more cold water from a bottle to settle her stomach. Chugging more after standing again. Slowly heading out the door with great attention on her steps to keep her balance.

Outside the junkyard *IT* smoothly strolled up the dirt slope from the dried creek. Walking past the rotten fencing to the yards entrance. The strong scent of blood on the wind increasing his pace. Pausing at a blood trail leading to the bus. Inner rage growing when he saw more blood by the bus door. An incredibly large amount that he knew from experience was a serious loss for a human. He stormed toward the bus knowing full well whose blood was upon the ground and who spilt the blood.

He needed to know where she was, now, or if she was even still alive. Aiming for the male in the bus with furious aggression. Ripping the back door off with minimal effort. Scaring Erik off his seat to stand in the middle aisle defensively.

"you! you working with the cops?! Trying to set me up with something else now?!" Erik shouted at him. Pulling the bloodstained knife from his back pocket.

"i only work for me. I need to find someone that you hurt." the clown spoke smoothly with a wavering grin. Eyes burning red at the idiotic human daring to threaten him.

"i aint telling you jack! fuck off!" Erik finishing his sentence just as Pennywise grabbed him, with one hand, by the throat. Raising Erik

high until his head hit the buses metal ceiling. *IT* enjoying the males struggle for air in the choking grasp. The clowns stretched grin dropping as Erik stabbed repeatedly in a wild panic into the arm holding him.

"enough with the knife!" Pennywise growled with rows of sharp teeth bared. Yanking the knife out of his own arm to throw it right through a glass window. The blade giving off a final flickering reflection while flying far out into the darkness.

"where is she?!" he hissed up to the one he was holding.

"i-i w-who?" Erik stuttered out of fear.

"the girl! Where did she go?! Did you kill her?!" *IT* roared with a shake of the small human.

"no, no! i-i don't know where! Hospital maybe, to get a band aid?!" Erik blurted out.

"hospitals too far, but the pharmacy is not." *IT* thought. Attention turning off Erik to purely find where Beverly went. With a deep guttural growl, like that of a gator, *IT* tossed Erik back to land right into the barrel fire. Erik falling down to the floor with the burning contents spilling out around him. Stumbling to get up with a rush to the front sliding doors to escape the growing flames. His jacket only singed with a few holes after the tumbling throw. "shame, he didn't catch on fire." *IT* turned to the back door. The fire spreading along the bus seats until it engulfed the whole thing in a burning mass of red.

IT made it to the town with notice of a flashing red & blue lights across the main buildings. Passing around the walls through the pitch blackness to spy on the commotion. A police car parked by the pharmacy with officers wandering about in an investigation. Pennywise listening in, unnoticed from the shadows, on the officers conversation.

"think it could have been a drug addict?" one officer shined a flashlight at the buildings doors and through the large front windows. White light going across a reflective pool of blood on the inside. The

scent *IT* caught of the blood across the street aggravating his sense of smell. He hated smelling blood that he couldn't eat.

"no, no real prescription meds missing. lots of blood from someone. First aid medical supplies were used in the aisle with a few drinks taken. No trail leading out anywhere. We'll have to do a patrol for someone walking around while badly hurt. Probably just some drunkard who got in a fight and decided to help himself to some stuff." the other officer spoke.

Pennywise hearing she was not caught went to track down her scent. Shifting down into the form of a large black dog. Moving quickly by, without a thought about his presence from the humans near. Running to the back door in search of a scent. Varying scents of both old and newer blood filling the small alleyway. He ran out to each end of the crossing alleys. Doubling back a few times when finding old scents to nothing at all. Rushing forward at catching a much fresher scent that slowly lead across town.

Elsewhere, Beverly was standing at the edge of a lit street. Facing the pitch black void between her and the junkyard. The way to it was not lit up like every other street. The only other light shining came from a billboard mid walk. She hated being out in the dark enough as it is knowing *IT* was getting closer each day.

She took her first step from the paved road onto the gravel mixed dirt trail leading off into the black. The night eerily quiet aside from her steps across the gravel. The crunch of small rocks fading with the path turning more to dirt. Hurrying her steps to reach the billboard quicker at the upcoming approach of the advertisement. Slowing back down as she heard a second set of footsteps on the gravel behind her.

She stopped and the other stopped. When she continued so did they.

"don't run." she repeated to herself to stay calm. Hugging herself when her body began to shake. Her being unsure if it was due to fear or the freezing cold. Either way she had to stop her shivering before who ever noticed. Walking past the comforting light available from the billboard to reach the, somewhat, safety of the junkyard. Jumping at a new sound from under her foot.

Without bowing her head she looked down. Seeing her reflection looking back in a broken piece of glass.

"Having broken glass is better than nothing." she thought. Coming low to the ground to sweep up a large shard into her hand. Holding it tightly from building anxiety leaving her hand shaky. An idea of how to catch a glimpse of the follower hiking her anxiety further.

Stepping forward to get far enough that the one walking behind would be in the light. Holding up the large shard of glass slightly to the side to see what was following in the lightened reflection.

Standing there was a large black dog staring toward her.

IT would look like any other stray dog if not for the yellow eyes burning through the dark.

Anger rose into her chest at seeing *IT* following. Beverly was not in the mood to be messed with. On top of pain, exhaustion, and feeling of being frozen all the time. Last thing she wanted was some monster terrorizing her for fun.

Subconsciously she gripped tighter onto the shard, to the point of blood being drawn, as her anger grew. Turning around to face *IT* with an unbreakable stare.

"what?!" she shouted toward him. The canine figure holding unnaturally still with an unbreakable stare of its own.

Yelling out had created a lack of air in Beverly's lungs. Needing her to blink rapidly to clear her blurring vision. Made worse from restricting her breathing to purposely avoid her wheezing being heard. Aiming to not look weak, she took in a deep breath to shout again.

"i know what you did! ... I didn't find it funny!" pausing mid way for another deep breath. Fighting the increasing need to have a coughing fit on her burning lungs. Her shouting referring to the whole ID with meal earlier. Tension filling the air around her while waiting for any response from *IT*.

"he's just trying to piss me off." she thought. Watching him stand unresponsive to her angry shouts. Lack of breath having her not care

so much about being followed anymore. She wanted to reach the junk yard to fall asleep. Despite whether *IT* was haunting the area or not.

"it's just a shitty game he's playing." she thought bitterly. Tossing the glass shard far in *IT*'s direction as a way of telling him to piss off without need to shout it. Turning to walk again with an unsteady step that needed her to fight to regain balance.

IT stood watching her throw a glass piece over to him. Waiting until she walked off so he could approach the piece. Scent and sight of red telling him it was her blood covering it. The given object bringing up some confusion at the intentions.

"she sounds upset at how I tried setting her male of fire." he thought, thinking what she spoke about was the recent action he took. he looked over the bloody object in contemplation.

"an object of disfavor?" He knew humans would give gifts of endearment, but that tended to involve something less ... antagonistic. Meaning this was something on the opposite scale that he did not like being given. Taking it instinctively as a rejection from her with his pride being bruised.

"this will have to be fixed tomorrow." he spoke to himself. Running back to the lair to finish off the den he had worked so hard on.

Beverly walking farther in the dark with barely a care. Exhaustion hitting her too hard to feel fear in the moment. When she got closer to the junk yard she saw the red glow of a fire. Yet the glow being abnormally big seeming wrong. Furrowing her brow in confusion she rushed a little faster to the entrance. Stopping when she saw half the bus burning with the other half burnt black. A mass cloud of black smoke lightened by the fire growing off the destruction.

"Erik!" she shouted with a heavy cough at the end. Fearing that what she just said to *IT* had gotten Erik killed.

"where were you?!" Erik came out shouting from hiding in a rundown car. Relief jumping into her heart for just a moment until seeing Eriks anger.

"i-i was fixing m-myself. You wouldn't want police finding me dead." she stuttered, blurting out the last part to try easing Eriks anger toward her.

"you working under them too?!"

"what?!" she exclaimed. Shocked at how he could have come to that conclusion. Did the clown say something to him?

"the police, that clown that almost got me roasted in that bus! He was really looking for you! Almost choked me to death in an interrogation!" stepping into her personal space with finger poking to her chest.

"no! I don't work for them! H-hes after me! That's why I didnt want to come back here!" she shouted back defensively. Rubbing over the sore spot he repeatedly poked.

"like there's a mafia here or something?!"

"yeah ..." she lied. Knowing Erik would get really pissed at her trying to explain the clown was a shape shifting man eater controlling the whole town.

"why do they want you? You're a nobody." his tone filled with disbelief.

"...i ... saw something I shouldn't have." she continued lying. Wanting to get through this so she could just go to bed somewhere.

"you saw a hit?"

"... yeah." she confirmed with exhaustion. Really not caring at this point on what she was saying. As long as it kept Erik off her back for the rest of the night.

"shit! You should have told me this shit!" Raking his hands through his hair to relieve the stress of the night.

"i couldn't! Witness protection and all that!" she lied through her teeth. Erik was so paranoid about cops he barely knew anything about them. She was going to sell this story as far as she could with

him.

"shouldn't cops be protecting you then?!"

"it's not like the movies. They just drop you someplace far away." continuing her made up life. Watching Erik go off with a list of curses escaping his mouth. She tiredly rubbed her face, stopping with a hiss at spreading the glass cuts over her hand. Coughing heavily into it as she headed off to sleep in a car far away from Erik.

Curling up in the dark back seat with a shiver. Snow falling down into a heavy layer over everything in the night. The remaining red glow of the bus eventually dying off under the falling snow. Beverly waking up constantly to sweep building snow off her, or even away as it flew through all the holes in the vehicle.

She shut her eyes with the thought of someplace warmer. A nice hot sandy beach with warm clear blue water moving back and forth. The sun spreading its bright warmth over her skin. A slight cold breeze across the open sand sending a prickling chill over her skin. The warmth no longer feeling as joyful.

The nice calming beach turning to a dark stone in a freezing blackness. A burning light with the feeling of being choked forcing her to turn her head. Seeing many blinding lights swirling in her distorting vision. Mind racing on where she was or what was going on. Seeing a mountain of items in some flashes of side vision, wet walls with tunnels leading away in other parts. Moving jaws of many rowed teeth stretching wider grabbing her full attention forward again to the lights.

The glow burning brighter across her face. The increasing heat off the glow being comforting, at first, shifting further into a itchy burn. Touching her face first then spreading into her breath to scratch her throat. Flowing thickly down, equal to that of black smoke, to sear deeply into her lungs.

It was suffocating her deeper into a darkening space away from reality. The searing burn spreading throughout her body as a deadly venom would. Body fighting the burn forced into going limp to a blinding wall of light.

A sense of vision returning a moment later. A mix of darkness meeting a blinding wall of the swirling glow ahead. Futile she tried turning away from the blinding mass ahead making the illness worse. The light burning her eyes threatening to take her vision, as the sun would, when stared at directly. Body suspended away from any kind of ground in a black tar like webbing. Stiffened weakness preventing her from turning her head from the light. She held still after seeing she was not alone in this place.

From the corner of her eye she could see a large moving mass with many legs. Bigger than any building she could think of in New York. Watching it spiral around in a great curve unending into the blinding light. Maybe even out of it, there was no way to tell with no head to be seen.

"*IT*. The deadlights." Recalling her time here before.

Beverly twitched her body in need of an escape. Burning lungs growing desperate for any amount of air. Unable to scream out in pain no matter how open she made her airway. A growing roar sounding around her.

Thinking at first *IT* was mocking her. Letting out a laugh in an incomprehensible language.

Tears collecting in her stinging eyes with the recognition of it not being a low roar.

It was the screams of many joining her suffocating space.

She shut her eyes tightly in pain. Wanting the burning light to disappear or all the pain to go numb. Thoughts of the pain being an extension of *IT's* way of eating coming to mind. All the air space burned more than swimming under the surface of acid. Something, similar to teeth, she could not see raking against her skin. Working in frustration to get a bite past her skin.

A continuing thought that if she was silent from pain now then how much will she be suffering later to be forcefully screaming. The torture of being eaten alive for who knows how long. An eternity of this devouring suffocation would break anyone.

She arched her head back with lungs forcing through the pain for a gasp of air. The burning expanding her lungs to shove any free space out. Ribs sharply expanding with no room to shrink back.

Her eyes shot open with a opening of her mouth to breath. Coming out of her nightmare in a panic at a real inability to breath. Lungs being clogged with something, not by anything in the throat she could try grabbing for when choking. Stumbling out up against the broken car. Hitting her chest with a fist without any other idea of what to do.

Knocking something loose enough to wheeze in a deep gasp of air. Eyes watering with body shaking at finding relief. Holding her head up with the posture helping her breath easier over time.

"goddammit." she wheezed. Collecting herself to look around in answer to how long she had slept.

She groaned at the morning sun gleaming over the white land. finding it hard to appreciate the scenery when her body felt frozen. Cautiously walking around in a slow pace. Bringing up her body heat with the small exercise. Spotting Eriks footprints in the snow already heading out to town.

She coughed with a sharp inhale. Gagging on the large scent of blood off her own clothes. When the coughing stopped she looked down in examination at herself. Seeing her shirt half stained with her own blood. The trail leading down with smears criss crossing over her pants.

"i can't go around like this." she mumbled, heading off down to the river for cleaning. The water was cold enough for ice to form on its surface. However she didn't want old blood sticking around her wounds. Infections weren't so easy to fix without a prescription from a doctor.

"really don't want cops being called on me either. I have enough to deal with." She thought on her way down to Derry's main bridge. Using it as cover while she stripped of her main clothing.

Jumping into the cold river to scrub the cracking old blood off from

her skin. Hopping right back out as soon as it all was gone. Redressing into her dry clothes to warm herself back up. Doing her best to dry off by sitting in the sunlight. Frost developing over the clothes growing wetter. Seeing no point in waiting any longer she started scrubbing the clothes while wearing them. Scrubbing until the stains were barely see able with her hands a sore red by the works end.

"cold, but clean." she thought. Wringing out any excess bloody water from her clothes. The cold morning air stabbing at her lungs with each breath. Another coughing fit breaking out despite how hard she tried to hold it. Taking her hand away to drop it at her side.

Bringing it back up when her mind saw something was wrong.

Her palm covered in a mist of blood. Wiping her mouth with her other hand to confirm the bloods origins. Finding that more blood was misted on her lips after coughing. Licking them to taste it for a final confirmation before wiping her mouth with her sleeve. Washing it off before it could be further stained.

She swallowed at her lightheadedness from being made aware she was coughing up blood. Sitting down to gather herself on what to do.

"...lucky me..." Thinking how she was going to fix this without a doctor.

"maybe the pharmacy has a antibiotic prescription among the medicine folders. ... after my first break in the police might be watching the place. ... just wait until dark to run in and ... search... Every... Folder." letting out a sigh over how bad the idea was. Out of all the medication folders only one may have antibiotics. Searching would take up to at least a few good hours just for a quarter of the folders. Going over each bottle to decipher the medications name alone would take a while.

"i cant break in a second time. I need to visit the hospital." she thought, clawing her fingers into her shivering arm to make it stop.

"that's been getting worse too." she mumbled with a unsteady rise to her feet. The uncontrollable shivers increasing in time with shaking

worsening to where she couldn't keep still.

"might not even be from illness. Just all the damn stress." Remembering she always did have a small shiver around Erik, no matter the warmth of the day. Holding or tensing her arm used to put a stop to it. Now it took practically clawing into it to force it still.

"to hell with Erik. I want food that's hot and I'll find someplace I can at least get warm in just by myself." turning to walk toward town. Sneaking down the small back alleys just in case Erik was nearby. Going against him was easy, but she didn't want to press her luck on him finding out.

"i hope my clothes are clean enough." she thought, looking down at the blood stains barely remaining. The lack of blood on her letting her natural scent rise freely into the open air.

The new scent revealed grabbing the attention of *IT* down under the streets. He crawled up to one of the storm drains to see the new scents origins. Seeing Beverly passing behind a few of the large brick building stores.

"scent of violet flowers are heavy on her." *IT* thought. Liking the scent much more over the bloody one.

"... she's actually in town, during the daylight?" he noted of her strange appearance. Having her barely be seen away from the junkyard as it is. If she was in the town she always had the male with her. Going off by her sneaking through the alleys he was sure she was hiding from the rival male. Which worked just fine for *IT* on keeping her free for himself.

The den was complete with only needing to be shown off now. Approaching her had to be done delicately. He was very aware that with his past aggressiveness she might not be too keen on him snatching her to be dragged down into a drain for a talk. He'd wait till shes fully alone to approach her, all while keeping that rival male as far away as possible.

"speak of the devil." *IT* muttered at seeing Erik at his usual phone booth post for pick pocketing. Walking back into the darkened

tunnels toward a water drainage grate to crawl out of. Out of sight of the humans main pathway *IT* slipped the cover back in place. twisting his body down as soon as the cover was dropped. On the black paws of his dog form he sprinted out of the alley out onto the sidewalk. Racing straight for Erik to ram right into both his legs at full sprint. Sweeping Erik clean off his feet for some air time that ended by his body slamming down into the concrete.

"what the-?!" Erik let out a groan, looking up for the source of his falling. Sitting up when he saw a large black German Shepard with bright yellow eyes barking at him insisently.

"get out of here!" Erik shouted with a wave of his arm at the canine. Trying to shoo it away with no intent on wasting energy to chase it away.

IT momentarily stopped its barking to think of its next move. He wanted Erik to get far away from Beverly's location by being chased. Being a nuisance was unfortunately not working as well as expected. Watching Erik slowly stand with a sweep of dirt off his jacket. A look of concern going over him with rapid pats around his pocket. He looked down with *IT* following his gaze.

A bundle of money was sitting on the concrete where he fell. Erik didn't even get a chance to move before *IT* snatched up the bundle into his mouth. Dodging the heel of Erik trying to kick his face in for the money. But not backing away fast enough from Erik lunging for him. Grabbing handfuls of black fur at *IT*'s neck. A grin spreading across Erik face at assuming he had the dog under his control.

Expression dropping to confusion as he swore the dog shouted "tally-ho!" just as it leaped forward into a full sprint. Erik was yanked off his feet with the firm grasp on the dog to be dragged down the street like a rag doll.

"weeee!" *IT* shrieked loudly in excitement at the fun he hadn't felt in years. Happily dragging Erik around corners, through bushes, across the tables outside a diner. Eriks grip finally dropping off when *IT* was prepared to ram through a thick thorny rose bush.

"credit for holding on so long." *IT* thought after dragging Erik down a

few streets and through the park. Waiting nearby for Erik to get up.

"you furry bastard! ... your going to be a new skin rug!" Erik panted heavily. Throwing the handful of yanked out fur to the side. Brushing all sorts of things off his body from diner straws to full on twigs. *IT* ran off down the street in lead of the chase. Finding the whole thing ironic as he was usually the one chasing.

He turned down a narrow brick alley. running to the very dead end of it with a final skid to a halt. Turning around to face Erik who had a grin stretched across his face.

"cant get away now." Erik mocked as he approached. Towering brick walls surrounding all sides except the one he was approaching from. Barely a foot of space to squeeze by with the only thing between them being a small drainage hole only 4 inches wide in round circle. Eriks victorious laughing dying down as the dog went up to the small drain to shove its face down with some cracking noises.

More sounds of bone breaking down with the dogs body going limp. Twisting down the small drain with a final loud pop of suction. Leaving Erik standing there alone with the most shocked expression. He wasn't sure whether to be angry that the dog got away with his money or concerned at seeing a dog go down a small drain like a melted smoothie.

"boy that was fun!" *IT* was thrilled at how far he got Erik away. Getting back in a quarter of the time to see what Beverly was now doing. Checking by each drain opening for a glimpse of her. Unable to see her, but catching her scent from a diner. Keeping to his dog skin, he twisted out from the small street drain while no one was looking. Hurrying across the street to slip in through the door as someone went out. Slipping past any staff with ease around the many booths lining the place. Finding Beverly sitting at a booth in the very far back of the diner.

Sitting with her head resting on her arms. Staying far away from any windows just in case Erik walked by. Eyes closed to regain some energy. Warmth of the kitchen near by making it difficult to stay awake. Sitting up with the sound of a cup being set in front of her.

"your hot coffee." the waitress smiled. The smile returned with one back, along with a small thank you. Beverly adding the amount of extras into her drink to perfection. Swallowing the hot liquid with a few gulps. Wanting to drink it hot to help her pained lungs relax. The hot drink doing just that with honey lemon suppressing her coughing fits.

"mm, forgot what coffee tasted." she hummed at the thought. Relaxing into the booth with joy at the current moment. Hot coffee with a bowl of oatmeal coming alongside a plate of bacon omelet.

Still holding the wad of money in *IT's* mouth he decided to put it to use. Looking for a few things needed to set something up at the front counter. Taking a few napkins from atop the table he was hiding under. Moving down with them to hide near the front counter. Grabbing a pen from a jar with a paw twisting into a hand for writing.

A waiter standing near the front turned at the ring of a bell. Seeing a black dog standing with front paws on the counter, money with a note hanging from its mouth.

"... hey Chris!" the waiter called for his manager at the sight. A man in a suit walking up to the person calling. Looking over to where he was pointing at. Spotting the dog, then the noted money it had. Walking over to cautiously take it from the dog's mouth. Pulling the napkin from the crinkled money.

"put half toward the bill of the redhead in the far back booth. The rest is a tip for staying quiet about this." the note had written across it. Counting the money out had the tip coming to a full \$50. with that, the manager wasn't going to ask any questions. Telling Beverly's waiter to put the rest on her bill. Knowing everything was in order *IT* rushed back out the front door.

"okay, you have \$34 on your tab." the waiter happily announced to Beverly. The price almost making Beverly choke on her coffee.

"what?! Everything wasn't that expensive!"

"oh, no, not your bill. Your tab, \$50 was added to it, after your meal

you still have \$34 dollars to spend." he clarified.

" ... whered the 50 come from?" curious, but not wanting to look too far into the mouth of a gift horse.

" secret admirer?" the waiter shrugged. Beverly's curiosity growing more, but she shoved it to the side.

"another cup of coffee, please, with a plate of strawberry pancakes, extra bacon, and sausages." she added. Craving something sweet that wasn't purely a dessert. The waiter nodding as he wrote the items on a ticket. Leaving for a moment to return with the coffee pot to pour another drink for her.

"things are going too well now." Beverly thought. Mind turning to how she was going to deal with Erik later. Shed be gone far past sun down, maybe not returning till morning after a nights stay at the hospital. "what if I just don't come back? ..." The hospital was half way between main Derry and its town border. She had money for a bus ticket to get her a few hours away from this town. Erik would have no idea where she went. Ceasing her thoughts at her body shivering again. Clawing into her arm to keep still. Taking deep breaths to relax enough for her body to go still.

"maybe waiting is a bad idea. ... I wouldn't get far without food." she swallowed. Walking was turning into a burden for her. Her lungs couldn't gather as much air as they used too. Shivering again when she remembered the bloody coughing.

"finish the food and get out." she thought, picking up the fork as her body went still again. Carefully eating her meal with gulps of hot coffee. Her rush to leave dying down alongside the food getting closer to being finished. Sitting there with only a cup of coffee left to finish.

She looked down into the dark liquid. Putting a stirring stick into it to mess with. Half of her not wanting to leave the lighted warm building for the snowy cold waiting outside. It didn't really matter that most the day was gone. No matter how early she left shed be walking in the night at some point.

"want anything else?" the waiter asked.

"no thanks. I'll finish this off and leave." she raised her coffee cup.

"you still got 15 dollars left on your tab." the waiter informed.

"keep it." she finished off her cup. Walking out to face the slow falling snow. Squinting at the sun being far past its noon position.

"i won't reach the hospital for a couple hours. Longer if this snow starts getting higher than a foot along the highway." kicking a pile of snow out of her way. Wheezing in a stinging cold breath of air. Holding back on a rising coughing fit. She didn't want to end up out of breath before her walk could even begin.

IT saw her walk out of the diner from its waiting spot at the corner. Having had large amounts of fun messing with Erik throughout the day. Stealing any other money he made in the dog skin. Eventually making him so paranoid he grew wide eyed at at any black dogs walking by. The fun unfortunately ending with Erik returning to the junkyard empty handed.

IT held to its canine form to follow her. Considering now to be the best time to approach. She was completely alone with the town falling to sleep under the approaching night. *IT's* train of thought disrupted when he saw her heading down the long stretch of highway. The only place out on that road was the hospital.

IT kept as close as he could without being seen. Paying attention to any little noise he made in the snow. Wondering why she was heading to a building treating the ill. The answers coming up during the long walk as he observed her. She shivered strongly with lots of coughing. Him catching the small scent of blood on the wind after she stopped each time. The appearance of her body temperature growing dangerously low.

Forcing himself to stay back was becoming hard while watching Beverly struggle with her illness. Should he approach now to take her back to the nest? The space was made to be a lot warmer than the snowy outdoors. It would risk Beverly's health further declining under the stressful meeting. He only knew a few facts on human

illness and he could not recognize what she had. For now he would stay back for her journey to the hospital to go undisturbed.

The time she took to stop for air escalating over the hours. Body requiring her to stop at every other tree to catch her breath. Vision blurring with black creeping in at the edges. Shivering becoming a problem for her to walk steady enough in the snow.

IT shifting from its canine form to stand by as the clown. With how badly this walk was going he had to speak with her. Sensing what little body heat was on her she was going to die soon. That, he couldn't allow. Despite her possibly panicking at his forwardness on taking her someplace else.

She wheezed in some air through her sleeve being used to keep her breath warm. Looking down the road with a growing hollowness. Negative thoughts seeping in on her current position.

"can't walk back, but I can't go forward any more. How much farther is the hospital? I haven't seen a sign in a while." she spoke with a shiver. Unaware that something overheard her. Getting up from her leaning spot on a tree to trudge through the snow to reach a lone street lamp not that far. The lone metal lamp by a destroyed call box having been run over long ago.

"heh, cant call a ride." she chuckled darkly at her situation. In the middle of nowhere, on her way to a hospital, with only herself. Her body tiredly slipping down from a standing lean to a crouching one. Forehead resting against the metal pole in a futile attempt at removing the doubling vision. Black filling more and more of her vision with a great layer of numbness taking over her body. She closed her eyes for a moment. Ready to accept the exhaustion she had been fighting for so long.

"Beverly ..."

she shot her eyes open at the voice. Looking into the frosted reflecting poles metal.

the clowns silhouette standing not too far behind her. Bright eyes glowing yellow within its black shape.

Finding some last sliver of strength she unsteadily stood back onto her feet.

Her mind circled around scolding herself for letting this happen. Wanting to stop her bodies shivering to not look so helpless. Wanting to face him without needing something to lean on. Regretting not grabbing any sort of weapon for this scenario.

Regretting that she thought this plan was going to work at all.

Beverly tensed at him stepping closer. The sound of snow crunching leading to her thinking if that was what her bones breaking would sound like.

"i have to face him ... even if I can't do anything. ... I will not die cowering against this pole." she thought, taking in a wheeze of chilled air. Carefully positioning her hands to slowly stop leaning on the pole. Reaching a point she was fully standing without it. The numbness in her body forcing her still. Black vision swarming in far too fast to react with a fog of sleep.

Golden:

thank you, glad you like it. =] the AO3 was updated with images so you might want to pop in on the version over there for at least just the first chap.

4. Broken shards

IT was a few feet away from her. Watching her stand up again with so little vitality that he was surprised. He waited for her response, considering what to do if she couldn't respond. He didn't want her state worsening with an unwanted approach she thought was threatening. Yet her horrible condition needed them to fix it immediately.

She shifted from one leg onto the other away from the pole. Her tense body relaxing far too quickly that had Pennywise rushing forward. Catching her now limp body in his arms. Rubbing her cold face in an attempt to stimulate her enough into waking up. With no signs of her coming to he gathered her up into his arms. Rushing to the hospital with barely a second passing by to reach it. Sneaking into the back of the hospital where all the ambulances were parked in a garage.

Wrenching open the back doors on one of the emergency vehicles. Setting her down on the gurney inside. Heading around to the front drivers side door to Punch through the glass window down into crumpling the steering wheel. The broken horn now going non-stop full blast in the parking lot. Disappearing as some security came out to investigate. Calling doctors at seeing Beverly knocked out in the back.

Staff rushed her inside to a operation room with Pennywise hiding in the darkened corner a few feet away. Listening closely on what all the humans were speaking about.

"she has a lot of fluid in her lungs. We have to drain it immediately for her to get enough air from the mask." one spoke. Sharp tools being brought over raising an inner aggression within *IT* on seeing Beverly purposefully carved into without his permission. Settling himself down to let the doctors continue working. Intently watching at how they inserted a tube of sorts into her chest. A thick liquid with the scent of blood being extracted with it.

All the humans giving confirming nods to each other with the removal of the tubing. A few of her other wounds being more

properly treated. Clothing exchanged for a hospital gown to be taken to a more comfortable room. Covered in warm coverings with beeping machines attached. The doctors Walking around her, looking at machines, doing nothing much else. Pennywise carefully sneaking into the rooms darkened bathroom.

"she had to have been in some fight. Lots of bruised ribs, old knife wounds that have been fixed already. By all the fluid and her low body temperature she must have pneumonia. She'll need to be set on heavy antibiotics. Take this down to the prescription counter, please." a doctor ripped off a pink piece of paper to hand over to a nurse standing by. Turning to print a paper off a computer, slipping it into a plastic folder hanging at the end of her bed.

IT waited for the last doctor to exit with the closing of the room door. Leaving the bathroom to be by Beverly's bed. He looked over her resting body for any changes. Sensing a definite increase in body temperature from under the blanket layers given to her. The wheezing in her breath being gone was another improvement.

He stepped to the end of her bed taking the plastic folder off. All her information filling up the boxes with the last half talking about medication. Tapping one of his fingers by the long drug name to remember for future reference. Setting the plastic folder back down onto its hook.

"she should not be moved in this condition. nothing to do at the moment, but wait." he thought, pacing around the room. Inspecting everything out of boredom. A room with two beds, one left empty, a full bathroom in between the two with it extending outward as a separating wall of sorts. Creating a small corner for him to hide in from anyone entering. A small counter top with a bag of all her clothes and pocket items sitting upon it.

Already he was growing agitated at the growing wait. Watching the two clock hands move excruciatingly slow in loops around the numbers. The small hand having past a few numbers when he heard her stir from her sleep. Moving to stand behind a privacy curtain by the unoccupied bed closest to the door.

Beverly slowly opened her eyes. Squinting in confusion at her

spinning surroundings. Lots of white walls with a sterile chemical smell. Vision stopping the spinning enough to realize she was in the hospital. Looking over herself down along all the attached equipment. Pulling off the oxygen mask she felt was more in the way than needed.

"how'd I get here?" she wondered. Her last memory was closing her eyes against the metal lamp.

"someone saw me?" she assumed, yet the idea seemed a little too stretched. There was so much snow falling with everything so dark.

"ugh, this was a bad idea." she sighed. Sitting up in her bed to fully examine her room. Looking across it then down at what she was wearing with the removal of the covers. A hospital gown with a bloody patch on her back toward the bottom of her rib cage. Going wide eyed at the sudden new wound she didn't remember getting. To find out what the injury was from she yanked off the plastic folder from her beds end.

Reading the record confirming her body suffered from pneumonia. Heavy built up lung fluids being removed from the surgery area. Antibiotics administered through a shot while she was out. Prescription added under her name to be taken by regular pill. She spoke a curse under her breath with the diagnosis.

"how will I pay for pills? ... how will I pay for any of it?" she mumbled.

"Each breath I take in here they charge me a dollar." she joked bitterly. Looking down at the machine wires with careful deciding of the order which to pluck them off. Cautiously turning off the machines to not send off an alert to hospital staff. Ripping off the last bit of wiring on her to be free. She wanted to leave, where she wanted to go she wasn't sure of yet.

"maybe I'll hide out in the cafeteria. Hideout until the snow isn't dropping by the truckload." she thought, grabbing a bag of her clothes off a nearby chair. Quickly getting redressed to leave as soon as she was done. She did not want to deal with nurses and doctors telling her to relax back in bed. Putting on her jacket she felt

something nagging at the back of her mind. Feeling like she was forgetting something very important, but she knew she had everything.

"money, my ID." she went over, feeling each item in her pockets. Pushing the feeling off as just a mistake. Grabbing the exit doors handle without a second thought. Startled back by a white gloved hand smacking into the door to prevent its opening.

Her body tensing at the sight of Pennywise stepping into her path of the only exit. Remembering exactly what she was forgetting now.

"i can't let you leave." the clown spoke with a crooked grin. Him taking a step toward her had Beverly running from him into the only other space with a door. Locking herself in the bathroom to have some separation from him.

"she cant stay in there forever." Pennywise thought, strolling quietly over to the bathroom door. Standing there without a sound to listen for what she could be doing. There was no way to escape in there, she would be forced to face him at some point. Like before, he preferred for her to respond first to make communication a little less stressful for her. so until then he would just stand guard in waiting.

Beverly was prepared to fight inside the small room with balled fists held ready toward the door. Heavy panting drawing pain from her ribs. She may have been able to breath normal again, but that did not fix everything else.

"this is a hospital, something must be in here." she thought with a look toward some drawers. Rummaging through them for anything sharp. Finding only useless items like cotton balls or band aids. She shoved the drawer shut in anger.

Tears building up at being trapped with nothing. Looking up in revelation at her reflection.

A large breakable mirror was over the sink.

She stood straight, tightening her fist with a deep breath in preparation. Psyching herself up to deal with the pain. Broken glass

was better than nothing.

Sounds of shattering falling glass catching Pennywise's attention. Hearing her rummaging in a pile of glass going on inside the bathroom. The scent of fresh blood had Instinct screaming at him to break in, before Beverly could do what she may be planning. Humans could do some stupid things to themselves when feeling trapped. Taking a crushing hold of the door handle he yanked the whole door out of its frame. Throwing it hard to smash into the wall across the room.

Entering the bathroom looking at the sight of broken glass with blood covering everything. Red hand prints smeared all over the sink. Shards filling up the sink going down to a huge pile across the entire floor. A bloody puddle with a small trail leading off to the right of the doorway.

He turned his head in following the trail up to noticing Beverly, from the corner of his eye, hiding up against the right door frame wall.

She shot out her left arm, bearing a large glass shard, stabbing him right into his chest. He let out a growl of pain, followed by a hiss as Beverly yanked the shard out. She pulled back aiming for another stab at his chest. The attacking hand being stopped by him grabbing a hold of her wrist. Backing from the room as delicately as he could with a firm hold on her.

Taking a hold of her other wrist as she struggled against him. Bringing the shard holding hand closer for inspection on what she did to herself. The fist being soaked in blood with more pouring out of the tight grip she had on the glass. A few droplets of his own blood floating off to disperse from its tip.

"drop it!" he growled down at her with a sharp toothed frustrated smile.

"no!" she growled back through gritted teeth. Gripping the shard tighter with a thick amount of fresh blood pouring down over his hand to down her arm. He was going to shout at how stupid she was being, harming herself over a situation he had full control over. Pausing when he heard footsteps from afar running toward the door.

He released her with a step back to be hidden in the small corner by the bed. Her doing the same step away from him with a startled look to the doctors running through the door unexpectedly. all stopped at the extremely shocking sight of her.

A door ripped off the bathroom frame laying across the room, Glass mixed with blood leading out of the bathroom.

her holding a massive glass shard in a arm covered in gashes from smashing it into a mirror. Gripping the shard so tightly her blood dripped down in a easy to follow trail.

"... Beverly, ... do you know where you are right now?" a doctor asked her gently. She looked from the doctor back to *IT* watching in hiding from the corner.

"put it down." Pennywise mouthed to her. Her eyes going from *IT* back over to the doctor now slowly approaching.

"Beverly, ... put the glass down." the doctor gently approached with raised arms. Beverly growing paranoid at *IT* possibly controlling the doctors. She refused to be restrained for a marathon of torture, lead by *IT*, in this hospital.

"no!" she shouted, pointing the shard threateningly at the doctor. Glare being aimed back toward *IT*. Looking back when she saw some nurses pass something forward to the approaching doctor.

"Beverly, please-" the doctor started.

"get out of my way!" Waving the glass at the doctor to force him into backing up. Her blood flying off to coat a few things in splatters. *IT*'s body gearing up to snatch her for control of this deteriorating meeting. He didn't want her running away in her current condition.

If he had to spend all his energy covering up his presence being seen in the hospital, he would. Seeing the doctor had something of help given to him earlier. he wanted to try one other secret attempt first.

As if he were to lunge he took a quick step forward. taking Beverly's full attention off the doctors into facing him. The lead doctor leaping forward to grab her weapon holding wrist to hold her whole arm

down for a needle injection. When he got it all in he jumped back to be around the other doctors for safety.

Beverly's arm went numb in seconds having her hand lose all grip on the shard. She fell to the side with one arm gripping onto the bed end to stay up. Legs giving out for her to no longer be up. Her body blacking out to sleep when she hit the floor.

IT let out a low growl at what just happened. Disappearing into the shadows so no hospital staff would see him. His presence still being around to watch the next few events.

Beverly being handcuffed to the bed. Doctors stitching up her shredded hand. Paperwork being done with the bloody shard put into a specially marked bag. Everything else being thoroughly cleaned up with full sterilizing bleach. Staff having a very interesting conversation on how she ripped the door off with enough strength to smash into a wall. Followed by a conversation of blood work for narcotics.

IT waited again till everyone was gone from the room. Materializing back into the room. Examining the doctors work on Beverly's hand first. Feeling much to be desired on the wrappings. A thick bundle of fabric that couldn't entirely stop blood leakage. Or properly stay on after many normal movements.

"i can do better." Pennywise thought, bringing over a chair to sit closely. Hand sounding out a few cracks with the fingers extending through his white gloves. Fingers turning long thin and completely black like the legs of a spider. Hooking one of the slender fingers under the wrappings to snip them right off in one yank.

Tapping his finger tips to his thumb then stretching them apart with a silvery webbing spreading between all the tips. Tacking the first bundle in hand down on a clear part of her hand. Letting more silver webbing stretch out as he spun his hand around hers. Creating a skin tight wrapping that was barely the weight of the large wad of gauze those humans put on. Cutting off the threading with his thumb to finalize it by smoothing the end down to fuse strongly with the other threads. Hand returning to its original gloved look.

"one problem down." he smiled down at his handy work. Looking over to Beverly's face lightly breathing against the pillow. The idea of having her stay restrained in this place not settling well with him. Hospitals however helped keep humans alive, which was the exact opposite of what he had been doing for years. He wasn't quite sure what pneumonia did to a human beside the noticeable details. Difficulty breathing due to lots of fluid in the lungs. He didn't even know if it was safe to move her from the hospital environment.

He gathered all his current knowledge of human health off of fears. Fear tended to corrupt facts on what illnesses actually did to bodies. For quite a while he remembered many illnesses just meant demon possessions, witchcraft, or bad blood in the veins. It was only from observing humans his knowledge of current diseases such as asthma grew to be more accurate. Yet, it didn't truly matter up until now. If a human was terrified of cancer being some sort of flesh eating disease he made it seem as such for convenience of causing fear.

He tapped his fingers across the beds metal rail. Thinking through on a plan to research all of this. Standing up from his seat with intent on exploring the hospital for information. Slowly peeking through the main door for any doctors down the halls. Slipping out with none present, now he wanted to find one. One that was too busy with work to look up while talking. One such doctor sitting at a counter writing on forms off a large pile nearby.

"excuse me, may I ask a question?" Pennywise asked, hiding behind a wall pillar by the desk.

"about what?" the doctor asked, sounding half asleep.

"my friend has a bad case of pneumonia, but they want to stay home to treat it."

"if it's really bad they can't treat it at home. They need to come in for a prescription of antibiotics." the doctor informed.

"what if they're already on a prescription?"

"they should still see their doctor about it, but if your friend still doesn't want to come in for whatever. Keep them indoors, keep them

warm, no cold foods only hot, lots of liquids, and no heavy exercising until the pneumonia has cleared."

"i can provide that." IT grinned to himself. "thanks." he said, heading straight back to Beverly's room.

"time to take you home." he whispered while slicing right through her cuffs with a long claw. Taking off the machine wires with no concern of the alarms activating.

Doctors rushing in to find Beverly's bed empty with no sign of where she disappeared off to. Security spreading in all directions to search in vain for someone long gone.

Beverly's mind came to right away upon finally waking from her long rest. Sitting up with body prepared for an attack. Tensing at aching ribs being moved too quickly. She carefully looked around at her surroundings. The massive darkened area obviously not the hospital room.

First thing she saw were the blankets, a lot of blankets, sitting on more layers of blankets with pillows of all kinds. The mass collection spreading from her in all directions in a 15 foot circle. The end of that circle being surrounded by huge walls of spider webbing. Spun up into a dome like cover far over head with no spaces large enough to possibly crawl through.

"now what is the clown doing?" she thought, unwrapping herself from the many blankets on her. Stumbling over the layers of plush blankets she sunk down into with every step. The yielding layers of fabric giving a hint that nothing solid was underneath it all. Footing being gained easier toward the edging.

Reaching the wall of webbing, with a last stumble, she got back up to try taking it apart. Not getting anywhere with the strands being stronger than the steel cables holding up a car bridge. Stopping her efforts to see out one of the many small holes. Seeing walls of junk around the space leading downward to a stage wagon.

Staring down with anxiety at that brightly lit stage. There was no mistake on where she was. She was in the hollowed core of IT's pile, 3

floors up in the air, in some sort of spun cocoon. thick webbing extending out in thick spiraling columns to the junk wall for security.

"shit. If I got out, how will I even get down?" she thought. Looking over she noticed her hand was covered in the same webbing.

"how'd this get on me? Rubbed off the wall? I couldn't budge it before." rubbing at the material to pull it off. The threading on her hand budging just as much as the wall did. Next she tried getting her fingers under it or finding the end of it like a tape roll. It had nothing of the sort being one big bundle as close to the skin as it could be. Stretching her hand with repeated closing as another way to try wearing it off. The material shifting along with no bundling unlike how a band aid would have.

"I'll deal with that later." she dropped her hand. Walking along to examine the large structure for any holes she could squeeze through. Tripping over something stiff in the mounds of blankets. She got up with a look back toward it. Something smooth and dark grey sticking partially up above the many blankets.

She approached the object with a look over it. Pressing on it to test for any given first before getting up to stand on it. Using it as a high point to stand above the land of blankets. Not able to look for very long when it shifted.

The hard thing sweeping out from under her feet. Having her fall back into the soft bedding. Climbing up to her feet against the wall as more piles shifted like sand covering a snake. *IT* as the same large insect resembling beast from before rising up with its head turning toward Beverly. She could only assume *IT* was watching her, despite the lack of eyes on its face.

"good morning." *IT* stretched a grin of multi rowed jagged teeth. Her only response to that being a silent glare.

"find it comfortable?" he asked about the bedding with a twist of *IT*'s head turning almost upside down. Still getting the same response from Beverly as the last time.

"you don't talk as much as you used to Beverly." he turned away from

her. Head twisting back over in a smooth turn.

"what's there to talk about?" she spoke unhappily.

"much, sit down." he said to her, head dipping in gesture.

"i rather stand." she glared. Hearing him grumble with a raise of his segmented tail. Smashing it down hard enough to shake the whole webbed structure. Beverly falling down to grab tightly a hold some of the blankets under her.

"settle." he told her.

the shaking calmed down to a light rocking. She huffed out a breath of air at him. Settling as much as she could in the situation of being unarmed in *IT's* lair. With a hard glare she angrily fought with the blankets to get back up.

"will you stay seated!" turning back toward her with a hiss. Long sharp spines along *IT's* back flaring forward.

"no!" holding firmly on the wall webbing to keep him from knocking her down again. He bared his teeth in frustration with a deep hissing inhale. Clacking his jaws tightly together before speaking again.

"... please ..." he spoke gently, catching Beverly off guard.

" ... why?"

"you're ill. ... I will fetch you food, if you do." he answered, ending with an offer.

"why?" she asked again. Wanting to reach the head of the whole reason for this.

"whys are later. Do you want food?" he asked with the same gentleness.

"... yes ... what time is it?" she hesitantly confirmed at feeling her stomach so hollow. Wondering how long she was out to be so hungry.

"2nd morning after the hospital fiasco." he answered. Slipping between the web wall as easy as spreading a pair of curtains. Making sure the spot was fully closed off before leaving. Crawling down along the walls with ease.

"I've been out for over a day?" thinking of the time given. Sitting down in contemplation of the night not too long ago. "he found me out on the highway and I don't think anybody else could have. He had to have been the one to bring me to the hospital. Now he's here ... taking care of me?" Looking down at her wrapped hand.

The wrappings didn't really bother her aside from him being attached to her in some way. It was light, it breathed better than any gauze. No feeling of band aid glue or pulling of the skin. Despite all that she still wanted it off. Trying to bite into it this time with no success on even pulling a single thread. Taking up a blanket to rub furiously at the thread. Assuming friction would wear down the strands.

Meanwhile *IT* was crawling down the tunnels. The tapping of its many legs sounding out across the stone.

"she doesn't seem too happy about the nest." *IT* thought down the tunnels.

"or is it just dissatisfaction with me?" shifting to his clown look.

"how do humans court? ... there's that day with all the red and hearts about." Trying to remember what he saw. "humans always gave courting gifts on that day ... but that day won't be for months. ... maybe if I get something big."

reaching outside he headed for a place he knew was popular with human couples. He didn't know why it was so popular or why the certain request there was so popular either. He always saw a line out the door especially on that red hearts day. Sneaking inside to the back to grab what he needed.

"now to get food." he thought.

When he returned from his outing he noticed Beverly still messing with her wrappings.

"stop fidgeting with that!"

she turned at the voice to see Pennywise. walking up to her so easily without sinking down in the fabric. Setting down a brown pizza box with another brown bag on top next to a cup of coffee. Watching him walk off to the side where he fell back into the bedding. Laying down the same way she was with 5 feet between them.

She watched him to see what he was doing, eyes going to her coffee as he did nothing else. Popping off the lid to carefully examine the insides for anything different. Paranoia making her too nervous to drink it at the time. Changing her focus to the food container in the brown bag. Feeling it to be pretty heavy with whatever was inside.

"how much food does he think I eat?" she thought with a pop of the container lid. Shocked to find a steaming plate of lobster, steak and a side of fries. Looking back into the bag at a small weight at the bottom. A container of lemon wedges sitting beside a plastic container of warm butter in the brown bag.

"no fork?" not seeing one in the bag.

"i am not giving you something else to stab me with." he chuckled in smirking toward her.

"smart clown." she thought, knowing she would have stabbed him. Moving the food around for inspection. Seeing everything fine, she pulled out the lobster tail from its cut shell.

"you should drink the coffee." he mentioned. watching her ignore the drink.

"how do I know nothings in it?" she stared suspiciously at him.

"will you drink it with these?" his hand holding out an orange medication bottle. Beverly's eyes going wide at the object with a lunge forward she snatched the bottle away from him. Although he wasn't keeping it away from her.

"where did you get theses?!" she asked. Reading over the bottle marked down for her with antibiotics inside.

"hospital back room, under your name."

She hesitated on taking one with the coffee. Sure, she could try dry swallowing the pills, but she was never good at that. More likely the pill would make her gag up her lunch. Pouring the recommended pill amount in hand, she dropped them into her mouth, followed by a chugging down of the entire coffee cup. Crushing the empty Styrofoam with a throw down into the paper bag. Going back to happily eat her grand meal.

She hadn't been able to eat this fancy in forever. The pizza being completely ignored for the grand feast. Although trying to tear into the steak was a little hard without any silverware.

"she likes the gift." he thought. Feeling proud satisfaction over his gift picking skills. However, he knew he still had much to build between them.

"you want to be out in the sun?" he asked. He wanted her to stay inside while sick, but humans do need sunshine and fresh air.

"wh- ... yeah, sure." Almost asking why he was letting her out or why he didn't just eat her. Figuring he wouldn't really give her an answer either way.

"stay there, I'll lower the place for you to get out." he got up to leave. Beverly sitting there in waiting, startled when the structure started moving. Feeling of floating like on a moving elevator surrounding her. Body untensing when it finally stopped on the ground floor. The layers of blankets shifting with the settling to the piles curve at the bottom.

"its set to step out." he informed her with an opening of the webbed wall. Patiently standing by as Beverly exited the structure, her watching him with wary eyes the entire way out.

Outside there was an awkwardness filling the air. Making a run for it wasn't going to work, she knew that. Sneaking a rock to bash him with would be just as noticeable under his watch.

"can't run away, but how far can I walk before annoying him?" she

thought, taking casual steps down along the river's edge. Staying aware of his presence following closely behind the entire time.

"is the nest not to your liking?" he asked

"I'd *like* to not be trapped inside." glancing back at him with a furrowed brow.

"i can extend it upwards to the outside, but not until your well."

"that's not the point. I rather leave entirely." she sighed with a rolled her eyes.

"Extensions? Why and what for?" she wondered in thought.

"leave, why?! Leave back to that male?" his normal grin slipping to sharpening teeth.

"male? ...! Erik will be looking for me!" she stated. She had been gone for quite a while he had to be looking.

"no, he's not. He has not searched since your night at the hospital." speaking bluntly to turn her away from the male.

"he'll be worried. He'll be going around asking everyone if they've seen me. You don't want him drawing attention to my disappearance. Let me go see him." she spoke quickly. Hoping her words will put pressure on *IT* to let her go.

"if I can just talk to Erik he would help me." she thought.

"doubt fills me. That male does nothing for you or himself. Except give you a stutter like young billy boy." mocking with a grin. Offended over how she was set to run back to the measly male so quickly.

"shut up! I do that because it's freezing outside!" she glared up at him.

"ha! you believe that your choice is well? Why not pick a tall tree, least it will give you shade." he loomed over her. Even as a full grown adult she felt incredibly small under his height. His towering 7 or 8 feet verses her average 5 foot 6 inches.

"He gives me everything!" she spoke defensively, offended at him laughing over her choice of men. Holding ground where she stood unintimidated by his closeness.

"pardon me for being so mistaken." jokingly spoken to her with a hand setting over where a heart would be.

"ugh, freaking clown. Like your a good judge of character." dismissing his words in a turn away from him.

" you wish to challenge my skills?" his grin stretched reaching from ear to ear.

"no, I know you're wrong. Erik will be happy to see me after I've been missing for so long." she spoke back toward him before thinking.

"you wanna bet?" stepping closer, his tone shifted to something more playful. A concerning sign having Beverly feeling that familiar regret again from her words.

"... what's the bet?" she asked quietly. Stomach churning at letting the question pass her lips.

"i bet he wont say hes happy at all. He-he, Not even a smidge. He-he." smile softening, but voice turning more into a high pitched giggling fit.

"..." she was speechless over the situation shed gotten herself into. Inner doubt not wanting to take this any further.

"heh-heh What'cha afraid of? If you're so sure. you should win then, yes?" he baited her.

"yes. ... what's the cost?" pridefully glaring up into his fiery eyes.

"you win, you can do whatever you want. I win, you do as I say until you're better." staring back deeply into her crystal blue eyes. Holding out a gloved hand to seal the bet between them.

"fine!" she shoved past him to head for the junkyard.

"where are you going?" watching her with a tilt of his head.

"junkyard to find Erik."

"the males gone someplace else." he spoke behind her.

"where?!" she accidentally shouted. Tightening her fist to restrain her burning lungs from making her hack.

"to the only apartment building in town, room 3." he answered with a twitch toward her. Seeing a pain spike through her body had him wanting to bring her back inside.

Beverly rushing off without him given time to stop her. Energy rushed through her body while running with determination to win this bet, she had to. Turning so high strung she forgot to take regular stops for recuperation. Reaching a tree outside the apartment she needed to stop for a lean against it. Heavy wheezing toward the sky for her lungs to calm enough before going forward.

"running a bit slow?" Pennywise appeared from behind the tree. Startling Beverly away with her grabbing her stinging chest. Deliberately she forced her wheezing down to not seem as bad for the moment in his presence.

"you stay out here and don't mess me up. If you do the bet is void!" warning him in a heavy tone. Approaching the door with a deep inhale to calm her nerves.

"like I have to." he chuckled. Standing by eagerly waiting for her failure so that he could sweep her away. Hiding further back into the many trees to watch her approach.

Nerves getting the better of Beverly at the door. Clawing her arm to suppress the building fear. Hesitantly knocking on the door with such little force it would be surprising if anyone heard. Waiting on the little cement porch step with nervous biting of her lip. Leaning forward, eyes toward the ground, listening for movement behind the door.

Standing up straight with a smile stuck on her face with the opening of the door. Fear jumping into her heart when someone else answered. A huge man dressed sloppily, thinning hair, and a beer

gut. Her body reactivity taking a step back with the man smiling at her. His Intense examining of her up and down making her skin crawl.

"heey bevy." the man grinned down at her.

"don't call me that. Where's Erik?" she mumbled the first half.

"why is Charles here?" she thought. Praying that he wasn't going to be staying long. Charles had a record of getting too handsy with her. Worsening when Erik wasn't around to snap at him for "touching his girl".

"oh, ... hes inside. You're looking better then usual." he stretched in the doorway to take her vision away of the apartments inside.

"can you get him?" she asked bluntly. Wanting to get far away from Charles as fast as possible.

"i *could*. Maybe if you give me a kiss first." winking toward her. Beverly almost retching at the thought.

"... I rather kiss a clown." speaking honestly with a quick smile.

"well if your going to act like a bit- ow!" he yelped at a rock smacking into his face.

The rocks origins coming from the clown watching from afar. Mind changing on that he couldn't find a male he hated more than the one Beverly liked. This male guarding the door was getting closer to having his neck snapped if he didn't shut his mouth. Sensing Beverly's fear from the other males presence developed a deep urge within him to guard aggressively against him.

"what are you doing out there?" Beverly heard Erik from inside.

"Erik!" she shouted past Charles. Relief when she heard him approaching. Smiling at his appearance at the door.

"Beverly?! Where have you been?!" Erik yanked her inside by the arm. Letting go for her to sit at a small round table in the living room.

"i-i was in the hospital." she stuttered. Scolding herself, in thought, for doing so.

"you didn't bother telling me where you were going?! Babe, you know how worried sick I was?! You know what you did?! Do you?! I thought you abandoned me for someone else, like a street whore! I thought I was gonna have to hunt you down again! You know how much that pisses me off?! Explain yourself! right now!" based off his ranting it sounded like Beverly just committed a heinous crime.

"i w-was sick. Its pneumonia ... its pretty bad i- ..." a lump forming in her throat making explaining difficult. Body flinching down in her seat as Charles walked by a little too close.

"what the hell happened to you?" Erik asked Charles, who had a raw steak held to his face.

"some idiot threw a rock at me. Went looking outside. Didn't find the bastard." Charles grabbed a beer from the fridge. Using the cold bottle in place of the frozen meat.

"... why is Charles here?" she asked quietly.

"something freaky is going on in this little town. Had a dog steal my money and slink down the drain like a rat. Police arresting me for no goddamn reason. Was mugged by a freaking clown. ... that thing infesting the sewers." Erik brought out a cig from his pocket. Hand shaking while lighting it.

"i called him and a few other friends to come down. Common sense, safety in numbers, babe. Charles had the money on hand and made it first. Others are working on it." he finished.

"w-who else is coming?" speakings threw a growing sickness in the pit of her stomach.

" Victoria, Darius, trey, and Lorna. Maybe a few others. Sounds great, doesn't it?" listing names off in a few puffs of smoke breathed out.

"yeah ..." she lightly answered. Feeling miserable already at thinking of them being around. None of them liked her, especially Victoria after Beverly "stole Erik from her".

"we don't have a third steak so you'll have to find breakfast yourself." tone about as caring for her as the last bit of cigarette he was rubbing out on his shoe.

"okay ... you got an apartment, that's really nice." giving a light smile.

"yeah, but stay hidden. I can't afford rent on a third person." lighting up a second cig. The smoke filling the room agitating Beverly's lungs. She wasn't sure how long she could sit there breathing it in before hacking up a lung.

" did you miss me?" she asked gently with a heavy swallow.

"sure." response in a flat tone.

"happy to see me?" hoping he would reply the same. It still counted toward the bet even if it didn't sound sincere.

"at the moment it feels like pulling teeth with you. I'll be happy if you fetch me my other carton of cigarettes from the bedroom." he grumbled with a crumpling of the empty carton in hand.

"sorry." she spoke in passive whisper. Walking to the back bedroom for what he asked. Digging through a bedside drawer to grab it out of the very back space. Heading back prevented by *IT* blocking her path around the bed.

"get out!" she whispered.

"you heard his answer. Time to go!" he whispered back.

"that wasn't his serious answer, besides he said he'd be happy if I got him this. So it would mean I won after handing this!" holding up the cigarette carton to the clowns face.

"how long do you expect to wait for his "serious" answer?" he asked impatiently.

"you're definitely making the wait longer." squeezing around him and past the bed. Stopping in her tracks with Charles entering the room. Glancing back to see the clown gone.

"hey bevy we haven't had a chance to talk for a while." Charles smiled.

"yeah, been pretty busy." tapping the carton in hand from awkwardness.

"give me a big hug, we haven't had one in a while." stretching his arms out toward her.

"no! I-i got pneumonia. Lots of hacking, cant handle – anything on the ribs." she made an excuse. Backing up from Charles approaching until bumping into the desk end. Panicking on the inside at nowhere else to go. Debating on bashing his head with the lamp sitting behind her, or slipping out the window next to her.

The same window at their side marking the final length between them as he passed by it. Both pausing at a movement of the curtain by a long thin silhouette sitting across the window sill.

"what the?" Charles muttered with a pull back of the curtain. Jumping away with a slam into the wall across the room. A large, white as marble, cobra striking out fiercely hissing at him. Hood flared widely while stretching out from its window sill perch aiming for Charles. Beverly taking her chance to hop over the bed with a run back to Erik in the kitchen. Erik looking at her as she oddly ran in out of breath. Followed soon by Charles who was in a babbling panic.

"whats wrong with you two?" Erik asked while taking the new carton from Beverly's hand.

"t-there's a s-snake i-in your bedroom!" Charles heavily panted out with frantic pointing toward the doorway. Stepping to the side for Erik to pass by him.

Erik entered the room first, then Charles, with Beverly standing back in the doorway. Watching the two look around for a snake no longer there.

"where did you see it? How big was it?" Erik asked.

"on the window sill, really big and white. Blended right in with the white curtains till it lunged at me! Tried to maul my throat out!"

Charles spoke dramatically. Beverly needing to cover her mouth to stop a laugh coming.

"what did you see, babe?" Erik looked toward Beverly after finding no sign of a snake. Beverly gathered herself to look serious for her answer.

"it could have just been the curtain? I freaked out because I saw him freak out." she shrugged. Erik letting out an agitated sigh with Charles speaking all sorts of things on how the snake truly attacked him. Everybody going back out to the living room with little else said between them.

"Beverly whats with all the insane shit going on in this town. New York was a million times bigger with less shit going on." Erik sat back on the couch.

" the same shit I warned you about before you dragged us up here." Regretting her words after thinking about what she just said.

"i dragged us up here?" he stood with a chilling stare aimed on her.

"you! You dragged us up here!" pointing in her face accusingly.

"y-yes I did." his anger turning her passive with eyes avoiding his.

"I've had enough to deal with without you being around. Why didn't you just stay in the damn hospital? Now I have to start being cheap with my money again to feed you." ripping into her further.

"maybe I will go back." she spoke softly. Flinching from a hard slap leaving a red mark on her face.

"you should!" he growled.

"cold babe?... you're shaking right now." he pointed at her, smirk growing across his face. Beverly looking down in shock at her bodies drastic shivering. Turning away from him to try containing the shivering quickly. This was not the best time to show a response that was associated with fear. Anxiety feeding off the shaking to cycle back into making the shivering worse.

She rushed to the bathroom with a lock of the door behind her. Inhaling deep breaths as she shivered against the wall. Shutting her eyes tightly to drown out the world around her. The sound of her heartbeat filling her head with a pulsating headache.

Unnoticed behind her were the double cabinet doors under the sink opening. Pennywise squeezing out from under the small space with a few cracks at untwisting himself. Stretching his arms at his full standing height with a few more cracks.

"did I win?" he smiled at Beverly. The smile dropping at seeing the sight of her. Catching the scent of fear filling the small space between them. Many feelings stirring in his core at the scent, hunger, aggression, the need to hunt. Glare aiming toward the door with a moments thought of breaking through to snag at least one for a meal. Gaze softening at returning over to her in feeling he needed to do something more important.

Taking quiet slow steps he approached her. His presence drawing close enough of shadowing over her. Pausing in case she gave a negative response at his actions.

Beverly felt a chill run down her spine at a gloved hand caressing the back of her neck. Top half of her body flinching into itself from the unexpected touch.

"shh." he quietly hushed. Her body obeying with the shivering suddenly stopping. A tightening in her chest, she didn't notice before, relaxing as well. Straightening up from her position as his hand retreated from her.

Beverly touched the back of her neck where he touched her. Feeling so odd at how her body reacted to it.

"time to head back." holding a hand out for her to take.

She looked at the hand waiting at her side. Her heart urging her to take it, but her mind screaming not to. She had to remind herself what exactly that arm was attached to.

Tentatively reaching out to the offered hand she took it up into her

own. Feeling it to be unexpectedly warmer than hers.

Yami Wesker

i will, dont worry. =]

Valkyrie Summers

thank you, glad you like it. =]

5. Gifts

Back in *IT*'s lair Beverly had hunkered down under the many layers of blankets. Staying in hiding since yesterday after leaving the apartment. Wanting to be left alone completely for a time being. It was the only way she could without the feeling of being watched from the dark. Being unhappy that this was the best she could do, hiding under blankets like a child.

"my life's going well." she thought to herself. Turning over with a hiss at her ribs.

"maybe the clown can get me painkillers." Losing patience over feeling aches at every movement.

"how many blankets are there? Where'd he get them all?" she wondered, shifting a bunch of pillows into a pile to rest her head on. Being careful not to knock down the large pillow pillars she formed earlier. Laying under a blanket fort carefully constructed with a mostly empty pizza box sitting nearby. Sighing when her stomach loudly growled. Getting up to shift out of the blanket pile. Peering out first to look for the clown's presence. Squinting toward the darker half of the den not lit. light illuminating half in red out from the wagon sitting near. the other half in partial blue from the outside new morning light falling through the large skylight above.

"looks like he's not here, good." having not seen him since the night. If she could say she saw him at all with only his yellow eyes floating in the blackness. She took in some of the colder air before settling back down into her hidden fort.

"i don't think i'll ever want pizza after this." taking up one of the few remaining slices. The wrapping on her hand catching her attention as she ate. Reminding her of the touch he gave on the back of her neck. Rubbing her free hand at the spot to stop the hairs on her neck from standing in remembrance. Mind wandering in reverse at what happened yesterday. Chuckling when Charles got hit with a rock.

"he probably threw that rock because I was taking too long at the door. ... he probably heard that kissing comment." dropping the slice

onto the rest in dread.

"maybe he'll forget while hes out doing whatever. ... probably hunting." she thought, picking her slice back up.

Outside under the blazing afternoon sun *IT* was pacing in thought. Thinking of what his next gift should be. He couldn't do the same gift twice. That would show he was lazy, females did not like males that took shortcuts. Especially when they took them on the first steps of courting.

"the shift in her is different then the average. Not sadness, not fear, something between anxiety and anger." Pennywise paced at the entrance of the drainage pipe to recall what humans called the specific emotion.

"stress? ... what breaks stress?" he stopped mid pace.

"hmm, does any place still sell them here? Maybe that tourist place around the old iron works still sells them." remembering another common gift given on the red heart day. " I'll have to present it in a nicer container." he went off to fetch the gift.

Inside Beverly was drawing swirls into the blanket underneath her. Slightly enjoying that she wasn't in the junkyard on this cold morning ... until now.

"Beverly." hearing the clown speak her name from the small blanket entrance.

"what?" she asked unenergetic, not in the mood to talk. Growing more agitated as she felt him coming closer.

"got you some things." setting down another hot drink on the pizza box beside her. Putting down a translucent fabric bag, filled with something heavy, alongside it. Crouching off to the side to watch her reaction over the gift.

Curiosity on the strange bag having Beverly pull it close. Tolerating his presence in her space for the time being. As long as he stayed quiet while sitting far away.

"...rocks?" looking inside the bag with confusion.

"not rocks." he stated.

"sure looks like rocks to me." she thought. Finding it the strangest thing he's given to her. Picking one up from the mix to look over.

"try one"

"humans don't eat rocks." setting the one rock in hand back into the mix.

"they're not rocks." he repeated. Beverly staring down at them at what she could be missing. Picking one back up for another examination.

"try one" like he expects me to eat them" she thought with a look over it. Grabbing hold of both ends to press on the middle. The "rock" snapping in two under the pressure. Surprised it broke so easily she looked at the inner core of it.

"its chocolate." she mouthed to herself. hands breaking the chocolate down a little more into smaller pieces. Trying one small piece gladly as her first piece of candy in years. The chocolate core melting in her mouth with a small crunch from the thin outer shell.

"like it?" His speaking catching her attention with a question coming to mind. Beverly pausing her snacking with a tap of her fingers against the bedding. Contemplating how to approach the matter.

"we have to go outside." she spoke firmly.

"very well." disappointed at not getting an answer to his question. Following her out the usual way, but her pace being quicker than normal.

"maybe she didn't like it." he thought as they walked out the pipe.

"what is all of this?" turning to confront him on the river shore.

"what is what?"

"why am I here?! What's with the medication and all the food?!" she specified.

"you're sick." his head dipping to the side.

"aaaand?" she tried getting more out of him.

"and what?"

"you planning to keep me stuck here?! what happens when i am better?"

"we'll see." he shrugged. Beverly turning away with a frustrated sigh.

"you didn't like the gift?" he asked.

"gift?"

"i assume that means no."

"why give me gifts?" she stared suspiciously.

"isn't that usual of courting?"

"courting?!" she exclaimed with a hard swallow of spit she managed not to choke on from shock.

"yes, courting. Do you use a different word for it?"

"no! I mean, there's no courting -courting of me- specifically- by you!" she kept clarifying on her words.

"why not?"

"wh- ..." she was taken aback by his question. Coming up with a million reasons why not.

"he can't be serious. This is some dark joke. A very creepy joke that's too far, even for him" her thoughts passed by at the speed of light.

"tell me, why are you courting me?!" she demanded to know.

"what reason shouldn't I?" he inquired.

"because, - ... I am human! Wouldn't you rather find one of your own kind?!" she said off the list of the most obvious of reasons.

"heh, there is only one other like me and I despise them. If I want a mate I'll have to sss- choose one." avoiding the word settle. That would not be a word liked upon by a possible mate.

"what about all those attempts to kill me?" she asked through gritted teeth.

"that was many years go when you were still prey to be eaten." speaking as if it were nothing.

"so what's changed now? That i am older than I used to be?"

"yes, you've also shown your equal in strength. You don't act like prey underneath me. One point in taking a mate is making sure they're strong. So that the pair can be stronger together rather than one being crippled by the other." he explained.

"you think I can make you stronger?"

"in some ways."

"what if I don't want to be your mate?" her glare hardened.

"well, it will be your loss on a fine catch." chuckling with a gesture to himself.

"what if I try to leave? You could be forceful about it." holding her glare with a serious tone. His happy expression dropping at the mention of force.

"i won't-" he started.

"you *could*." tone settling darkly on her words.

"shall you let me tell why I won't? ... There is simply no reason for me to. I am not running out of time like you." looking her in the eye as he spoke. Waiting to continue in case she was going to interrupt again.

" I have waited this long to court someone, I can easily wait just as long again. A forceful approach only gives cons. You wont get a mate that way, only a threat that doesn't like you in the least. Half the time you must spend energy watching your back. they will kill you the soonest they have the chance or make your life miserable when they don't.

The rest of the time you have to waste energy forcing them to stay. Waste energy fighting every single moment together. Any brood created will have a lower chance of survival as one parent disfavors them. That's more energy being used for something that wouldn't be required normally. You're not my be all end all if you leave.

I have better things to spend my energy upon then trapping you here. Its not even worth doing for a meal." he finished. Beverly not being completely sure of how honest his words were.

"humans do it for the physical pleasure. Not so much the companion part." her glare softening a little.

"you humans get it physically while I get it through a feed of energy. It wont do me any good if my other half isn't satisfied." smirking on the subject.

"so what you're saying is, you only get off when she does?" she asked.

"precisely." his grin stretched overly wide.

"perfect." she spoke sarcastically with a hand rubbing her face. Emotionally exhausted after the short time of talking.

"i can just leave then, can't I?" challenging his word on not holding her.

"no, there's still my winning of the bet. You're with me until your illness is better."

"dammit." she thought, having forgot about that.

"can you at least get this off my hand?" holding up the wrapped one.

"its not fully healed." he sighed.

"but if you really want it off." extending out his hand to her. Beverly setting her own in his again, That chill running down her spine from his touch. Becoming more flustered as his second hand covered hers to gently rub over the wrappings with his thumb. The smooth wrappings growing fuzzier with each smooth over. Taking a piece of it to shred away similar to a cluster of cotton being pulled apart. The rest detaching from her skin after a little pull.

Letting her hand go with the pulled webbing sitting in his. Holding it as the material broke down into dust blowing away with the wind.

"thanks." She wasn't sure what else to say to him. Freaking out inside that he was courting her. Stuck with him for maybe a month or two until her pneumonia is gone.

"claims i am strong yet he has to take care of me." she thought.

"is strength the only reason for courting me?" walking by to find a place to sit.

"you can be resourceful at times, clever, loyal." he listed off from behind her.

"pfft, I am not any of those things." tone of fake cheer to hide her depression.

"at least you still look delicious. He-he." Laughing lightly at the look of unease Beverly gave him. He couldn't scare her, but he was still able to enjoy getting under her skin.

"i disagree." he spoke to break her unsettlement.

"disagree all you want, it doesn't change facts." fake cheerfulness faltering. Kicking a rock into the water nearby to watch it sink.

"if I was loyal I would still be with the guys. If I was clever would I even be here?" she went off in thought. Dragging her mindset down a dark spiral. Hanging her head low in her hands as she sat on an old fallen log.

"i recognize that emotion." he thought. Hes caused despair many of times on others, but this will be a first on correcting it.

"like flowers?"

"depends, why?" she let out a tired breath. Watching him put a hand up his sleeve with a yank outward now having a small bouquet in hand.

"like these?" holding them out to her.

"will they burn?" leaning away from the offering. Not entirely trusting offers from him.

"most put them in vases, but sure if you want them to." bringing the offering closer to him again. The flowers burning away with a small singe of fire. Falling to the ground as a pile of ashes.

"listen clown, I don't want any gifts from you. I rather we just keep space unless there's some important reason not to be." standing to speak with little care to his reaction on the matter. Either he was being truthful about letting her go or he was lying and she'd have to fight for her freedom. For the latter case she'd need to be more prepared first before any attempts.

"i haven't found the right offering yet, is all. I shall keep presenting, eventually I will find an offering you'll like." speaking as if it were a challenge of his skills.

"no, that's not it! I don't want them! " she rubbed her forehead.

"your taste is hard to point." ignoring what she just said with a few thoughts to what she could want.

"nothing's going to work! there will be no courting of me or gift giving or whatever! That is all with no moving on the matter! ... are you listening?" she asked at seeing him look off in to the distance to the side. "maybe you'll listen better if I try to leave." she sighed with a turn to head off.

"you want new clothing?" he asked suddenly with Beverly stopping. thinking carefully on her next action. Considering in her thoughts for a moment.

"i do, but I can't take his gifts. That will just get me into all sorts of

trouble." she debated. Really wanting new clothes that weren't so torn or stained from blood. She walked forward without giving an answer to his question. Thinking that possibly ignoring him would get her own message across that she wasn't going along with this.

"what about a place with hot water?" throwing that offer out next while following behind. Almost causing Beverly to trip over her own feet.

"a place with hot water. Where I could take a shower and not a dip in the cold river. ... no, I cant." she thought. Ignoring him further with a painful bite at her tongue not to accept.

"it will be a room at that fancy hotel." no reply from her about it. "it won't be a gift. Just a neutral providing." he added. Having her stop with a heavy tightening in her chest. She inhaled a deep breath with a look to the ground.

"he says it won't be, but I know it is. Being out of the drainage tunnels would be nice, but ..." she fought with herself.

"no." she painfully answered.

" I'll shorten my bet winnings." he offered last. He didn't want to put that on the table, but he needed to grab her with something. Courting wasn't just gifts, it was a show of what you could provide. Confidence in putting on a grand show on shortened time was still high for him. He just needed her to accept and judging by her body language it was becoming impossible for her to say no.

"shortened imprisonment." she thought.

"shortened by how long?" Wanting to avoid being scammed by him shortening it by just a day.

"2 weeks off the total month left." he answered.

"over half." she thought, considering the option. " I can't accept anything. ... he wont stop offering things if I reject. ... accepting would get me away faster. I really don't want to regret this ... he's really throwing things at me. Maybe" an idea coming to light on shifting this further to her advantage.

"take off 3 weeks." she stated at him.

"that barely leaves anything!" he exclaimed in a deep snarl. With a day already having passed and then another 3 weeks gone. He'd only have 6 days with her fully under his watch.

"you can have that be the last gift. Last gift has to be the best, right?" she smirked with brows raised.

He sucked in a sharp breath of air. Letting out a deep guttural growl from the core of his chest. This was heading a way he did not like.

"you did not want gifts." narrowing his eyes toward her.

"i'd really like this gift. You don't want to end on a bag of candy do you?" baiting him further with a small smile. Happy to watch him squirm under the pressure. shifting his body with some speaking of an unknown language to himself at the side. Going still in contemplation with a look off to the side like earlier before this whole bargaining started.

The slow look he gave her next had her smile drop. Eyes burning a bright yellow with a growing sly grin. An idea of his own forming on evening the deal for himself.

"I'll give you your gift, if you kiss me." he stepped closer.

"... I'll get nothing unless I kiss you?" she glared, stepping back. Her risen mood dropping like the rock she kicked into the river.

"no, you'll get clothes, the hotel, and reduced 2 weeks either way. The kiss will get you the third week reduced." Her mood raising back up a bit with the kiss being optional.

"how badly do I want that third week gone?" she asked herself in thought. Considering her next words carefully to figure out a way around this. "... it's not a gift anymore. More of an exchange."

"you're the one who said to stop with the gifts. I thought an exchange would be easier for you to accept. Heh." he chuckled. "besides, you said you would rather kiss me than someone else. So I can't be that bad." what he brought up had Beverly turn away to hide the blush

growing across her face.

"somebody shoot me now." she thought with nothing to help her cope over the embarrassment. Collecting herself enough to face him.

"okay." she spoke the acceptance quickly.

"the faster I get away, the better." she figured in her mind to take this little bullet.

When he leaned down close she leaned back reflexively. Staying still for the action being difficult with the idea of him getting so close. Flinching away more from his touch of gently holding her chin. Heart racing from her body having learned that touch was not something enjoyable.

"afraid I'll bite? Heh heh." he teased. Beverly forcing to lock her body still after that comment. Flinching made her seem afraid when she wasn't. Not wanting to portray that while being so close to a mouth filled with teeth.

"shh." he hushed, slowly moving his hands to hold the sides of her face. She really hoped he couldn't feel her tense shivering in forcing the stillness.

The chill going down her spine settling her pounding heart. Shutting her eyes tightly with him coming close. Unable to back away from his hands holding her in place.

Beverly wasn't sure what to expect from the kiss. Maybe the taste of blood or a feeling of many teeth biting. Instead she got a soft kiss with the light taste of caramel popcorn. A few more kisses passing between the two making it go on longer than intended. The deepening of the kiss sparking an inner excitement Beverly never felt before in a kiss. Her body starved for affection taking anything it could, even from something that can kill her with a bite to the face.

Opening her eyes had her senses come to on what was happening. Shoving him away defensively to get him off. Pennywise releasing her with a step back for space. Standing by as Beverly straightened her clothes with nervous fidgeting over what happened. Avoiding his

gaze like it would kill her to lock eyes.

"want the room or the clothes first?" he asked, feeling the same level of energy Beverly got from the kiss. He would have loved to keep the kiss going, but he needed to stay patient with her.

"how will the clothes be picked?" looking at him out of the corner of her eye. He gathered everything else for her, she assumed he would pick the clothes too.

Without answering he pulled a wad of cash from his sleeve. Holding it out for her to take.

"where'd you get this?" slowly taking the cash, suspicious of its origins.

"borrowed it." he shrugged.

" did the "borrowing" involve a dog?" already knowing the answer to that question. Remembering what Erik had mentioned yesterday in his paranoid rant.

"no, what dog? No idea what your talking about. Clothing store is not far from here." he pushed the subject along.

"suuure you don't." she mumbled. Counting out the money to budget it at the store.

"\$321, Erik sure was busy." she thought.

"I'll be taking my time on this shopping trip. You might as well wait somewhere else." pocketing the money, walking up the river bank to town.

"you can't walk out to the hotel, its too far. You've already been outside long enough as is with your illness."

"i won't die by spending 10 more minutes out in fresh air." waving him off to go wait.

"why are humans so stubborn?" he thought as she left. He thought about following her, but Beverly wouldn't be too happy with him.

He'd wait, but only until after her shopping was done. Getting her back to a warmer environment quicker than a long walk would.

"shit, maybe fresh air will kill me." Beverly thought over the cold air stinging her lungs. The sensation growing to a consistent stabbing pain by the time she entered the clothing store. She stopped to lean against the wall to deeply breathe in the warm air. The stabbing pain dying down with each warmed breath of air.

"what have I gotten myself into?" questioning herself walking down the aisle.

"i shouldn't have taken any of that offer. Shouldn't have given that -" she could still taste him with a lick of her lips. Intensely scrubbing her mouth with her sleeve to get his taste off. Shoving her regrets aside to sort through things. Staying picky over her selection to get the most out of her money. Able to get quite a few outfits and a backpack for easy travel.

"a week left then what? Will *IT* actually let me go? If I escape I'll have to return to Erik. Convince him to leave Derry, but now that he has an actual apartment he's not going to budge. Money will be tight if I move in with him. Charles seems to be rooming with him too." she thought with a disgusted shiver. Piling everything onto the counter for purchasing.

"if I start making money maybe I can have Erik push Charles out. Charles can only drag out his life savings before his rent cannot be paid. Slime ball won't be hired around here with how much he chases girls away." slowing her thoughts to count money for payment. Shoving everything into the large backpack to head on her way.

Following the wall outside to round the buildings corner. Buying a few newspapers from the multiple dispensers. Being only interested in the wanted sections at the back. Rolling them all up into one big bundle with a tap at the ends to keep the bundle tight. At the sight of movement she looked away from the bundle in hand.

"your rooms ready." Pennywise stretched at his arrival back from the hotel.

"i told you to wait." tapping the newspaper into her other palm.

"the store out of free bags? Why the expensive bag?" he pointed to the one she wore.

"easy for travel. Had a suitcase, but it didn't last on the streets." shoving down the newspapers into it. Zipping up the small pocket to slip it back on.

"ready?" he asked with an offered hand. Beverly staring at it as if it were a bear trap ready to snap. Reluctant on taking it after everything else today. When she did take his hand a flash of black swept around them. Disappearing just as it arrived with them appearing inside the most front part of the hotel room.

A little motion sickness hitting Beverly at the arrival. The sickness disappearing by walking further into the room to get away from him. Noticing right away that this was the fancy V.I.P room of the hotel.

Fancy living room with full surround sound TV bigger than anyone shed seen before. Mini bar filled with alcohol, snack bar with multiple goodies. Double doors leading to the bedroom with another TV system sitting in front of a large king sized bed. A side sliding door leading to a whole dining area with a long table surrounded by multiple chairs.

Stopping at the dining room doorway at the sight of a buffet of food laid out all across the table. Not one spot being open to see the table top.

"i thought you might be hungry." he spoke from the main part of the living room.

"i don't eat that much." seeing over enough food to feed a party of 5. she wouldn't be able to put a dent in no matter how hungry she was. Although her growling stomach was happy to take a chance at the challenge.

"noted." The point of the food being a presentation over simple feeding. He had to show three times as much in the limited time together. This was just the start of it all with each new presentation

planned on being bigger than the last. Smiling widely in satisfaction over the mighty display with no need to hide it. The smile being his common expression in almost any situation already, it would seem no different. The smile twitching at seeing her pass over the food for the bedroom. Questions rising on why she ignored the display.

"not going to eat?" keeping his tone from sounding insulted. How could she ignore such a grand display so carefully arranged by him.

"not yet. I need a real hot shower and a change of clothes. **DON'T** come into the bathroom." warning him in her most dead serious tone.

"why?"

" basic privacy, If you do enter I'll gouge your eyes out with one of the shrimp forks on the table!" she threatened with a slam of the bathroom door.

"hm, should have thought of that. There's a lot more to stab me with here." he thought with a hum. Being stabbed wasn't deadly, but still not a great feeling to deal with. "as long as I keep her happy I can avoid the issue." he shrugged off. Ducking slightly to pass through a door way into the bedroom. Looking over everything with judgment at the quality. Especially the bedding that didn't seem nearly as soft as the one he made.

"i can make it better." already thinking of ways to change the object. Moving on to the attached dining room. "why do humans build everything so small?" he thought over the room sizes.

"can't make that bigger, but I can organize it all to make it seem so." his calculating paused by Beverly leaving the bathroom. Helped by the warm steam her refreshed scent filled the air around her.

He didn't turn to face her immediately, taking a deep inhale of her scent. Closing his eyes in enjoyment at the flowery scent. Most humans had some sort of scent, but it was always more of a false one. Perfumes that stained the skin or heavy shampoo scrubs that made them smell like a chemical vat.

Beverly let out a breath at finally feeling a pure cleanness on her

skin. She bathed in rivers and homeless shelters, but that always involved straight cold to freezing water. Cold water just never felt like it penetrated the dirt enough for her. She loved hot water with just a soap bar for shampoo. Her time on the streets made her a bit more money saving with luxury's. Why buy a bottle of fancy smelling shampoo for six bucks when a plain scentless soap bar was seventy five cents.

She ruffled her hair with a dry towel. Working to get the last bit of water out of all the curls. Finding it dry enough she dropped the towel into a laundry basket by the bathroom doorway. Heading into the dining room with a temporary pause in her steps. The clown standing by the doorway with his back facing her.

"don't you have places to be?" growing tired of his presence being around so much.

"no, nothing more important than being with you." he replied with a turn to face her. His usual smile plastered on his face.

" I really don't like this game your trying to pull. ... why don't you just eat me and get this whole thing over with." she glared.

" ha, that would be counterproductive to the courting." he joked.

"this is serious! What logic did you get leading up to this plan?! WHY choose me and WHY do you remotely think this plan will work, at all. What kind of joke are you trying to make out of this?!"

"no joke this time. I thought these questions were answered. If you're going to ask the same thing, I will too. you have reasons why I shouldn't?" Leaning down on an arm resting on a countertop followed by a cross of his legs. A feeling that this conversation was going to be long & repetitious.

"obviously in the fight we all had years ago one of us hit you a little too hard in the head. What about the biggest issue, you still eating kids?!" she snapped.

"i haven't eaten one in years ... but not by choice." the first half confident with the last part mumbled in a whisper.

"so you'll eat one if you get the chance to? You didn't think it through on that I wouldn't be very happy about it. That I wouldn't sit by to let it happen." watching him look off in thought to the side.

Truthfully he hadn't thought that far. He had become far too focused on the challenging thrill of the hunt currently in motion. This pursuing tunnel vision was becoming a recurring weakness with him. One that again had Beverly involved in.

"that's a yes." she huffed with a hand shoving his chest, having him stand straight again.

"i won't be forgetting that you tried to kill me either!"

"you tried to kill me, we should be even." shifting his head from side to side with a shrug. Taking in a long breath of air to catch her scent more clearly. Doing so while he could with her standing so close.

"**no**, no were not even! Not even close!"

"what would make it even? I can get you anything." he offered.

"**nothing!** you can't just buy it!" shoving him, body growing a little desperate for air at the exertion. All the talking had kept her body from catching up on the air used. Despite wanting to continue she had to stop the whole interrogation short. Looking away momentarily to take in deep breaths to quickly regain herself to continue. When she turned, ready to speak, she was taken aback as *IT* had built up a oozing drool in the meantime.

"you're drooling." was all she could manage to say. Unsure of how she should be feeling now. Was he hungry? Should she be regretting her words of eating her from earlier?

At just realizing he was heavily drooling he flicked out his long forked tongue. Smile dropping with a sweep away of the built up drool in a blink. Her scent had been bringing up a different hunger in him. His mind scolding himself for focusing on it so much. It was a falter in his "normal" composition with poor timing on the currently discussed topics.

"going to eat me?" she asked boldly. A tiredness in her heart wanting

it all to end sooner without the games. Facing him in a fight felt far easier to handle than him playing nice.

Her words bounced around in his mind. Drool building up within his mouth at the tempting thought.

Beverly's body tensing with him leaning closer in the slowest manner possible. Her eyes darting around between him, possible weapons and his moving arms. The limbs hovering around both her sides as if preparing to trap her in a encircling embrace of death. invading her personal space with only half a foot separating their faces from one another.

He only wanted a taste.

One lick. One bite. A piercing of her sweet skin.

His jaws clamped tightly shut to hold himself back.

They're eyes locking for what seemed like an eternity. He could read her through them, but she had no way of telling his next move.

She wasn't scared, more prepared for a fight ... or death. Body twitching out flinches in preparing itself for pain to hit it. Forcing herself still as not a sense of submissiveness should be shown under his dominating presence. She stood tall, fists tightened, a stare deep into his eyes she held as long as possible before needing to blink.

All of that crumbled away from the answer to her question.

"not how you think." a grin of sharp teeth stretched across his face. Lines of drool escaping his jaws to fall from his jagged teeth. Bringing his presence back from her personal space, teeth shifting to not be so aggressive. Showing his long twisting tongue with a long drawn out lick of his jaws to sweep up the falling drool. The organ stretching out past a foot long turning from a pinkish red at its tip to a blackening purple toward the back. Sharp looking bristles lining the sides of the darker half, spreading a webbing of drool between each.

This display had Beverly break down from absolute shock. Her mind swearing her heart must have stopped. Maybe she fainted, she wasn't quite sure as the world blacked out around her. Yet, she was still

standing when everything came back immediately after. The tenseness in her body washed away to numbness. The world slowing around her until she focused back on him. Not sure what to feel at seeing him stand in front of her with a smirk.

" I'll leave you for tonight, but I'll return in the morning." turning away from her with a walk out to the living room. Away from his sight, Beverly let a strong shiver pass throughout her whole body. Hands now shaking off the built up adrenaline rush.

Valkyrie Summers

glad you liked it. :3

Yami Wesker

thank you, glad you like it. ;w;

6. Errands

Beverly had stayed up through the entire night. Unable to sleep after that whole "going to eat her" thing *IT* said. Working to keep her mind off the event by going over the help wanted ads. The hunt for a job not going well. The wanted section being incredibly small with almost the entire thing duplicated on each news paper. Only 2 jobs standing out to be perfect for her, the rest all being heavy trucker transport jobs.

"waitress or pharmacy desk." she tapped the paper sitting in her lap. Honestly not liking the idea of working for a place she broke into. Waitressing also offered access to grabbing extra tips. Gaining another 5 bucks on the job could really go far for her.

"Waitressing it is." she set the paper aside. Looking toward the neon clock on the VCR showing 5:12AM.

"he might be returning soon." she thought with a push up from her seat. Nerves having her want to pace around on her feet. Going to the fridge in the dining room for a little food. She hadn't taken a nibble of anything from the mass buffet display. Packing all the food away in the fridge until now. Taking only a bit of mac & cheese to reheat for a simple breakfast.

Being held captive by a monster clown would tell anyone the last thing to do would be job hunting. Beverly however was hell bent on getting past all this. To build a normal life for herself and Erik with an actual living space. If *IT* went back on its word of letting her go she wouldn't be surprised in the least. Her mind already thinking of ways to fight *IT* to get away, but she figured shed cross that bridge when she came to it.

The idea of her breaking the bargain first crossing her mind. *IT* wouldn't be happy, but what could *IT* do about it? Eat her or lock her away for longer?

"can't hide, hed find me instantly." she mumbled. Her appetite lacking today, but she didn't want to be starving during a work interview. Hunger fading in and out as she watched the food spin around in the

microwave. The words *IT* spoke to her repeating in her thoughts.

" "not how you think." " I'll return in the morning". Was he giving a threat? What would have happened if I did go to sleep and he came back?" she thought anxiously. Imagining her waking up to see him perched over the head board, staring down at her with that creepy grin of his. She let out a shiver at the thought of what could have happened next. Returning back to the couch with her hot bowl of food. Leaning back into the couch to pick at the food more then eat it.

"maybe I should leave early. Would look good for hiring if I show up ready." she mumbled to herself. In denial that she really wanted to leave just to avoid the clown. Rushing herself to finish eating, take pills, get showered, and to leave in the next 15 minutes. Even though it was still night with the diner not opening for another 4 hours.

Feeling freshly clean after the rushed shower she grabbed her new coat from the backpack. One made for the winter weather with another set of clothes on made for it as well. Thick black jacket that ended mid foreleg. Long sleeved black shirt tucked under a thick leather belt attached to fresh blue jeans. Paranoia spiking as she felt ready to walk out the door. Reminding her of when she was a kid doing something that could get her in trouble if caught.

Tip toeing lightly over to the bedroom doorway. Looking around the darkened spaces around for *IT* possibly watching. Apprehensively stepping out into the living room over to the front door. Grabbing the door keys hanging nearby to lock up. Letting out a breath of air she was holding when out in the bright hall. Feeling *IT* would have stepped in by now if he was watching.

Unaware of Beverly's adventure off into the night, Pennywise had recently gotten off a hunt. Heading now to spy on the pathetic male rival. Approaching his living space to Stand by one of the windows peeking into the apartment. Not seeing much in the darkened rooms, but a few more bodies of heat sleeping around the main room. Smelling the air he could tell there were at least 3 more humans infesting the building.

"ugh." his face twisted in disgust. Hating this male along with all the

rats that followed him into *ITs* territory. He couldn't complain too much though, rats infesting meant a fresher meal flowing in. that wasn't happening often nowadays.

"could I hide one?" he considered on devouring one. A problem of keeping Beverly unaware drawing up. Thinking on how Beverly would react brought back up their earlier conversation.

If the town began thriving again with children, what then? Beverly was clear she would despise him for taking the young prey. This was a choice of dropping heavenly food or dropping her. He could get another female to court ... eventually. Yet, surely that female would feel the same over his meal habits.

"hmm, I'll just make sure she won't know. My prey have always been hidden from the eyes in my territory. Hiding it a little quicker from one more won't be a problem." he settled on the matter. Turning his thoughts back to the rats at hand.

"i won't waste precious energy on hiding their deaths. Beverly seems to not like them anyway. A bit of convincing will have her letting me kill them off eventually." whispering to himself by the window.

"i came by too early." he huffed at the sleeping humans. The sun just barely rising to spread a gold glow across the snow collected in the night. For spying he needed to come back a little later for when the rats were up. In the mean time he'll imagine up the next great display for Beverly.

Appearing back in the hotel he stood quiet in the center of the main room. Her scent being old catching his attention. He walked silently from one room to the next in search of her. The freshest part of the trail leading out the door.

"she fled? No, her bags still here." seeing the backpack by the bed.

"not out for fresh air. Been gone a while now, for what?" he questioned in thought. Following her trail out the hotel into the open streets. Unhappily following her trail into town with the assumption she was seeing the other male. With the trail ending at a diner his agitation turned to curiosity then onto feeling offended.

"she went out for food?!" he growled through bared teeth. His offering further dismissed for something else of poor quality. A flash of darkness hiding his presence to see exactly was so great for her to come here for food.

The diner had just barely opened when Beverly finished changing into a work uniform. By luck the manager was ready to hire the first person who asked when she walked in for an interview. Aside from her working, there were two chefs and the manager.

"hope I remember how to do everything. Haven't been a waitress since I was 17." she thought while tying a knot in the fake apron she had to wear.

"definitely did not miss this." she sighed. Heading back into the kitchen for a to do list before things picked up at the tables.

"grab a few boxes of potatoes." the head cook requested of her. Beverly walking by with a nod to the back storage. A darkened room with one flickering light over multiple tall steel shelves with many boxes across them. A chill blowing over the room from a fridge AC that was beyond in need of replacing. The metal box being more duct tape then metal with some water leaking down to a drain under it.

"essh, this place used to be fancy when I lived here." she thought, still a little right. It still is the biggest diner with its own meat locker to carve out fresh cuts. Walk in fridge 2 times bigger than any other. The front seating room still looked good at least.

"potatoes." she reminded herself. Repeating the word as she walked up and down the aisles. Thoughts wandering to what would happen after work. Shed have to deal with the clown again, alone, in the hotel room.

"would he really try something? He is courting me. Would it really be so out there? Ugh, being with Erik in the bedroom was less stressful." she thought with a shiver.

"i know he's rarely interested in sex. That all died down after our first few dates." she thought with a few pushing of boxes over in search of the vegetable.

Imagining the clown being so forward was difficult. Would he be animalistic and start with a chase of claws or teeth. Human with a few gentle touches trailing across her skin. Tender bites leading into licks along her thighs getting to-

"NO! that image will not be invading my mind today!" she halted her thoughts. Finding the boxes holding all the bagged potatoes.

"hello there." his voice catching her off guard. Her turning a little too fast in facing him. No time for her red embarrassed face to clear after the image she had just thought of him. His grin growing a little wider when she faced him.

"flustered by your thoughts?" he teased.

"i hope he didn't catch any of that mental image." she thought.

"go away." she commanded.

"not without you." he lightly shook his head.

"I'll be gone for the rest of the day and you can't be here." she grumbled, taking up a box into her arms.

"why? What are you even doing?" he asked.

"working." she simply answered.

"working for what?! I can get you anything you need." he exclaimed. Feeling insulted that she didn't think he could provide when asked.

"i don't want you to. I don't even want to be near you! Go back to the hotel and leave me alone!" she spoke while heading back to the kitchen. Smirking out of his view at hearing him growl unhappily behind in the storage room.

He was prepared to take her back by force, but this gave him an opportunity to reorganize the hotel. By the time shed return he'd be long finished. His departure put on hold when hearing that awful males voice echoing through a vent. Squeezing through the vent into the empty back area of the dining room. Peeking around a corner to watch the conversation going on. Growling lowly at seeing not only

the male, but all the rats following him to.

"you just left without even bothering to tell me." Erik glared over Beverly.

"you – I - i feel really bad. ... I went back to the hospital ... got this job. Help pay bills." she spoke softly with a wavering smile under his watch. Her sentence starting with him "seeming too busy" to have her around, but anything sounding like blame would make him upset.

"don't know why. Pick pocketing is higher pay with everything under the table." he sighed.

"she doesn't have the guts for it though. Shed be better off working the strip with that red hair." the girl known as Victoria dressed in a denim jacket, daisy dukes, and the reddest lipstick ever sneered just past Eriks shoulder. Moving to affectionately lean on Erik arm with a sly smirk. Earning expected dagger eyes from Beverly that soon disappeared with Erik speaking.

"yeah, but then I won't be able to touch her without a bio hazard suit." he shifted Victoria off his arm.

"fuck, bro, everything's so damn expensive here. I can't even afford fries here. Let's go someplace else." Trey whined at the menu prices. A tall man with bulking muscles, denim jacket, and short buzz cut look that screamed obsessed with old school glory days on the football team.

"expensive means its good. Its fresher with fancy decorating. Why are you even complaining when I'm paying." he huffed at Trey with a smile back toward Beverly.

"but you get an employee discount, right?" he grinned wickedly.

"a ... a little." she answered hesitantly.

"you can buy us lunch then, right? Can at least get that here." he leaned forward over the counter into Beverly personal space. Taking a strong hold of her arm over the old knife injury with a pain inflicting twist. Preventing her from backing away from him.

"yes." she quickly answered to satisfy Erik.

"good girl." Erik shoved her arm into her chest. Chuckling at her holding her injured arm with a wince.

She stressfully breathed out with a look down at her arm. Seeing blood slowly drip from parts of the wound reopening from the twist. Closing her eyes momentarily to gather enough energy to deal with everybody at the table.

Burning eyes watching by a corner with such restraint. Imagining all the ways to claw apart the little human acting high and mighty. Pulling his clawed hand out of the wood wall he was angrily gouging in place of.

"time for a little fun." his frown twisted up into a crooked grin. Waiting patiently for Beverly to leave after dropping off all their drinks.

"aww, nothing hot." he sadly noted in thought with a small flick of his hand toward their table. All the drinks suddenly knocked over. Most the liquid spilling onto Erik. The clown laughing quietly at the sight of them all scrambling with napkins.

"perfect." Pennywise grinned even wider at Erik heading for the bathroom. Fazing into the shadows into a backwards version of the bathroom. Watching Erik enter from the inside of a wall mirror. Seeing Erik set his wet jacket carefully on a sink while trying to dry the rest of himself off.

With perfect silence he crawled temporarily out of the mirror to search the jacket pockets. Taking away more of Eriks money with a chuckle. Finding this reoccurring game a little too easy as he faded away to the main room.

"this is a quarter of my paycheck. How am I going to explain this to my boss? "hey! i know its my first day, but I had to give all my friends food. Take it out of my first paycheck! No big deal!" that will go over well!" she thought over the huge breakfast order with all sorts of extras added on. She was sure Victoria was only adding things to bump up the bill.

Seeing the clown hiding by the secluded kitchen service window having her frustration grow. She didn't get a word out when he held out a wad of money.

"stop stealing money from him!" she whispered through gritted teeth. Snatching Eriks money from the clowns hand.

"it's not like he can't get more." he shifted off from leaning on the wall.

"that's not the point! It ... makes him angry." her angered voice dying into a shivering whisper.

"oooh, sooo scared." he mocked with raised hands waving.

"go back to the hotel!" she snapped.

"i was already going." he smiled with a drop of his arms. Disappearing when she looked away from him to the money.

"... won't have to tell the boss." she tapped the money against her other palm.

"hey babe!" Erik shouted from the table with waving hands to catch Beverly attention. She shoved the money deep into her pant pocket with a slow turn to head over.

"yes Hun?" she asked, feeling so odd at using the affectionate name. It felt so natural long ago, why did it change?

"you know any open places far away from the main town?" he asked.

"uh, only the black spot memorial? Why?" she gently asked.

"nah, that's still too close. I want to throw a rave." he replied.

"you can't throw a rave in Derry!" she spoke quickly. Doing a sickened swallow at speaking out toward Erik.

"course I can't without the proper space around here." Erik, thankfully, didn't notice her words going against him.

"better to do it just out of town anyway. Cops cant follow out of their town. The next town over isn't for at least an hours drive. We gotta do it all classy out in the middle of nowhere in the woods. Trees always caught the lights better anyway then some open field." Darius spoke with a few pops of his chewing gum. Beverly thought he was the least cruel of Eriks friends, but the most annoying with his gum obsession. He always talked about how he was obsessed with baseball and developed his gum obsession from those free squares in card packs. Always wearing sports shirts, jackets, and a baseball cap always facing backwards.

"yeah, you're right. You coming babe?" Erik looked from Darius to Beverly. Knowing full well Beverly wasn't allowed to say no.

"i will." she passively accepted like always. She always hated his big party's filled with drunk strangers, half of them on drugs. He always wanted her to come through, at least he was somewhat nicer while drunk out of his mind.

Beverly drowned out the rest of the party conversation. Sticking nearby in case Erik wanted her to. Not much else to do with no other customers coming in. she remembered back when this place was packed. Especially during the lunch rush with all the workers eating here.

"how dead is this town? *IT* said he hadn't eaten a child in years. Why did everybody leave? Are all the factories dead?" she thought, walking off when called to the kitchen window. Retrieving everyone's food from the window counter to hand over. Practically rolling her eyes over the expensive lobster seafood platter with a side of trout soup Victoria ordered. Setting everything at their table with some fake smile to seem like she enjoyed serving them.

"whats this?" Victoria looked down at the soup in revulsion.

"trout soup." Beverly answered.

"i wanted the salmon. What person eats cheap trout?" Victoria spoke snobbishly.

"okay. I'll fix it." Beverly took back the soup to the kitchen without

arguing.

"do whatever you want Victoria. I won't be paying for you." Beverly thought. Both knew full well she ordered the trout soup. She only wanted to make Beverly's job annoying with extra steps.

"jokes on her, I got free soup out of it." Beverly smirked after sending in the "correct order" to the kitchen. Sitting away from there sight by the kitchen window to eat. Feeling the hot liquid loosen her tense lungs. Breathing more freely at the steam hitting her face.

After everyone's food was finished, or put into a doggy bag, Beverly was happy to see them leave. Only one or 2 more groups coming in for lunch. The rest of the time she sat around looking at the clock slowly turning. Lack of sleep catching up to run over her like a truck. Ready to fall asleep at the counter when her bosses voice caught her attention. Relieved that she was finally dismissed for the day. Rushing to reach the hotel where she could fall right into a warm comfy bed.

That was the plan until she got back inside the hotel room. Noticing immediately that there was a massive pile of furniture in the living room. Taking a glance inside the empty dining room to confirm if all the furniture was in the pile. Only the fridge and the bed were missing.

"why is everything here?!" she questioned at the pile, not seeing the clown anywhere to confront.

"oh joy, you're back! I reorganized while you were away." Pennywise appeared beside her with an energy of excitement surrounding him.

"you mean you put everything into a hoard." she walked around to examine the pile. Noticing small bits of webbing holding it together, like glue, for the bigger furniture.

"it makes things easier to find." he spoke overly giddy behind her.

"how? Its all in a giant pile." she talked skeptically around the pile to head for the bedroom.

"everything's all in one place." he answered.

"but you have to dig through a giant pile for anything. Why not keep things in separate areas for easy looking." she finished right as she saw what he did to the bed.

"then you have to look in multiple places. Makes more sense just to look in one area where you know everything is." he argued on the subject.

"what did you do to the bed?!" she gestured to the mutilated object. The mattress ripped apart to the point of no longer being a mattress. All of the shredded materials stuffed back into a massive pile of blankets threaded together with more webbing. Formed into a mini version of the large hanging nest back down in his lair. Thick webbing attaching it to the roof to hang a couple feet from the floor.

"i made it better." he answered, his smile stretching widely. Beverly being quiet for a moment to contemplate what had changed. Deciding she was really too tired to care about how the bed looked. She just wanted to sleep without being bothered.

"im going to bed." she groaned with a hand rubbing her temple. Annoyed after setting the alarm that she had to crawl into bed through a small round opening. Burying herself under the many blankets to give her space from the lurking clown.

"not going to eat?" he asked from the bed entrance.

"no, I ate earlier." she spoke, muffled, from under the layers.

"are you going to try and leave again tomorrow?" he asked, his tone bearing a hint of disapproval.

"yes, that's a requirement of a job." she got out from under the covers. Sensing that *IT* was going to keep this conversation up.

"you should be staying with me." he stared from the entrance in a crouched position. Being far too tall to stay bent over for the whole conversation.

"i have to think of the after, past our little meeting. I won't be staying here after the week is over. I **can** leave, right?" she glared back at him. Hearing him grumble something to himself. Seeing him stand

out of her sight with a few steps sounding his leaving. She tiredly blinked a couple times with a final shutting of them. Not wanting to spend energy burying herself under the covers again.

"you should, he might try something." her brain warned her. "like a few blankets would stop him." she thought against herself. Imagining that tongue again getting near her. How scared shed be of *IT* being over her, or would she?

"you felt something after that small tongue display, but it wasn't fear." her mind seemed to wander off on its own way of thinking.

"of course it was fear, what fucking else could it be?!" her mind shouted out against itself. Mental exhaustion becoming worse the longer her thoughts argued. ceasing the argument just long enough to fall asleep.

Glowing eyes being unseen, shifting through the dark, with a unhearable pacing around the room. Waiting impatiently for her body to relax enough into a deep sleep. Looking from afar to Beverly's expressions changing in her sleep. His steps stopped when lined up with the beds little entrance. His stare held on her in some way testing to see if she would sense it and wake. The longer she didn't stir the closer he crept forward. Body letting out multiple creeks when twisting to be on all fours in a prowling position.

Shoulders extending far more upward then a human could possibly do. Legs stretching with longer build to mimic four legged creatures. supported by his flexing spine extending for a better curve. Body twisted more toward the bone structure of a big cat then a man.

He stalked over to the edge of the bedding going into a slow rise up to look into the entrance. His abnormal stance of on all fours making it easy to flatten down in hiding if she happened to see him. His gaze trailing over her sleeping form. Her alluring scent tempting him to approach closer for a taste. Swallowing collected drool at memories of their kiss bringing up the sweet delicate flavor she had.

A sweet cold cream like the kind hed snag at the summer fairs. Light on flavor, but refreshing over the many other tastes. His empty stomach having him wonder what the rest of her tasted like. Would

her skin be sweeter? Would the red blood in her veins be more refreshing than the cold cream on a hot summer's day?

Plip! A loud drop of something fell below him. He looked down seeing that he was drooling onto the floor.

Plip! Another drop of drool landing loudly on the hardwood floor. Beverly twitching at the noise drawing him back to hide low at the floor. Licking back up the drool falling from his jaws.

He growled lowly to himself at the situation. Beverly wasn't sticking around for the week like he planned. She had a job stealing her away for the whole day. Too tired to give much attention when she finally returned. Him forcing her to quit would make her unnecessarily upset toward him for the week.

"yet..." his grin grew at the alarm clock sitting not too far on a night stand.

"if she lost the job herself." he crawled over to the glowing clock. Waving a hand in front of the clock face. The digitized numbers distorting with a momentary switch off into blackness. Switching back on to flash zeros for a reset needing to be done.

"power outages happened all the time during the winter." he chuckled to himself. Crawling back to the sound of joints creaking back into place once standing on his feet. Creating a couple more minor inconveniences for the morning rush Beverly was going to be in.

when the morning did come, the bright sunlight shining through the glass window was unable to touch Beverly. Blocked out by the multi layered webbing holding the bed. Returning to consciousness from her sleep, but not yet opening her eyes, she groaned at being awake.

"must have woke early. Alarms not screeching yet. How much time do I have to sleep? With my luck it'll probably go off in 5 minutes." she slowly opened her eyes. Squinting at the bright sunlight she saw outside the bed entrance. Her mind screaming at her that there was way too much sun for this to be early morning. She jolted up out of the bed with a stumble. Heart jumping at the alarm clock flashing zeros. Whipping her head toward the dining room wall clock for an

undisturbed time.

"shit!" she shouted in panic. 9:05 was the time, she was already 5 minutes late. Rushing off to take the fastest shower of her life. Scrambling to find her bag of clothes as the shower rose in temperature.

"whats ya rush?" Pennywise asked. His sudden appearance in the living room going ignored by Beverly's searching.

"have you seen my bag?!" her breathing a little hard from all the running back and forth.

"not today." he lied. Being entertained by watching her scramble around.

"everything's all in one place." she remembered him saying yesterday. Heading straight to dig around the massive pile of furniture. Finding her bag in the innermost core of it. Yanking it out with little care of the furniture avalanche she caused. Pennywise's smile faltering at her quick finding of the object. Standing by as she went running back to the bathroom with rushed rummaging for a outfit. Getting under the shower water for barely a minute with a quick scrub down. Chugging down a cup of water with her pills. Running out with clothes clinging to her barely dried skin.

The clown not saying a word when she rushed out the front door. Looking over to the VCR clock left undisturbed reading off 9:10. by the time shed reach the diner on foot shed be over 20 minutes late.

Beverly ran down the halls, in and out an elevator to the main floor up to the front desk.

"you guys got cars right?" she asked quickly. This hotel was used to dealing with businessmen on trips. They always had rent able cars to go around town. Driving could get her to work in a minute.

"yeah, if you want it I suggest grabbing it today. We only have one car in total now." the desk man answered.

"yes I'll take it. Power knocked my alarm out and im super late!" she fidgeted impatiently at the desk.

"power? Must be your clock. Power was just fine around here last night. Not a single light out for miles." the man answered with with some key pressing at a computer.

"no outage?" her brow furrowed together.

"none, what room are we to bill for the car?" he asked her.

"... never mind. I got a faster ride." she rushed off before the man could speak a word to her.

She slammed her room door open with sights locking onto the smiling clown standing before her.

"you messed with my clock!" she roared up at him.

"what? No I didn't." he spoke innocently, holding one hand to his chest.

"yes you did!" she snapped, stepping incredibly close to the point of Pennywise needing to lean his upper half back to properly look at her past his ruffled collar.

"why would I do such a thing?" he held an innocent tone.

"i don't care why! right now you need to get me to work!" she fumed with a finger pressing hard into his chest. His smile turning crooked toward a frown. Fixing It back into a smile to hold his confident look.

"if your going to be so rude about asking. I won't be doing anything." he leaned forward in return for a correct posture. Looking away to the side in purposeful ignoring of what else she was going to say to him. The longer she stood yelling at him the later she would be. Although he'd have to deal with all the anger shed get after losing her job.

"oh well, plans been discovered, can't go back now." his mind quickly shoved off without a care.

"you want me to run to work and drop dead?!" what she said caught his attention. Going back into a slight lean to look at her.

"my lungs, remember! I shouldn't be out in the cold. Especially not running with deep inhales of it!" she clarified to him. Wheezing coming on after all the running with yelling fits afterwards. Hearing a growing rumble of a growl in his chest rising out into a deep hiss. The sound cutting off for him to talk.

"fine!" he hissed down at her. Grabbing a hold of her hand with a Pass through a flash of blackness. Beverly, despite suffering motion sickness, wasted no time in going to change in uniform.

"Beverly the loading trucks waiting for you out back!" one of the chefs shouted from the kitchen as she ran by to the back room.

"okay!" she shouted from the small storage back room. Filled with a small row of lockers with names on them. Opening hers to put on the fake apron uniform. Shoving pen and notepad into her side pocket.

"hope the boss didn't notice I was over 15 minutes late." she quietly spoke to herself back to the loading area. Passing by a worker already bringing boxes in. Taking a heavy box of vegetables to drop off in the storage room.

"oh! Beverly, when did you get here?" her boss stopped her in the hall.

"uh, 10 minutes ago."she sheepishly grinned through the lie.

"you were 5 minutes late then. ... I'll let it go since you've been working so hard." her bosses expression changed from anger, calm, and then concern over noticing Beverly's heavy wheezing.

"carry something a little lighter." he suggested with a walk on to his own duties.

"i will, sorry." she apologized. Tension being lifted off her shoulders after getting away with being so late. Stepping down the rest of the hall into the storage. Dropping the box in her hands with a heavy thud on the steel shelving. Taking a hold of one of the shelf's to lean against. Wheezing turning painful for her to breath in the large fridge.

"work sounds pretty painful." the clown lightly mocked from the

shadowed half of the room.

"shut up!" she hissed, remaining in her leaning position. Watching him walk by out of the corner of her eye. His long steps halting inelegantly behind her. Seeing movement at his face changing its expression from the edge of her vision. Pausing with body twisting to turn toward her in a forward looming matter. Beverly still watching him with developing unease by his movements. The turning of her head to watch him better ending with her whole body turning to face him. Feeling his gloved hand having slipped under the rim of her shirt to raise it up.

"what are you doing?!" she roared at him. Back held up against the shelving.

He drew his hand back in a closed fist from her. keeping a still composure without even the slightest twitch toward her. Expression completely void of his usual smile, serious eyes locking with hers in waiting for something.

"well?! Don't have the guts to answer me?!" she shouted at him, far too angry to do anything else.

Without a word he opened up his closed hand to her. Bright red gleaming across the once white glove fabric. A small smear of blood across his fingertips.

Alarmed, Beverly looked to where he had touched. There on her, increasing in size, was a fresh blood stain.

7. Scars

"shit!" Beverly rolled up her shirt. Knowing what the problem was before she even saw it. Her stitches on the knife wound had popped. All that heavy lifting didn't help the wound any. Half of it freshly reopened to bleed out down her side. Turning into quick steps toward a first aid kit on a back shelf.

"don't move!" Pennywise shouted as an order. One that went ignored by Beverly reaching for the first aid. He let out a low growl, taking steps over to be closer to her. Watching from behind as she unzipped the red bag.

Beverly grumbling curses at the first aids contents looking highly outdated. A few band aids sprawled throughout the box. An old roll of gauze nobody in their right mind would use its so yellowed from age. No stitching supplies, no alcohol, or butterfly bandages that could loosely hold the wound for a few minutes.

"need to visit the pharmacy." mumbling to herself on what to do. Taking only 3 rushed steps for the door when Pennywise stopped her path with a held out arm. Reflexively flinching at the limb suddenly entering her vision. Turning frustrated at herself and the clown for causing the flinching.

"move!" she shoved his arm out of the way. Taking two more steps when he blocked a little more of her path.

"i can fix it." he stated. Partially in front of her with a raised arm in continued blocking. She ducked under his arm breaking into a sprint for the door. Gaining more ground before she was pulled back.

"let go!" shouting with a struggle against his grip on her arm.

"stop moving! Your making it worse!" growling down with bared teeth toward her. Beverly pausing with a look to her even more bloody side. Reluctantly listening to him, although yanking her arm free from his grip to get him off. Not in the mood to interact with him she held her gaze away.

"i can fixxx it." hissing in over pronunciation. His frustration funneling out the only way it could without harming something. Staring at Beverly standing there without a glance toward him when he spoke. Shoving down an impatient growl the longer he went without a sign from her to proceed.

"caaan. I. Fixxx. It?" speaking each word slowly, frustration leaking through them. Still not getting an answer from her he tossed aside waiting for permission. Stepping around her to be by the bleeding injury. Flipping up her shirt just enough to see the wound.

"why do all of you use such flimsy threading?" criticizing with a ripping out of the remaining stitches. Moving down onto his knees for easy access.

"ow! That's all still in my skin!" Beverly flinched away from his harsh handling. Expression changing away from displeasure, at him touching her, to surprise. Even on his knees he was still a little taller than her.

"stop moving." he growled, tossing away the broken stitching wire. One hand holding up her shirt as he spread open his other palm. Beverly hearing multiple cracks as she watched wide eyed at his fingers growing long and black through his glove.

"how's he supposed to fix me?" a thought passed through her mind on what he was going to do. Turning more apprehensive with silver threading coming from his fingertips. Flinching in stepping back when his hand drew near. Imagining he was going to recreate the stitches by clawing into the wound.

"don't move." scolding with a hand returning her forward. Beverly's eyes shutting quickly at feeling him press below the wound. Opening them with a hiss after he didn't pierce the skin, but pulled it to the other half with the threading. Setting the cut halves beside each other he fused them together with the spreading of the thread. Covering it smoothly with a patch of more threading.

"fixed." speaking with a drop of her shirt. Raising up back to his feet with his usual smile returning. Beverly didn't say anything, looking over the new web bandaging.

"you didn't clean it." she complained. Not wanting to give him the satisfaction of doing something for her. This was just another thing she really shouldn't had accepted. She was hoping with her earlier silence he would have left her alone. However he wasn't letting her go to the pharmacy, with no other option she was forced to accept.

"no need. The thread will keep it clean, but not the rest of you." pointing to her bloody clothes. Unfazed by her attempt at bringing his mood down.

Beverly let out a tired breath at the bloodstain. First time wearing these clothes and she was already needing to scrub blood out of them.

"cant walk around work with a blood stain on me." she thought. Heading to her bosses office to tell him she was going on break early.

"off to carry more boxes?" the clown asked.

"no, on break." answering before she had the official go ahead herself. It didn't take much convincing when her boss saw the huge blood spot. Telling her not to come back till all of it was gone.

She left the diner with her apron made slightly crooked to hide the blood spot while in public. Stepping into the pharmacy with a worried look to the desk worker. Hiding her expression before they saw her face. Turning down an aisle into Pennywise waiting for her. stumbling back at running into him so suddenly.

"what are we doing here?" he questioned.

"you mean what am *I* doing here. Looking for something to clean this off." she answered, first feeling the need to correct his use of *we*. A quick gesture to the blood spot she was hiding as she past by him. Taking a few items from various shelf's to the counter.

"can you get me a couple of those cartons to." pointing at a specific cigarette carton on a wall of many behind the counter. Everything was put into a bag, aside from the cartons, for her to carry out the door. On her way back to the diner she tapped a carton in hand. Pulling out a smoke for a quick light.

"should you be doing that?" the voice almost causing her to bite off the cigarettes end in her mouth.

"yes, helps my health." spoken with confidence. A definite lie, it could very well make her lung condition worse, but she didn't care. No plans on telling him that either with how he tried fixing things. Sitting at a bench behind the diner facing nothing but the river.

Her long drag of breath off the cig cut short by a snip sound. Seeing the end of her stick no longer burning with the whole thing a little shorter. She took it from her mouth with a look over it. Throwing dagger eyes at the clown standing not far with an aura of smugness. Putting it back in her mouth to Relight for another breath. That new light disappearing as well, after a snip noise, along with another stick segment. Throwing another glare at him she yanked the cig from her mouth.

"smoking kills." Pennywise smiled at her.

"thank you, Mr. sewer clown." sighting sarcastically with a roll of her eyes. Putting the half remaining cig back into the carton with the others. So much for keeping the health affects secret.

"just how protective do you plan on being?" asking with a push off the bench. Heading for the river water to finally scrub off her blood with the bagged items in hand.

"as much as it takes to make you live longer." he followed behind.

"what- ... what feeling is this all stemming from?" Trying for a third time to find out the reason for all this courting. Tackling it with a different question that wouldn't get his favorite answer of "why not?".

"hmm?" tilting his head with a hum.

"usually courting stems from a feeling. It doesn't just pop up out of nowhere. Normally it stems from jealousy, love, or l- ... but its not because of love, is it? So whats your emotion for it?" Nerves avoiding the mention of lust in this situation. That was the last emotion she wanted to sprout from him when he thought of her.

Her steps stopped at meeting the waters edge. A hand reaching down

past the water to grab a stone. Using it with a mix of dish soap and alcohol from the bag to scrub at the blood.

"instinct has no emotion to stem from."

"it also doesn't have such high standards. Instincts would have you grab any other girl that wasn't as much trouble as me. So try your answer again." flecking the bloody scrubbing rock at him to splatter soapy water.

"does it matter?"

"yes, greatly. Without love a relationship doesn't last." tossing the stone back into the water. The blood stain almost gone from the fabric.

"you and that male get along without it."

"stop calling him that! His name is Erik!" an angry tone filling her voice the longer she talked.

"you avoided my question."

"eee-ric-kkk." he spoke the name purposefully overly scraggly followed by annoying crackling of the Ks. Enjoying the expression Beverly was making from the irritation.

"why are you courting?!" she snapped when he went for another pronunciation of Eriks name.

"why should-" he started with a smirk.

"DON'T give me that answer!" she roared with an invasion of his space. "you will give me a real damn answer to this! I know its not out of fucking love!"

"no. ... it is not." Smile dropping to a more serious expression. It was true he didn't feel any real affection over her. Keeping her health up was just common sense. A potential mate wasn't very useful when dead. Not very useful if they were taken by another male either. She was only being courted because she was the strongest human worth courting.

"...pride..."

"ah, so now we're getting to the bottom of this." waving a hand in the air. Feeling the urge to try smoking again. Pulling out a cigarette stick for a quick light. Taking in a deep long inhale in preparation of asking her next question.

"why exactly pride? You want someone who kicked your ass around your arm like a trophy?"

The question unintentionally hitting a nerve deep inside the creatures core. Face twisting into lunging forward roaring in jaws wide full of jagged teeth dripping drool. Beverly flinching at the fast movement toward her with an arm rising over in blocking her head. The rest of her body tensing for a quick blow that would surely knock the wind out of her.

It never came, but her body stayed defensively tense. Expecting a surprise blow at any random moment.

"you wanna know why?" she heard his dark false playful tone lower in a growing growl spreading up his chest.

Cautiously her body unraveled from the defensive posture. Facing the clown speaking so near her face. His spine going into a painful looking curve just to be face to face at her height.

He brought up his open hand up in a flash without warning. When Beverly flinched again his smile grew big to show all his jagged teeth.

"i didn't even do anything to ya. HA HA!" mocking in deep Laughing with a speedy wave of the raised palm.

"You flinch at everything! ... you've turned so pathetic!" he hissed. His smile dropping into a frown.

" as a child you faced me without crumbling and now you submit to some pathetic male so easily! I won't tolerate him being above the one female who beat me. I **especially** won't tolerate him being a mate to you when he's nowhere near deserving of that title. I won't sit by and allow the little runt to have such a prized female! Not in *my* territory where I am a **god** on this sad little planet!

I don't love you, at the most I tolerate you a little more than most. Being a human deserving some minor respect for stagnating me once. You still manage not to crumble so far under me now. Under those conditions you're a female worth courting." finishing his rant. Standing straight with a few pops of his back.

Beverly didn't speak a word when he finished. Focusing more on stopping her shivering body going through the rush of adrenaline. Scolding herself for flinching so easily along with him being able to notice. Her jaw having clenched so tightly it smashed the cigarette. Taking a hold of the mangled stick, with a shaking hand, she tossed it into the river beside them.

"of course its pride. ... can never be love when it comes to me. It's all a game of who gets the girl first." she thought. Stepping back up the bank.

"now where are you going?" Pennywise asked.

"i need to sit down." she breathed, regretting that cigarette she just had. Her lungs burning from the irritating smoke. Wheezing in a few breaths when reaching the bench. Sitting down to face the river flowing by. Elbows resting on her bent knees as her head hung low.

Her body was feeling so exhausted, more so than normal. Not because of sickness or lack of sleep, something deeper. She was tired of all the fighting. Fighting with Erik, the clown, staying alive in this world. It was all running her into the ground with no hopes of getting back up. She wasn't sure how much longer she could take it before her body would give out.

"despair again?" he thought in watching her. Wanting to remedy what she was feeling, but still not knowing how to properly do so. He'd seen humans could cure it with gifts which didn't work for him when he tried it last time with flowers. Another way was through physical affection like a hug. He wasn't very good with those either.

He knew one show of affection he was good at. Maybe this would be time for a grand second display of his courting. The best display was always something involving yourself, after all.

Walking confidently up the bank with steps unheard past the sound of rushing water. He walked around her sitting down behind her body. Beverly's body stiffening at feeling his chest rest against her back. being closely seated between his legs with his body surrounding her. Protecting her from the cold air by the warmth radiating off his body. The clown's body being still long enough for her body to relax under him.

She contemplated getting away from him, but his warmth was comforting. Besides, she didn't have the energy to get up. Her tense posture relaxing after a few moments passed.

With her body relaxed he slowly moved both his arms to wrap around her waist. Halting mid way when she flinched back at the movement. His arms being still with both slightly circling around her in waiting for her to relax again. Going much slower the next time he moved to hold her. Hugging her closer against him with hands forming a tight grip on the lower half of her arms.

Beverly was growing nervous by the minute at what he was doing. This feeling of being handled so, was incredibly abnormal to her body. For the past years touching meant more of a punch. In this case that punch might be more of a bite to the throat. Leaning away from a hand now rising to touch her face. Suspicious at what the intentions of it were. Her mind going back and forth before finally allowing the hand to touch over her face. If he did want to harm her he wouldn't be so careful about it.

Nerves eased by the warm palm across her cold face. His thumb gently rubbing across her cheek. When she closed her eyes at the gentle treatment his hand shifted down just a smidge. Making sure she wouldn't notice too early, he was cautiously slow in moving her head to lean back. Leaning his down till their lips met. Tasting her sweet flavor on his lips to the tip of his tongue.

A spark of excitement returning to Beverly's chest. Tasting him as much as he was tasting her in the kiss. Hardly noticing the gloved hand now curling around her throat. What she did notice was a long tongue entering her mouth to wrap around her tongue. Filling her mouth with even more of that sweetened popcorn taste.

The texture of the organ jarring to feel. It was covered in bumps creating a slight roughness. Delayed concern catching up with her mind. Pausing her kissing at the action now being wrong. His tongue gliding away from her mouth to lick across her still lips.

Her eyes shot open wide, as if jolting awake, slapping him across the face. Scrambling out of his seated grasp to stand far away from him.

"ow. What did I do?" he pouted while rubbing his harmed face.

"you know what you did!" she snapped with a scrub of her mouth using her sleeve. Wanting to get his sweet drool off her lips.

"i showed some affection?" tilting his head upon standing.

"that is not affection! You can't give affection when you don't love somebody!" speaking through gritted teeth. Keeping herself from outright screaming at him while out in public.

"still fun to do. You quite enjoyed it." lightly shrugging.

"no I didn't! You did something!" voice breaking out into shouting from being so pissed at him. Not wanting to speak with him any longer she stormed past.

"where are-" he began to ask.

"work!" she shouted the answer. Having been on break for far too long.

"i better not be in trouble for this!" she thought.

"can't believe that happened. So fucking disgusting!" her thoughts shouted over the smaller ones thinking back on how nice it all felt. "just need to make it through 4 more days. Then I'll be free of him ... hopefully." walking back to the loading area. Continuing where she left off on carrying in the heavy boxes.

The next hours slowly crept by agonizingly slow for Beverly. Sitting at the lonely counter with absolutely no customers coming in. taking up on scribbling across some napkins to try passing the time a little faster. Signing over a simple dress design she made, a reminder of her

old job she used to love so much. Taking the scribbled on napkin to crumple it down along with her old memories.

"what are you to do at this counter? Paying you to stand is very odd." hearing Pennywise stepping around behind her.

"im supposed to greet customers and take their order, but there aren't any." the pen she was doodling with now digging strongly into the napkin paper.

"heh, with how dead it is in here I could take you away and no one would notice."

"don't!" she hissed in warning.

"but it's true. No one's seen you for hours, not even your boss. You could have disappeared a while ago. How much longer could you be missing before someone finally came looking for you?" going on as he looked over the multiple desserts behind glass displays. Drips of drool sliding off his chin.

"nobody would come looking." thinking bitterly. Tapping her pen on the torn napkin with a fidgeting of one hand over the other. Swallowing thickly at the recent thought being built upon. What if *IT* decided he would just take her? She was helped the last time by the guys. No one would come looking for her the next. Cutting that line of overthinking before it could be made worse.

"where has everybody else in this town gone? I saw a lot of things were closing." Taking another intact napkin to doodle over.

"ooooh that." he clacked his teeth.

"factories started to leave Derry. The adults and all their children went with them. Stores started leaving with only a small herd remaining." His tone sounding sad, but Beverly was sure it was more of disappointment on his favorite meal being gone.

"is Derry dying?" He may not have felt anything over actual Derry, but she did. Despite the trauma she's suffered here, It was her hometown, she had many happy memories.

"never. I still attract a flow of new people arriving daily off the highways. They infest like rats with the taste being similar." spoken with confidence.

"you can lure people outside of Derry?"

"It's not really luring, more of a *invitation* - to float. He-he." joking darkly. "if they are close enough to the border to join the party."

"that reminds me I have to check on Erik for his party plans." barely mumbling above a whisper.

"ugh, you do what he says like a pet."

"i have to be there for him. That's kind of a big point when dating someone." rolling her eyes. crumpling up another napkin doodle.

"what for? Is he afraid to be alone? Would it kill him if you did not come?" hearing him speak playfully on the matter.

"no!"

"is no all you can say?" head lowering with his shoulders. Head dipping to the side in a painful twist downward. If it went any further his head would be completely upside down.

"only for you." spoken in monotone. coming out from behind the counter to do something other than make conversation with the clown. Checking over the little table stations for needing more condiments.

"is he afraid of other girls? Is that why?" following along with head untwisting.

"no, he- its – there's no particular reason. He just wants to be with me!"

"mmm, I don't believe that. Does he not like people? Is someone after him? Are you looking out for something for him?" his happy tone digging deep on Beverly's last nerve.

"oh my god, shut up! He just likes me being around his arm.

Eventually i am just the babysitter when he gets super drunk!" yelling with a slamming down of a empty ketchup bottle needing replacement.

"isn't he a little old for babysitting. Isn't that to keep children from burning themselves on the stove. or choking on some food?"

"no, its to keep him from getting in trouble." taking up a few empty ketchup bottles in hand for refilling.

"getting in trouble with what? He's an adult with no one giving him orders."

"he can still get in trou- ... ble ... with." Beverly's speech slowing alongside her steps. Facing the clown with a sly smirk across his face. His eyes studying over her face in search for something.

"Acting dumb with all the questions. He's reading my mind for something on Erik, that bastard." she thought.

"trouble with what? What's thereee to be aaafraid of?" speaking in a singalong tone.

"he's not afraid of anything!" she tried covering up what she was going to say earlier.

"liar." he called her out.

"why don't you find out yourself then."

"i will. It's not people, but someone specific. Someone that can harm adults, but not me." whittling down the selection. Beverly looked away wanting to get some space between them.

"it won't help you." she mumbled.

"Pennywise wants to know his fear. Is that the whole reason why Erik isn't dead yet? He isn't afraid so he doesn't taste good enough for eating?" she wondered.

"someone's not after him either. How curious, I wonder what the answer will be." she could hear him following her. Feel him stand

behind her as she refilled the ketchup.

"why don't you go haunt someone else?" breathing worriedly.

"i will, as soon as I get the answer im looking for. Does this person have a weapon? doooes this person wear blueeee? caaaan this person take another away?" asking question after question in teased mocking.

Beverly had no way of responding to him. Either way felt like she'd be admitting that he was right on the guesses. Seemed like he knew the answer already though. What was she to do?

"if you already know the damn answer why are you prodding me for questions?" Letting out her frustration with a tight screwing of the ketchup caps.

"20 questions is no fun to do alone." speaking out right as Beverly's boss came looking for her.

"finish up what you're doing then you can clock out." the man said, not seeing the clown standing not too far away. Her boss making his way to the kitchen to tell the cooking staff the same message.

Despite Pennywise's insistence, Beverly decided to walk back to the hotel. Purposefully doing so to spite him after all those questions. When she got back she considered spiting him more by skipping out on the food he gave. Starving herself wasn't going to prove much however. Collecting a plate of steak with a side of mashed potatoes to reheat. Ignoring the clown excited to see her eat more of the presented food.

"ugh, I need a drink after today." speaking to herself with a pop open of the alcohol cabinet. Rummaging around for the drink that seemed the strongest.

"lookin for something?"

"the strongest drink in this cabinet. Enough to make me forget this week." she mumbled, reading over a couple labels.

"you'll want the sailor vodka in the back then or the sunset rum. I like

that best." he suggested. Beverly digging to the far back to grab one of the mentioned bottles. Reading over the label for a alcohol percentage.

"85% alcohol, shit. Clown was right about this drink. ... wait a minute ..." she thought with a look back to him.

"you drink?" asking him with a raised brow.

"yes."

"like, you go get drinks from a store?" curiosity growing.

"no, I go to bars." walking over to open a cabinet filled with glasses.

"bars? What do you do there?! Sit in the back stalking people?!" she exclaimed in confusion.

"nooo, I sit at the counter and have a few drinks. Its enough to cure the boredom around here. Especially when people want to take me home." he spoke casually, taking out a couple shot glasses to set on the granite countertop by Beverly.

"people want to take home a creepy clown?" taking up a glass to carefully examine it.

"you'd be surprised how many do and how many want the costume to stay on. You know how to pour a shot?" chuckling as a hand twisted his glass around. Staring while Beverly popped open the bottle to pour.

"yeah." pouring just a splash into her cup. Offering the bottle for him to take.

"that's not a shot." taking the bottle to pour the correct amount into his glass.

"i can't drink too much, I have work tomorrow." a made up excuse hiding that she didn't want to be drunk around him. Pulling out a soda from the fridge to fill up the rest of her glass. Ready to dig into the hot food once sitting down in the living room.

"what woulda happened at work? It would be more exciting?"

"no, showing up drunk is usually frowned upon." taking a bite of food. Taking a drink right after to rehydrate the dried out microwaved meat.

"they don't like there little slaves having fun." his tone sounding as bored as when he was at the diner.

"it's not slavery when your getting paid." Walking back to the kitchen for some steak sauce to smother her plate with.

"you don't have to be a slave under less-ers. I can provide everything you need." tone perking up.

"again, no! I can take care of myself!" her confident sounding words earning a laugh from the drinking clown.

"how funny! Coming from you, who can't even say no to one little male barely standing above your head!" the laughter equaling to nails on a chalkboard for Beverly.

"i can say no! I just – theres no reason to. It's called picking your battles. Saying no starts a fight, saying yes makes everything easier." hand fidgeting with the fork. Stabbing meat to swirl repeatedly in the sauce.

"it makes him upset." he mimicked her voice perfectly with head waving back and forth with each word. Acting like some kindergartner purposely trying to be annoying as possible. The next words he spoke had him using his regular voice.

" you sure love excuses." the last of his drink chugged down with a clank of the glass setting down.

"what excuses?" taking the sauce smothered bite off her fork after messing with it for so long. Chewing of the bite awfully slow. Being more like grinding her teeth over chewing.

"you know, you just refuse to acknowledge their existence. **You** always make him angry? **You** always mess things up? **You** make him miserable? You ... you ... you, you, you, you." waving his head along

to each word. Head going still to stretch his smile wide for crooked slender teeth to stretch out. "**you** never made excuses for daddy." grin stretching a little more by Beverly's furious reaction. Standing from the couch with steak knife firmly gripped to threaten him with.

"your walking on thin ice here!" A fiery glare locked onto the smiling clown that began to laugh.

"no, i am walking on wood." he joked, tapping his foot on the floor. "what's a matter? Don't wanna make excuses for him?" voice sounding sickeningly innocent. "you used to have a lot more back bone in your youth. Do a favor and grow a new one."

"you never did me any favors, why the hell should I do you one?!"

"oooooh, I did you a small favor. once." voice dropping to a soft whisper.

"what, when?!" she asked skeptically.

"remember your thirteenth birthday? What happened when all the lights went off?" his questions bringing up a flood of traumatizing memories for her. Sickness hitting her in a train wreck of emotions.

It was the worst day of her life.

Her father, since the death of her mother, was increasingly aggressive with how far he went with touching. There was no delicate way to think of what he first did to her on her birthday. His actions going much further then simple touching. It became a fight that left her broken by the torture.

Raw throat from screaming that felt like it had gone on for hours. Extreme pain in every part of her body. Seeing all the resulting bruises in the shower. Terrified at seeing blood fall from between her thighs from tearing. Followed by hours of crying. It took a lot for her to leave the bathroom when morning hit. Only doing so long after she knew her dad left for work. Crying even more in the corner of her bedroom.

"remember what happened the next day?" Pennywise's soft voice trailed her along through the memories.

Her dad didn't return home toward dinnertime like normal. He did not return till the morning after, acting noticeably different. Especially toward Beverly as if he was hesitant to interact with her.

Besides that, he had a huge injury to his side that would forever scar him. It was covered in bandages for months before she was finally able to take a glance of it. A long jagged marking curving upwards in the shape of a crescent with multiple thin scrapings of flesh missing in clear outlines.

Beverly had asked quite a few times what caused it. Receiving a different answer each time. "it was a work accident." "i got hit by a truck." "fell and landed on something.". No matter what the reason it bought Beverly time to heal. He couldn't do much with such a drastic injury. That included very little walking around the house.

For a while he did nothing to her, slowly that changed with the touching returning. She hoped he had felt guilty after what he did. Maybe it was why he backed off a bit. A few years later would have her assuming it's because he didn't want her accidentally getting pregnant. It was too risky in a small town where everybody knows everything. Him not dating, busy 27/7 with work, while buying birth control would raise all sorts of alarms.

"what did he tell you?" the clowns voice pulling her back to the present. "that it was an accident? That it was from work? ... his answers never did lineup ... diiiiid they?" snapping his teeth together. All the slender jagged teeth lined up in a recognizable pattern of a old scar she knew too well.

Her body released the angered tension it was holding. Shoulders dropping with the knife slipping from her dead grip. Voice unable to be collected to ask it out loud. Eyes looking at him with one question, "why?".

"not for an act of kindness or mercy if that's what you're wondering. I couldn't let him act the way he was acting. He was too aggressive, you wouldn't have lasted more than a week. The trauma would have soured you or killed you. I can't let something else ruin my favorite meat." drool dripped from his jaws. "i stepped in to make him back off ... only a smidge. Not enough to fully keep him away. He may not

recognize my face or where he got the injury, but he did know to think twice at seeing you." his teeth receding to a normal appearance in his mouth.

Sickness turning her legs weak. Forcing her to sit back on the couch as to not collapse. Taking deep breaths in fighting back the suffocating sensation of chest restricting.

Remembering other things surrounding that traumatizing day.

When she did return to school she was covered in makeup to hide the bruises. Acting skittish the entire day drawing attention of the popular girls like Greta. They harassed her all day to learn her secret. Discovering the hickeys on her neck after smearing the makeup off in a fight.

That's when all the rumors of her being a slut started.

Talks of who made them not helped by Henry. Claiming he and his pack of friends did it. Beverly couldn't go anywhere without guys asking for some sex action. Girls actively avoiding her to not get the same reputation slapped on them by the popular girls.

A hand touching her face had her body startled back onto her feet. Awareness of her surroundings returning before subconsciously stepping back from the clown. Shed been sitting on the couch staring into space long enough for him to approach unnoticed. Numbness dulling all her senses preventing her from being concerned about it.

"im going to bed." was all she could get out. Running on autopilot with the rest of her movements. Only one thought momentarily breaking through, grab the alcohol bottle. Chugging it straight on her way to bed in an effort to fully forget the world.

Lights turning off leaving Pennywise standing in the dark living room alone. Delving into his dangerous thoughts on his growing hunger.

"this is counter productive, courting prey. The scent of her makes her tempting enough without fear seasoning her blood." thinking with a swallowing down of drool. Looking in the direction of the bedroom. Long steps taken in heading to stand by her bed.

Staring down over her passed out form. A scissoring noise made as he shifted his jaw back and forth. Teeth shifting against one another at imagining himself taking a bite. Tasting her blood filling his mouth.

The tasty meat sliding easily down his throat to fill his belly.

"If I eat her I'll be back at square one. Lazing about being bored out of my skull." stepping away back toward the living room.

"I won't take the easy way just because its getting difficult. What's a challenge without it, after all?" sighing, knowing Beverly was far too out of it to wake up by his voice. "nothing lost from waiting, but I can't wait forever for her to come around."

" The game must end at some point."

Yami Wesker

aaaaand now they're fighting. XD

8. Sickness

Beverly woke up to the blaring morning alarm. A massive migraine from last nights drinking hitting her skull.

"fuck." rubbing her aching head. Getting up out of bed to turn the alarm off.

"what the hell did I do last night?" she tried thinking back to last night. Her last memory being in the kitchen for some steak sauce. Talking about boring work with the clown.

"did I challenge him to a drinking game?" she thought when seeing the empty alcohol bottle on the floor.

"why is my alarm so early? I guess Its a miracle I set it at all with how drunk I was. Gives me a chance to eat breakfast." rising up to eat something. As her plate of breakfast was heated up she drank down a couple Advil beside her antibiotic medication. Waiting for the clown to make his appearance. She had gotten used to his presence in the mornings.

Him missing only made her paranoid. Walking around corners with the expectation he would jump out to scare her.

"maybe he's eating." she tried brushing off, as if knowing that were any better.

"whatever, as long as he's not bothering me I should be happy." she thought with a grab of her hot breakfast. Staring down in confusion at an abandoned plate of her dinner.

" I didn't eat that?" picking up the cold plate to replace with the hotter one. "does look dry, even with all the sauce slathered on. Guess it was too gross to eat." tossing the food into the trash.

Meanwhile out in town an overly tall police officer was happily skipping up a concrete driveway. Outfit being a little too blue for the average uniform. A red name tag instead of gold shining off black letters spelling Pennywise.

His skipping transforming into a calm walk to a apartment complexes door. Banging hard into the wooden door. Leaving dents in multiple places where he hit. Without giving whoever inside time to answer his knocking, he kicked the door in. storming in with gun drawn to scare everybody just waking to his invasion.

"everybody outside right now! Line up against the curb and don't run off!" the disguised creature shouted. Heading to the back bedroom to also kick down that door. Erik waking up in terror from it.

"hey-hey!" Erik struggled as he was yanked right out of bed with a snap of handcuffs on him.

"wait a minute! Can I at least get dressed?!" panicking while being forced outside. Wearing only a white t shirt and boxers.

"sit down here and don't move." the officer commanded Erik. Forcing the handcuffed man to sit down on his knees in the small grassy lawn patch.

"why are we out here exactly?" Victoria's tone heavily mixed with exhaustion & anger.

"yeah, we being arrested or something?" Charles questioned.

"you all are squatting." the officer answered in monotone. Expression void of all emotion.

"squatting?! None of us are squatting?! I got a lease and pay the rent!" Erik shouted.

"how many are on the lease?" Pennywise looked down at the male. Watching him squirm under the question. "two right? That means the rest of ya are all squatters." he began walking up and down the line of humans.

"way to fucking go Erik!" Victoria grumbled at him under her breath.

"now, I should bring you all in for squatting, but I'll look the other way. If you hand me the rent amount from each of you. So that the landlord can be paid." pacing along, mouth twitching as he forced his smile down during the act.

"pay you? Why ain't the landlord here? How'd you even get here? Aren't we supposed to line up against a police car or something?" Darius questioned.

"what? Police can't walk now a days?" Pennywise questioned back.

"Pennywise? What kind of name is that?" Trey sneered at the bright red name tag.

"its my name. You don't like it?" the tall officer smiled down at him. The strangers tone did not sound very threatening, but something still felt very wrong. An inner instinct warning the human *IT* was not something to anger.

"uh- n-no. Just rare is all." Trey shrunk under the tall officer. Trey was the tallest of everybody. The last time anybody towered over him was waaaay back in middle school.

"something weird is going on! I'm calling the police station!" Victoria started with a quick dialing of her phone.

"go ahead, I won't be the one getting in trouble. Take my advice and cancel that party too." Pennywise warned confidently.

"why? Not like you can do shit about it. There will be so many people that all the cops in Derry wont stop it." Erik talked back confidently.

"don't be too sure about that buck-o! Accidents happen a lot in Derry. People go missing aaalllll the time." the uniformed man stared down at Erik with a growing grin. Bright blue eyes turning a otherworldly golden yellow. Eriks gaze pulled from the strange officer to the sound of a police car beeping.

The car stopped with two officers dressed in black stepping out, One male and one female.

"whats going on?" the male officer asked.

"this guy-" Victoria looked back where Pennywise once stood. Everybody looking around for the strange man now missing. "well, there was this guy who pretended to be an officer. Busted down our apartment door, forced us out here, and tried to rob us!"

"mhhh." the male officer hummed. "I'll go check the apartment." he spoke to the female officer. Leaving her to do the questioning.

"why are you on the ground?" she asked Erik first.

"because I am hand-" Erik yanked his arms to the side, expecting the forcing handcuffs to hold them back. Discovering that the handcuffs were no longer on, or sitting anywhere.

"what the?" he looked at his free hands. Red wrists showing that there was once something on him.

"hey, I looked around and none of the apartment doors are busted." the male officer returned.

"what?! He totally snapped it off the hinges!" Victoria exclaimed with a dumbfounded look toward the officer.

"don't bother talking to them. They're all in on it! Trying to fake some mess to get called. Acting all dumb when they do come. Having fun with us since they got nothing else to do." Erik ranted, remaining seated on the grass.

The two officers were silent, passing a look between each other. Looking back with suspicion toward the group. "if we give you all a drug test, would you all pass?" the man asked.

The clown watching from the tree line breaking out in a deep laughter.

"maybe they'll learn to take my advice. Cancel that dumb get together." he chuckled. Phasing through the black void, not to return to the hotel, but his underground hoard. Needing to sort out his thoughts on the way this courting was and ultimately when it should all end.

Beverly brushing her damp hair on the couch after a refreshing shower with a new set of clothes on. she packed away the brush into her backpack. Returning the bag to its spot beside her bed. Finding it odd that Pennywise wasn't here insisting on bringing her to work himself. Not willing to wait for him to show up, she headed out on foot.

Walking down the cold morning streets with burning lungs. Heading inside the diner to put on the uniform before waiting at the head register counter. Finding the air empty more so than usual without Pennywise asking her a million questions under the sun. A chef came to the front window when he spotted her standing by the counter.

"me and Danny are cleaning the equipment can you take inventory of the meat locker?" the chef asked with a tap of the counter to get Beverly's attention.

"will do." raising a hand in confirmation, stepping to the back. When crossing past the freezer door to the cold inner room her lungs instantly ached.

"maybe this was a bad idea." her mind worried.

"can't slack I guess. Have to do things on my own even when sick. It's just taking inventory, that's not very hard. You've dealt with bigger things, **much** bigger things." giving herself some little motivational speech to get through this. Holding in a cough as she walked through the freezer. Boots tapping on the tiles with a slight echo.

Pulling up her thick shirt collar to cover her mouth. Trapping heat for her breath to thaw her aching lungs. Moving things over, writing it down, moving more things, writing more down and repeat. Muscles getting stiff and sore while the skin was slowly turning numb from being inside for so long.

"how long have I been in here? Feels like its been at least half an hour. Maybe I should step out to warm up for a minute with some coffee." speaking to herself, looking around for some sort of clock. Unable to find one she looked to the meat locker door. Preparing to go out when she heard loud talking, a person suddenly bursting through the doors.

"... Charles?" Beverly realized who it was. Seeing him disheveled and panting raising concerns. Even more concerning was she was cornered in the freezer with Charles blocking the one exit.

"Erik and everybody else was arrested." he panted out.

"what?! What for?!" Beverly exclaimed, setting down the inventory papers . Ready to rush off to the police station if he need bailing out if need be.

"so that's what the clown has been doing." her thoughts assumed for why he'd been missing.

"squatting." calmly answered when his breath was caught up.

"squatting? You two aren't really renting?"

"no, we were, but everybody was sleeping there for free. Erik says its a set up by the cops looking for fun. I got through the line up first, they'll probably let Erik go once it reaches his turn in the line up." shutting the freezer door behind him. Walking a little too close for comfort in the small space.

"uh, that's nice. ... So is that why you ran over? To tell me not to worry?" stepping back with the intent of keeping a long metal island counter between them. Caution increasing the closer he tried to get.

"yeah, but I thought we needed to talk about us too." giving her a "pleasant" smile with the creepiest of intentions hidden behind it.

"us?" voice going quiet.

"why are you with him bevy? He can't afford a place alone, but I can. I can get us some roomy place to party all night. He must be pretty boring in bed too. you guys are so rarely together in the bedroom. Why don't you be my date? We can start right now while Erik tied up. We've both been needing a little fun." his smile grew beside an overly excited tone like this was something they both wanted

stinging stomach acid rose to the back of her throat. Threatening to bring up more if she heard anymore about his idea.

"Charles, you need to leave." speaking in the most serious tone she could. Voice faltering with breaks and wavering tone under the pressure.

"don't be like that bevy. I know how much you want me." walking around the table to get closer. Making sure her pathway to the door

was thoroughly blocked.

Beverly grabbed a nearby cutting knife from a counter behind her. Pointing at him threateningly that she would use it on him if he stepped any closer. Arm shaking beyond her control at this point in panic on what to do. This room was made to block out bone saws in the middle of lunch rush. The freezer walls were way too thick for screaming to be heard.

"stop playing and get your ass over here!" grabbing her knife wielding arm across the thin counter. Her body flinching at the worst time.

The sound of the knife dropping with a ping across the tiles.

She flinched away from him. Eyes shutting tightly when he pulled her arm to get her closer to him.

Feeling something hard collide against her entire backside.

Feeling the body against her rumble for a split second. Her eyes opening wide from hearing a thundering roar over her head. It wasn't Charles body pushed against hers like she had thought.

Long past Beverly starting work, and right after getting Erik arrested, Pennywise had been sitting in his lair. Picking a chair half way up, embedded in the side of his pile of objects. Crookedly laying on his back across the small furniture with limbs lazily hanging off it.

"if she does go back to that male, then what? The game is over, or do I just keep wasting time?" he talked to himself.

"i could just kill the male. ... kill every useless male Beverly tries to take. ... but my sleep could disrupt that plan. ... and if she has young during – ech!" hacking up the last words with disgust.

"humans and weak little prodigy parading around as if nothing's wrong! This is why they've barely gotten anywhere in their existence!" he complained. Pausing to listen for Beverly's voice. Hearing it clearly from his web of tunnels.

Sounds made close to any drain would always travel to him if he wanted to listen. Hearing her speak out numbers then scribbling

something.

"i cannot let her go to that party either. Outside of Derry where I wont have control, where I can't watch what's going on. I cant stop her from leaving. I rather kill her before letting that happen. Outside she can grab any useless male for a pathetic breeding." groaning out sickly, feeling the urge to reject the meal he had earlier.

Scenting the air for Beverly to calm himself down. Sitting up in the chair hanging in a slanted angle.

"with how she cares for herself I should just let natural selection take its course. Watch her die by some cold. Or that male hitting her head a little too hard to recover from." scenting her in the air.

A growl growing in his throat at fear tainting the peaceful scent. Pushing himself off the chair to land hard on the ground. Growling from the souring fear invading his nose from her direction. He followed it all with quick steps. The steps turning in a running blur of a shifting form.

Long limbs twisting to run on all fours with a snout full of long canines dripping drool. Fur sprouting from ripped clothing getting wet from charging through draining rain water.

He shot up through a small drainage pipe made only to fit a rat. Shifting up to burst out of a small grate in the bottom of the meat locker for draining blood.

First seeing Beverly cowering, then seeing the cause from that disgusting male from that apartment.

Pennywise felt so much rage in that instant. How **dare** this piece of *rot* threaten her. The white of his eyes turned a bright red, irises turning from a bright yellow to bloody almost black. Suddenly leaning over Beverly's shaking body protectively with large clawed hands digging right through the metal counter top like tinfoil.

It all happened in an instant with Charles not getting a chance to react. Seeing this huge monster of a wolf like beast appearing into his sight.

A loud glass shattering roar let out over the weak human. The strength of the air force leaving the wolfs lungs enough to send Charles flying to the floor.

Beverly curled up into her own body, not knowing what else to do. Standing underneath the towering body of a – werewolf? It definitely looked like one. A huge wolf head, clawed arms covered in thick fur. Wearing some Letterman jacket torn in many places, ripped to shreds white t shirt, with blue jeans just as torn. Thick fur sticking out of all the rips in thick clumps.

She watched Charles fight to get up on his wobbly legs. Looking scared out of his mind as he followed the wall to the only exit. Not taking his eyes off the creature for a moment.

When he got close to the door she could feel Pennywise shift away from her in following him. Not wanting a murder scene in her work place she grabbed the jacket collar to stop him. Successfully preventing him from hunting after. Hearing his snarling grow deeper into almost a second roar as Charles went out the door.

Bared teeth put away when the little cockroach had left his sight. Looking down at Beverly, keeping her head down from looking up toward him. Her hand still tightly gripping the collar of the thick jacket with the other hugging her body.

"were you harmed?" speaking softly to be as gentle with her as he could.

"no, he wasn't able." voice almost whispering out the sentence.

"is he trying to court you to?" continuing his soft tone. She shook her head, eyes tearing up at what could have happened if Pennywise hadn't scared him off.

"he- ... he was-" she couldn't say it. Breaking down into full on crying. Desperately trying to regather herself to stop crying. She couldn't cry, she didn't deserve to cry. She wasn't allowed to be happy.

After all the bad things she did, this was just life paying her back for

her actions, right?

The tall ears on his canine head flattened back at her cries. He wasn't good at hugging, but he wanted to comfort her. Gently pulling Beverly close with his fur covered arms. Holding her with a little floating free space between the arms and her body. Being cautious about squeezing her too hard, which was his normal problem.

He wasn't used to being gentle with hugs. Using them more for crushing people until their guts were rolled out like toothpaste from a tube.

He was shocked when she hugged him back. Face sobbing into what little shirt fabric he had hanging off his chest. He crouched down to be closer for her. Feeling her arms move to be around his thick neck for a better hold of him.

She let out two more muffled sobs when she fully regained herself. Stepping away from his grasp with a quick wiping away of tears from her face.

"are you feeling well?" he asked at hearing her go quiet.

"im fine." her voice void of all emotion. "i have to get back to work." grabbing the clipboard.

He stood by surveying over her actions. Seeing a lack of emotion coming off her. The sweet fear on her turning a decaying bitterness that spoke trauma. Following her taking things to set aside. Writing numbers next to labels on her clipboard. He would try to help her by correcting her few numbering mistakes. Only getting hums from her when fixing the errors. At the end of it all she set the clipboard down.

Without looking at him she requested "take me to the hotel." in her dead tone.

"won't they be angry if you're missing?" She was so locked on working the full day all the other times. He was usually yelled at for trying to convince her to leave.

"they won't notice." a twinge of sadness coming to the surface.

He did what she asked, taking her back to the hotel. She dragged her feet to the bed with a tired climb into it. Burying herself under the many blankets to hideaway from everything.

Pennywise tried multiple times to coax her out of hiding. Offering fresher hot food, a drink, asking her if she wanted him to fetch or do something. She never did answer him, not even a muffled noise of movement. He was beginning to wonder if she was dying. Maybe that male did do something before he got there.

Hatred grew inside of him at the thought of that rot being the thing to end her. If she was going to die, that disgusting male human will die first. Pennywise would make sure of that. Waiting by her bed side until the sun settled down for the night to rise.

The thought of who he was hunting filling his skull. Taking steps away to leave, when Beverly spoke for the first time in 10 hours. Her voice sounding hoarse by a building illness.

"can I ask you a question?" moving the blankets to only uncover her head. He could first smell the sickly scent on her when she uncovered her head. A burning scent of sun dry hay crossed with rotten meat exposed to the free air. Her eyes stayed to her immediate surroundings, from the blanket she was laying on to her hand laying nearby.

"yes." his steps heading back to be by her.

" when I was a kid, on the day I cracked my dads skull and you took me away. ... if I hadn't managed to get him off. ... Would you have let him do it?" her rough voice speaking in the same dead tone.

"no." his answer coming with no hesitation.

"why?" Either anger or pained sadness cropping up in the word.

"food preservation." he gave the short answer.

"isn't the point to scare us for eating? Wouldn't that have - ..." her voice dying off at the end.

"there is a limit. A fine line between trauma and fear. Forcing it too

far causes the meat to break, it goes bitter. Over seasoned, or burnt, whatever you would put for over cooking. It makes the meal inedible for me." he explained. The space between them filling with an absence of talking for a couple minutes.

"you were waiting to grab me then?" Beverly broke the silence.

"yes. It wouldn't have been a gentle grab, of course."

"was this just another food preservation then?"

"no, I was keeping you safe. I do not see you as food -" The thought "for the moment." passing by. "- only for courting." he finished his sentence after a tiny pause.

"like it's your job." Slowly getting out of bed in heading to the bathroom. Body feeling on fire under all the covers.

"it is my job. Should you stay in bed when sick?"

"it's too hot and i need to take some medicine." clearing her throat. The pain causing her to wince as she closed the bathroom door. Wanting to be separated from everything for a while. Leaning against the sink to sickly stare down into it. Remembering the last sink involving the clowns presence so near, having her draw back from leaning.

Taking a nearby paper cup from a small stack of them to collect water. Gulping the cold liquid alongside a handful of pills. Swallowing more cold water soon after for temporary relief on her burning throat. She stood there after a few more cups, looking off tiredly toward the shut bathroom door. Being far too sick to take the short walk back to bed, she settled on laying in the tub. Relaxing more into the cold hard surrounding, despite being uncomfortable compared to the bed.

It was much colder in the small room with the comfort of being much smaller a space. She winced at the light on the ceiling. Not wanting to get up to switch it off she pulled the shower curtain over to block its shine. Resting an arm over her eyes to block the rest of it out. Knocking out within the hour from the help of the heavy cold pills

she took.

Pennywise was left to guard the door. Despite wanting to check on her, she told him not to enter the bathroom. He assumed it was because she cherished the space so much. She was always hiding in a bathroom from others even when out of her own home. He didn't understand why. It made more sense, to him, for her to just leave the area entirely then to back herself into a dead end. Although it made messing with her easier.

Easy to find, easy to spy, easy to disturb such a simple little space.

His urge to enter held back by still being able to see her in his own way. Seeing her slowly rising body heat making her stand out like a beacon. Hearing her heartbeat quicken, but nothing too concerning.

Then came the scent. Stronger than the one off her sickness. Much more tempting than her normal one.

Humans did not go into heat, he knew that, but they could still send off a similar smell. During these times he didn't much care for the scent. It was easy to get away from making it not too inconvenient. When he couldn't, it only made him more hungry. Some occasions wanting to pass the time with some fun.

When that happened he'd go to the bars. It wouldn't take long to attract somebody. Back at where ever the humans stayed they would play a round or two. Then when his hunger hit its highest he would have a nice meal to devour alive in bed.

Beverly's developing heat scent was exciting him the same. Wanting to pull her into bed for some release of energy. To take in a deep inhale of that rare scent. It burned the body in a way to urge one closer. The sweetness of it relaxing, yet addictive. Her scent was closest to a vanilla crossed with a sweet roasting of almonds. He loved it, but wanted it to go away. He wasn't able to do anything about it besides stand nearby with growing frustration.

He wondered if the sickness was triggering this scent to be released. Or if she was dreaming of something alluring to her. She had this scent one other time, back at the diner in the fridge room. It was

there and gone in an instant once his presence was known.

"if im gentle enough, a little coaxing can go a long way." he thought. Tapping anxiously at the wood door to the bathroom. Staring at the door handle with little thought to what he should do next.

Beverly, unsure of when, had opened her eyes. Staring numbly up into the blackness above her. Laying surrounded in darkness on something soft that was barely see able. Only now realizing she was wearing nothing over her lower half when a pair of hands rubbed up to her inner thighs. Smoothly rubbing over the pale skin with a slow parting of her legs.

Her mind screamed at her to panic. Fight off who ever was touching her for survival. Being held captive in such a strange, unsafe, place. Her body ignored all the red flags, continuing in laying still with twitches of her hands grabbing a hold of the soft material under her.

Sucking in a nervous breath at feeling whoever draw closer. The strangers hot breath going across her skin in smooth waves. She let out a surprised gasp when feeling something press along her thigh. A long slick tongue licking up to her entrance. A slow lick up the sensitive area between her legs pulling more quickened breaths from her.

Her mind screaming louder at her that something was wrong. Unable to move, maybe even drugged into being paralyzed. If she didn't fight, something incredibly bad was going to happen. Thoughts drowning out to the pleasure now commencing between her legs.

The tongue licking in long, slow, strokes entering her teasingly a little deeper each time. Hungrily licking her walls for the building sweetness her body was dripping. Hands moving to gently rub up her thighs, over her hips to go up under her shirt. Feeling the hands rub over her bare chest her body arched up at the touches. Begging to feel more attention from the stranger.

Her mind spoke up, not to warn her, only to question. The details of what was going on not fitting the norm. The tongue sliding along her walls to taste every inch of her was long, much longer then a normal person's tongue. Then came the rougher parts of it with bumps

gliding along in almost a light vibration. It would have pulled a moan from her had she not been strangely mute.

Her eyes opening wide as her screaming mind returned at this new realization. This time her body reacted to the red flags. Panicking at not being able to move or speak as a stranger helped themselves between her legs. Her breath caught fearfully in her chest. Slowly suffocating with a desperate need to figure out what was going on, where she was, who was doing this to her.

The stranger, as if having read her mind, retracted the long tongue from her body. Another silenced moan taken from Beverly toward the sensation. Terror gripping her body at what was going to happen next. Feeling the hands slide from her chest out from under her shirt. Unable to see or feel the stranger now, however somehow knowing he was moving. She tried moving her head to take a look with not even a twitch being made from her numb body.

Heart pounding as the stranger appeared over her. His hands settling beside her head with long black claws scratching across the fabric in excited anticipation for something. Beverly's fear dissipating at the sight of Pennywise grinning down over her. Recognizable glowing eyes looking over her every detail heading back to look up at her face. His towering height easily arching his body over hers in a dominating stance. Having her feel incredibly small under his body shadowing over hers.

She swore her whole body went red in nervous embarrassment. Swallowing at him towering over her with such a hungry look on his face. He lowered himself down past her limited view. Feeling him lick up along her exposed stomach. One of her arms managed to regain movement, shooting up with a grab of his sleeved arm. Holding tightly onto the fabric covered muscle for what reason she wasn't sure. It didn't grab his attention away from licking at her skin. Pennywise not at all willing to stop his attention on her body. Moving up all the way to lick over her sensitive exposed neck.

He looked back up to her, moving his large hands to grab around her shoulders. Beverly feeling claws prickling the skin over her shoulder blades. His thumbs rubbing along her exposed collar bone past her open shirt collar. Beverly's body sinking only slightly under his

weight pressing down through his arms. Somehow he was a lot lighter then he looked with how big he was.

She watched him lean down until his head was beside hers. Hot breath breathing down the side of her neck. Nervously unsure of what to expect at this point. Shivering at the words he whispered to her.

"think it'll fit, my little Beverly?" Clawed hands gripping tighter into her on the verge of piercing her skin. Eyes widening to be like that of a deer caught in headlights she tensed under him. Eyes shooting back and forth looking from him to his lower half inconveniently just out of view for her.

The fear once gripping her heart was overpowered by something else.

Excitement.

Her mind confused at why that was even something to feel right now. This was all wrong, he did something to keep her from running. Even more so now that her shoulders were pinned down into the bedding. Now readying to ram himself right in without allowing her to get a word in. she was trapped, going to soon die by this monster taking her for all it could. Bones will break, chunks of flesh will be torn, this was going to be her last chance to fight.

Or so her mind went on while her body fully ignored it. Bracing herself for him with a tight grip holding onto his one arm. Legs spreading to accommodate his body closer to hers.

"you'll have to go a little wider than that Beverly." licking across her throat, following up along her major artery with a heavy press against it. Allowing her to feel her own beating pulse racing. Only able to let out a whimper to verbally confirm his request. she spread her legs even farther for him. Her lone grip on him going tighter to convey what she wanted to say. Half her mind again screaming to fight right now, with the other half working to force words out.

"mmm, I think it's going to be very tight." he purred into her ear. Pressing himself firmly between her legs followed by teased grinding against her. Feeling something really hard press against her that

moved between her thighs like a snake.

Beverly shut her eyes with a whine. Wanting him to press forward already. A painful heat building in her lower half desperate to have some relief. Whatever it was rubbing between her legs she wanted twisting around inside. It twisted closer to press at the sensitive opening. Pressing further ready to impale her then Beverly's eyes opened to the bright morning sun.

the distant sound of her alarm blaring from outside the bathroom. She let out a groan with a painful sitting up from her sleeping position in the tub. Back cracking a few times with a stretch. Feeling sicker than how she was last night. The painful urge between her legs still settled there after the dream. Twitching to the pulse of her heartbeat. Agitated that nothing had entered to relax her tight walls around.

Rising up half awake for more medicine with chugs of water. "fucking fever dream." she growled. Leaving the bathroom to switch the alarm off. Finding Pennywise glaring down at the beeping object.

Stressfully holding her arms against her legs at the sight of him. "what are you doing?" she asked, voice sounding rougher as well.

"itssss been beeping for 5 minutessss." the clown glared at it. Words hissing out in over pronounced frustration. Half ready to crush the clock in his hand if it weren't for Beverly's liking of the annoying object. Last night had been rough for him. Having to leave the hotel before he went rabid under Beverly scent. Feeling more hungry then he had been in years. Eating at least 3 Derry towns folk, **after** devouring a traveling tour bus of church missionary recruiters last night. Eating all those humans didn't help, as soon as he returned to the hotel that delicious scent hit him. Having him turn hungry all over again. Finding some source of sanity in glaring down at the clock he hated so much.

"fuck, I need to hurry then." Beverly turned the alarm off. Rummaging quickly for new clothes to rush into a cold shower. Something to dull the fever, or at least the aching pulse.

"hurrrrrrry? Hurry for what? You're actually going to work?!" Keeping

himself from drooling at the tempting scent of her. Today was going to be a lot harder for him if this scent stayed on her.

"i have to. I can't take a day off when Im barely a week into this job." she waved her hand in the air in annoyance. Returning to the bathroom to drown out Pennywise's uproar over the matter.

"how could you have lasted this long when all your actions are debilitating to your health?! Why is this job so much more important?! Can you not rest a day? Did you give your soul to them? Is there some kind of death oath for leaving I am not aware of?! Humans are paranoid of germs anyway, would they even want you there?!" he ranted at the bathroom door. Not quite sure if Beverly even heard him over the loud shower water.

"i am not letting you tear down all the work I've done to get you somewhat back to health." he hissed.

"even more so with the week coming to an end." speaking in whisper to himself.

Today was the 6th day after their little bet. He hadn't been able to do nearly as much as he had wanted. This job she had greatly getting in the way. He groaned and grumbled to himself the entire time Beverly took to get ready. Honestly it wasn't so much due to sickness he wanted her to stay. Her scent had him wanting to seclude her from the main population. Mainly from other males wanting to mate with her.

Beverly left the shower with the heated scent on her no longer being present. His body calming down to not be so aroused, however territorial guarding of her not so much. He was going to be obsessively close to her today if she went out in public.

"the hungers finally settling." thinking with relief. Swallowing down the last mouthful of built up drool.

"she'll request I take her to work, but should I?" he contemplated. "... I must, otherwise she will just walk there in the morning snow. Passing more males than needed in the process."

when she finished getting her coat on he approached. Holding out his hand for them to shift the distance to the diner. Not getting the reaction he expected from her looking down at his hand. He sucked in a deep inhale at the fresh heated scent flowing off her. Holding down a groan of excitement. His smile twitching wider knowing he could cause such a feeling from her. His efforts weren't all a waste as he had thought.

He assumed she would have grabbed his hand by now instead of staring at it for so long. Making a noise of clearing his throat to break her stare. He noticed how nervous she was to take his hand with hidden hesitation in her eyes. Right after the skip of space she yanked her hand free to rush right to work. Pennywise following right behind her. Fighting temptation to pull her close against his body. He wanted to at least touch her once today, aside from the short hand touch. Palms fidgeting between being open or closed to help hold himself back.

Beverly having almost as much as a difficult time. Feeling pained arousal by his hand reminding her what they did in her dreams. She couldn't look at him after that. She didn't even want to be near him today because of that whole dream.

It was so wrong for her to dream of that. "what is wrong with me? ... I am pretty sick, That has to be it, It was only a fever dream. I should get different cold medicine while in town. Get less of the cheap crap travel packets that make you high with fever dreams involving clowns." she thought, keeping her walking pace quick. Forced to stop when reaching her spot at the front desk register.

The normal disturbance of peace from the clown talking replaced by feeling him standing *a lot* closer than usual. His chest being only a few inches from her back.

"staying close due to yesterday?" she thought, straightening out her posture. Wanting to avoid accidentally leaning back into him. "ah shit, I need to call Erik for the rave junk." she moved from her counter to the back staff room. Walking quicker to gain some space between her and the clown. Losing it just as fast after stopping by the phone book.

"whaaaat are you looking fooorrr?" the clown asked, overly pronouncing for some reason. being close enough to lean over her shoulder. Watching fixedly as Beverly flipped through a phone book by the staff phone.

"looking for Eriks apartment number." sighing at feeling the clown twitch at Eriks name.

"whhyyy?!" continuing to over pronounce.

"whyyy do you need to know? Why do you have to ask where I am going, doing, or anything that has nothing to do with you!" Not being in the mood to deal with the clowns little tantrums over her boyfriend. Finding the number down in the book. Dialing quickly with a hand held up in telling the clown to be silent during the call.

"calling might make him angrrry." Saying so to scare her into not calling the other male. Being shushed by her as the phone rung over the line.

"he's talking like that because he's frustrated, but he did that before the call. What is he so angry about today?" she thought while the phone ringed a few more times.

"what? If you're selling something I am not-" she heard Erik answer the phone. Sounding like he just woke from sleeping in.

"no, its me Erik." voice aching at all the talking she was doing.

"babe? What happened to your voice? Heh, Smoking cigs finally get to your throat?" hearing him snicker at his "joke".

"mm, sick. I need to know about the party date. ... so I won't be late or anything." voice going quiet by the end.

"yeah I got that. Party's not gonna be till tomorrow. Still waiting for all the party guests to RSVP for a people count. Don't want to run outta kegs mid rave, heh heh. That all you need? cause I gotta head to work soon."

"um ... about us living in theapartmenttogether." she spoke fast. Hearing an outraged hiss from Pennywise.

"hang it up!" the clown growled.

"oh yeah, you can come now if you want. I just kicked out Charles yesterday." Erik answered, sounding more awake now.

"really?! Why?" surprised by the news.

"did he find out what Charles did?" she wondered, feeling a spark of joy from it.

"he was on some big drug trip. Came up to me screeching about you, with a huge dog thing wearing clothes going to eat him. I told him "if he's going to flip out on the heavy stuff I don't want him doing it near me." no way I am going in the news as the roommate that got stabbed to death." The spark of joy Beverly felt dying off after that.

"boy. Uh, I cant right now. Easier for me to finish up this week over here first before moving. I can also bring my first weeks pay by then too." she replied to Eriks offer. Feeling Pennywise breathing even more down her neck.

"haaaang up the phone!" the clown repeated through bared teeth.

"who's that?" Erik asked.

"dumb coworker telling me to get off the phone." Beverly covered for herself. Blocking Pennywise back with a holding up of the phone book to his face.

"tell-em to piss off already then." Erik spoke bluntly. Beverly hearing him flick a lighter right before Pennywise exploded at the phone.

"piss off?! Tell that little runt I can hang him, by his dick, in a tree till he falls down from infectious rot!" roaring down at the object Beverly was holding. his shouting going unheard as she put her hand over the talking piece.

"go somewhere else!" she spoke at him through gritted teeth. The clown looking down with a soured expression. Seeing him not going anywhere she decided to cut the call short.

"yeah, just did. You probably have to go to work now so I'll go off.

Love you." she ended.

"yeah, you too." Erik answered monotonously with a hanging up of the phone.

"what the hell is wrong with you?!" Beverly turned toward the clown with a hanging up of the phone.

"why are you asking to move in with him?!"

"because I plan to move in with him once the week is over!"

"whhhyyyy?!"

"i am not answering anymore of your dumb questions. He's my **boyfriend**, the one I am dating, **not you**. Im only here because of the stupid bet. I want this week over with as soon as possible!" speaking bluntly with a walk back to the front.

"isss it so set in stone?"

"**yes**. Why don't you leave me alone. Go do something, anything, to get away from me!"

"nothing to do." he lied.

"go – go get soup!" Beverly breathed out her building frustration.

"soup?" he asked confused.

"yes, its almost my lunch break. It'll help my cold, especially the soup from the Chinese place." she rubbed her head due to a building migraine. Pennywise being hesitant to leave her, but if soup would help her health.

"I'll fetch your soup." he mumbled, leaving Beverly to have her own space again.

"maybe I'll get two minutes without him breathing down my neck." her pulsing mind thought. She let out another deep breath of frustration. Shutting her eyes for just a moment when she heard the front door ring. "back already?" she thought, opened her eyes.

Expecting the clown, but getting something much worse.

"hey redhead slut." Victoria "greeted". The thorn in Beverly's side being followed by Trey and Lorna. Lorna was the perfect little minion under Victoria. Dressed exactly like her, laughed at all her jokes, treated everyone Victoria didn't like as garbage. Beverly wasn't even sure if Lorna had a personality at all besides copycatting the popular kids. Maybe shoplifting, if that counted, always nabbing a new purse for the week to stuff to the brim with stolen items.

"hey." was only what Beverly could answer with. Really wanting to be anywhere, but here talking to them.

"Erik said you'd hook us up with the free employee discount." Trey approached the counter, purposely keeping space between him and Beverly. Fearing her as a sort of bad luck charm ever since he discovered she was born on Friday the 13th. He rarely interacted with her unless he had too. Going so far as to throw salt over his shoulder if he accidentally bumped into her. He was incredibly superstitious fearing things from black cats, broken mirrors, and even the number 13. Asking people at the register to lower the number to 12 or up to 14 if he couldn't lower it.

"yeah." answering hesitantly. Beverly didn't want them coming in for free meals all the time. However, Saying no would have Erik be pissed off. She didn't want to see him bursting through the door in a hidden rage after his friends complained.

"get us a steak lunch, lamb chops, seafood platter and a platter of the oysters." he listed off.

"and two bottles of the most expensive wine." Victoria added on top. Giving a satisfied smirk as Beverly was forced to take the order.

Beverly typing everything down into the register, secretly selecting the cheapest wine. Not paying attention to Victoria and Lorna talking with whispering giggle fits. Both of them going quiet with the sound of the register printing.

She ripped the order off ready to send it off to the kitchen. Stopping to look over at the dessert display when she heard the sliding door

move. Looking in time to see a pie flying toward her. Getting half her face down along her left shoulder covered in the pie filling. Hearing the trio laugh at her standing there with an angry wince unable to do anything about it.

9. Fun & games

She sighed angrily walking back to throw the order through the kitchen window. "take care of the 3 out front. Don't ask." Not allowing the chefs a chance to ask what happened. Continuing to head toward the back into the staff bathroom. Sitting on the sink counter to calm down, alone.

"what happened to you?" she heard the clown's voice. Looking over to see him standing by the closed door with the requested container of soup.

"Victoria and her friends." rubbing the clean half of her forehead. Shutting her eyes in dealing with her migraine. Hearing Pennywise approach close with a setting down of the soup.

He examined over her for any serious injuries. Stepping closer to push how far he could get. She told him to stay out of the bathroom while she was in it, but that was at the hotel. Here she didn't seem to care about his presence inside. Staring at the sweet food, tempted by it, covering her. Bringing himself close enough to Flick out his tongue over a spot on her face to clean of pie filling. Taking a collection of the food into his mouth as she flinched away.

"ucck! Keep your tongue to yourself!" Beverly pushed a hand to his face with disgust to force him away. Tensing her legs together after that excited feeling of being licked. Unintentionally bringing up more of an erotic scent toward him. Exciting him to push further for even more tastings.

Feeling rows of teeth take a nip at her wrist she returned the hand back to her chest. His jaws moved to be up against her neck when there was no longer a hand holding him back.

Her same hand shot up to grab a hold of his ruffled collar. As if she could pull him away if he decided to rip into her neck. Holding back a shiver when his tongue swirled out across her skin in lapping up the broken food.

More of it slithering out with the feel of it changing along the way.

Smooth turning to rough to the start of the few bristles lining the sides she saw days ago. The bristles were dull, but flexible to help sweep up the filling in large amounts. Beverly pondered why exactly they were needed on a tongue.

"Quicker to lap up blood that way or to rip meat from between bones?" the thought passing her mind.

She leaned away, telling herself the reason was to get away from all the teeth grazing at her neck. In denial of the tongue bringing certain sensations to her core. There was no way she was feeling excited because of *him*. She was sick and that was the story she was sticking to.

His hands grabbed a hold of her shoulders, bringing her back closer to his mouth. Startling her by the sudden touch turning into her flinching from claws digging in. letting out a whimper from the sharp pain.

Scenting the hint of fear from her he retracted his claws. Pulling himself back from getting too far ahead. Licking more and more pie off her skin to swallow down without savoring a bite. He wanted to get the useless pie filling out of the way. tasting more of her under the mess. This was a rare chance of being allowed so close without her pushing him away. He was going to take it as long as he could, even when all the pie ran out.

Wrapping his tongue almost completely around her neck to get a taste of her. Not bothering much with the rest of the food coating her at that point. Enjoying her sweet delicate taste heightened by the arousal he was causing her.

"i-i have to get back to work." she stuttered out, forcing a shiver down. His grip moving around to hug her against his chest followed by a low growl. Her body going still at being pressed up against him. Thoughts racing on this not being a good position. Her legs twisting over themselves to prevent him from getting any closer.

"you're not clean yet." his voice sounding rough. Returning right back to tasting her. Swallowing a few more bits of pie to look like he was still working on cleaning her.

"E-either way, I h-have to work." tone going higher as his tongue went over a particularly sensitive spot.

"this has to stop." her mind blurted. Doing her best to ignore her bodies enjoyment of his handling. Feeling comfort against the warm soft fabric surrounding her in the hug. Eyes closing for a moment in holding herself back from fully leaning against him. A voice from the main dining room causing both to freeze.

"Babe, you here?!" it was Erik calling for her. Sounding unhappy, judging from his tone.

Pennywise let out an aggressive snarl through barred jagged teeth. Grip tightening on Beverly even more possessively at the presence of a intruding male. Beverly ignored the intimidating grip holding her, struggling to get free. If Erik was mad she didn't want to keep him waiting. However, Breaking from Pennywise's grip was a lot harder than she expected.

He held her back in the restraining hug. Covering her mouth just as she was to try yelling out a reply to Erik. Squirming in his tight grasp when she finally got out by elbowing the clowns ribs. Loosening his grip on her just enough to bolt away down the hall. Unable to grab her back now, he could only loom over the two in waiting for something to happen. Only appearing to Beverly in the situation as she talked with the male.

"what's that all over you?" Erik pointed to the last bits of pie remaining. The cleaned area being covered with a thin layer of glistening drool.

"oh, uh, pie. There was a accident and i-" interrupted by a tongue licking the back of her neck. "-iii had to cleeean it off." her words unsteady. Subtly trying to push away the invisible clown purposely messing up the conversation.

"not surprising. I need money for the party, short on ordering the alcohol. Go ask your boss for our weeks pay early. Get you moved in before the party plans kick in to." he told her.

" ... i can't-" barely getting the second word out when Erik

interrupted.

"why not?" his tone quieting her.

"she's mine for another day is why." Pennywise hissed in thought.

"i ... I don't want to move before the weeks over. It'll mess up work."

"this place won't matter once you move. We have a whole shop going that puts the pharmacy here to shame. You won't have to work another day here babe." tone turning overly friendly as he smiled at her.

"oh. ... can I finish this week? Its only one more day."

"you ask him like a child." the clown behind her hissed.

" why? Let's go home where you can do better things like laundry. That would be more helpful than earning pocket change here." leaning over the counter. Beverly shrinking back ready to curl up for when a strike would hit.

"more money ... for drinks on the party day?" smiling lightly to calm him.

"i don't like you working. you'll have to move your stuff on your own tomorrow. Get the money to me by tomorrow morning or else I'll be pissed, come find you, and fix that shit memory of yours." he threatened, taking his leave.

Beverly uncrumpled herself from the passive position. Thinking of what to do. "get everything together tonight, ask boss for weeks pay. See Erik, move in, get ready for the party." listing her thoughts off in almost a numb automated way.

"you going to obey, little pet?" the clown asked.

"im helping. Some of it was my idea." glaring up at him.

"riiight, I bet he's the next pope too." tone heavy in sarcasm.

"im moving in with him tomorrow." she spoke bluntly.

"what?! You can't! We still have a day together!" speaking out his growing anger.

"yes, and I'll still be able to see you. Technically together, nothing's broken."

"technicallllly your sssuppose to do as I sayyy." frustration leaking through.

"i don't even trust you'll keep the bargain anyway!"

Noticing the chefs staring through the service window she turned embarrassed. The chefs having watched her argue with the air for who knows how long.

"good thing this job will be over soon. Since my coworkers think I'm nuts now." she thought, walking to get away to gain some privacy. Aiming to be someplace where nobody would see her talking to the invisible clown.

"maybe I am crazy. This whole Pennywise thing is some massive hallucination. Maybe the guys were being really nice to the insane girl randomly making up stories." darkly joking in her thoughts.

For hours she heard Pennywise's grumbling over her moving tomorrow. Only pausing for the few hours before the work days end. Continuing later that night while Beverly packed away whatever she could. Feeling excited for tomorrow to be heading ... home.

"home ... it is home. ... Why does that feel so weird to think of?" she pondered. "been in this hotel for too long is why. After I settle down in the apartment it will feel less weird."

"you don't *really* want to leave." the clown spoke. Being ignored by Beverly who was tired of hearing him whine all day. "Do you really want to rely on him for food? For protection? He can't even hold onto his money."

"that's because a clown with nothing better to do has been harassing him. Something that better stop after I move in." Beverly held her tone deathly serious.

"or else what? You'll protect him? Better ask permission first. Don't want him getting upset." he scoffed. "do you think he would do something if I came after you? Or if anyone came after you? Would you need to beg for him to step in? Beg for him to even stay by your side?"

"no! He would step in if he knew what was going on!" Beverly spoke defensibly in place of Eriks absence. "hed be leaving with me if he knew what was really going on!"

"leaving with you, are you sure? He would run to save his own skin first, the little rat." continuing to prod her on the subject. Working to pop the delusional bubble Beverly kept surrounding the subject of Erik.

"he wouldn't leave without me." fidgeting with the zippers on her bag.

"he fled pretty quick on our first reunion. Left you to me, alone, running down my tunnels with barely the energy to stand. How long did it take you to get out? How did he greet you once past my door step?"

"and what about you! Acting like you're not in the wrong! He has to take care of me, find us a place to sleep, food to eat, all while on the streets with no help! Meanwhile, what did you do?! Stalk me all around town, hunted me through all those tunnels like a snake! Were you planning to play with your food at the end of it to?!" exploding on him. Furious at how he bad talked Erik at every chance he could. If he was going to drag down Erik, she was going to drag him down just as far.

"considered it, but I also considered talking. I wanted to know why you got stuck with that male. Why you came back to try living some miserable little life in a town that never cared." expression turning serious. Lacking the anger Beverly expected of him to react with.

" ... I didn't get stuck with him. I *chose* him. Just like I *chose* to return here." anger dying down at the lack of his.

"like you choose to be helpless? Pathetic like a deer in the road.

There are animals dumber than you that still have a better sense of self preservation than you. You do know that injuries lead to death, yessss? They must be treated, do you know that?" tone speaking down to her like a child.

"if you're going to talk to me like that I won't listen to anything you say. Stop trying to be involved where you're not wanted." shrugging him off to head for bed. Shoving her bag next to her sleeping spot. Not trusting it to be under the bed like usual if the clown was tempted to hide it.

The next morning Beverly woke up obviously later than usual. Investigating the lack of sound from her alarm had her discovering it fully crushed to pieces.

"good thing I don't need that anymore." she thought. Feeling a little upset that Pennywise destroyed something of hers. On the other hand, Erik didn't like her working which made having an alarm useless for her. Continuing on like normal, Beverly went to take a shower. Keeping her travel bag close for safe keeping. Taking her medication with a new set of clothes on.

Beverly felt strange on this morning. Having not seen Pennywise appear yet to harass her. Mixed feelings of scared nerves fighting with excitement to be in her own apartment with Erik. Stepping out from the bathroom in fresh clothes she smoothed out repeatedly to look nice for Erik later.

"your really trying to look presentable for him?" the clown appeared with a grimace across his face. Oozing a large aura of disapproval for what she was doing today.

"yes, you taking me to work?" she asked flatly.

"no, you can walk." spoken with the same tone as hers. She rolled her eyes at the expected answer. Putting on her bag to walk the distance there. Followed the whole way by him grumbling something barely hearable.

Beverly's lungs began to sting about the same time she reached the diner. Taking a deep breath of the warm air inside to recover from

the pain.

"that's one thing going right. My cold didn't totally screw me with the pneumonia." she thought. Preparing herself to now tell her boss she was quitting and wanted her paycheck of 1 week.

"why quit if moneys so important? Is it because he said so?" Pennywise asked to prod at her nerves.

"hes old fashioned. Doesn't want me working to death at a dead end job. He prefers doing the hard work to pay for everything." whispering to avoid being seen again talking to herself.

"how old in "old fashioned"? I have quite a few century's experience. Pairs used to do everything together once upon a time. Tending the grain, gathering eggs, slitting the throats of pigs to tear the meat apart." his talking going on being ignored. Beverly walking faster to the managers door with a worried knock before entering.

She went through the explanation to her manager that there was a "family emergency" that required her to quit. Asking for the pay by the end. Her manager wasn't happy, but couldn't really do much about it.

"oooh you had to lie? Why's that? Afraid to get in some trouble for something you shouldn't be doing?" the clown mocked by her side. Her unable to answer in the presence of her manager writing down the check, handing her the small pay. As soon as the check was in hand she rushed right out the diner. Heading straight to meet Erik.

" words from god. You're making bad choices."

"what god?" she asked bitterly.

"mee!" he sang out proudly.

"you? you're the furthest thing from god here! I'd be more likely to believe that a sandwich at the diner was god." walking further ahead to gain space.

"do people see you talking to that too?" teasing with soft voice turning an agitated growl as Erik's apartment came into view.

Standing right behind Beverly at the door. Watching her movements stiffen up at the knock on the door. Fear flowing off her to fill the air outside around them.

"he's not home." lying through a barred smiled. Letting out a disappointed growl when Erik came to the door.

Erik smiled widely at seeing Beverly. Looking even happier at seeing the check in her hands.

"oh great, you brought the money. How much is it?"

"its 256." speaking softly with a handing over of her check.

"that it? Did you try asking for more?" snatching the check with a disappointed look over. Any happiness he had disappearing at the measly number on the check.

"i could have gotten more if I worked longer." Wincing back when Erik made his disapproval of her talk known.

"that all your shit? Or do you have to go back for more?" pointing at her backpack. Turning to head into the apartment without a word to invite Beverly in.

"no, this is it." tone returning to its earlier softness. Standing on the doorstep, waiting, to be invited in. afraid if she just assumed and stepped inside, Erik would be greatly upset.

"good, set it inside back in my room. You can sort through it later after you get a bunch of stuff done." pointing down the hallway toward his room. Beverly cautiously stepping into the home with steps being light as a feather to not make any noise.

"just fucking walk!" Pennywise snapped behind her. following her irritatingly slow steps further into the building. He was about ready to carry her to the room to save the hour it would take at their pace. Scaring her unintentionally into going still in the living room. She had forgotten he was still following her around. Taking in a breath to grab a careful side glance of Erik turned away. Walking again in a quicker pace before he could turn back.

Entering the bedroom by a quiet turn of the knob. Not even daring to make a noise from the door creaking shut. Setting her bag by the door like a fragile baby about to wake up screaming.

"back at this dump." the clown insulted the place.

"your one to talk." Beverly whispered, carefully stepping back out to talk with Erik. "you wanted me to do something?" quietly asking when approaching him.

"yeah, need you to clean this place. Flies are getting attracted to all the empty beer bottles. Then you can do laundry and make us something for lunch. I should be back by then to come pick it up." pulling out a bag of weed from the underside of the lower sink cabinets. Shoving it into one of his jacket pockets.

"yes sir." nodding in confirmation.

"cook, clean, do laundry all the wonders of being a maid." the clown mocked.

"quiet." Beverly mumbled out as a blurb. Making fully sure that Erik didn't hear it.

"steaks are in the freezer, you know how I like them."spoken on his way to the door.

"I'll make sure they're ready." remaining in her standing spot with her head lowered. Taking careful short glances toward him to avoid direct eye contact.

"I'll make sure they're ready." the clown mocked her voice perfectly.

"stop it." hissing her words to the side.

"i can do your friends laundry too." the clown spoke clearly in Beverly tongue. She went wide eyed at what he said that actually caught Eriks attention back to her.

"great, they left a couple bags in the living room corner you can do." Erik responded as he opened the door to leave.

"want me to be your babysitter, dumb ass?" the clown was having too much fun mimicking her. Joyfully messing with Erik all at the same time.

"shut up!" Beverly shouted a little too loudly.

"who are you telling to shut up?!" Erik slammed the door strong enough to shake things off a nearby shelf. "Do you think you own the place?!" His approach gearing up to throw a few blows while Beverly lowered herself into a flinch. Holding both arms over her head for protection in a shivering panic.

"uh." she heard Erik let out in a much calmer tone. Beverly peaked out under her blocking arms. Noticing first that Erik's expression changed more toward fear. Staring at her from his spot not too far from the door. The next noticeable thing was Pennywise's arms held out at her sides. Leaning forward to keep his head above hers defensively. Jaws bared widely in a smile of sharp teeth daring Erik to try stepping closer.

"do what I asked." Erik spoke out faster than normal with a hurried pace out the door.

Beverly uncurled from her defensive position. Looking from the door to the clown with a glare. Shoving him with both her hands on his chest. Fighting back tears building up in her eyes.

"you're an asshole! What did you do?!" she demanded to know. "did he see you?!"

"don't get your knickers in a knot. All I did was give him a little warning, he still doesn't know shit." he answered casually.

"you started it you asshole!"

"maybe you should be glad I didn't finish it. Hmm? ... let it go." grinning down at her. Voice in a tone of hidden warning.

"... whatever ... I got a list of chores to do." voice already sounding tired. Entering the kitchen to grab a few trash bags. Throwing all the empty to half full bottles of stale beer into the bags. Ignoring all the mocking jabs of her being a maid from the clown. Throwing out bags

of trash to then start on laundry. Slowly going through the bags and bags. Folding all of Erik clothes to put away neatly. For everybody else she just tossed back into the bags without care. Rushing to cook Eriks lunch before he could arrive.

"why do you have to ruin it like that? Leave some of the damn blood to keep it juicy!" the clown complained over the cooking steak in the pan. Watching it as somebody would a dead rat in a blender.

"humans don't like blood on our meat. We prefer it fully edible." Beverly carefully plated it with a few sides. Trying to make it seem perfect. She made the mistake once before having it be too messy looking. She never make the mistake again. Setting the overly neat plate on the dining table with a beer sitting by.

"edible compared to what? A belt?" the clown reached to touch the meat on the plate. Hand slapped away by Beverly before he could.

"don't touch it!"

"didn't know you were so food aggressive too." he joked.

"only on the stuff I make." Fear spiking up as Eriks arrival drew closer.

"i can make it better." the clown stared down at the plate.

"if you mess this up I swear!" glaring with tone low.

"but its soooo boring here. Why don't we go out? Your suppose to have glittery sunshine or air or something needing outside."

"no, I have chores to do." Standing by the table with folded arms as if she was a servant ready for their next order.

"like what?" challenging her word.

"clean sheets, windows, maybe vacuum." voice spoken out softly.

"never thought id see the day someone makes up there own slave work." he chuckled. "maybe I can help things be better." raising a hand toward the food.

"NO!" screeching wide eyed at him about to touch the set plate.

"no I absolutely can. Like this over cooked belt you served. It just needs-" cheerfully speaking with confidence as his hand lowered closer.

"NO! Don't you dare touch anything!" holding her dagger eyed stare.

"or else what?" teasing his hand over the plated food. He pushed quite a few times, but never this far. He wanted to test what she would do. Curious how she would handle herself in an environment she was so set on keeping perfect.

Dodging her hand whipping out to slap him. Laughing at her soft attack barely feeling any air cross his face.

"too slow. He has you trained well. Cant let the little dog bite indoors." taunting in pushing her further.

"i don't want to deal with a child." the last of her patience running out. keeping her standing pose by the table.

"oooh, that hurt." speaking in mocked sadness. Leaving Eriks plated food alone to walk down along the table. Beverly's posture relaxing for the moment. Tensing back up at the clown coming close around her side of the table. Shooting out an arm to stop his from grabbing Eriks plate. Pushing the clown back to get him as far from the plate as possible. Kicking him when he moved her away with a grip on one of her wrists. Grabbing onto his ruffled collar in holding him back from approaching the plate again.

With her getting more hands on he wanted to test more aggressively. Opening his jaws up at the arm holding onto his collar. Scaring her into letting go. Shoving her away, not enough to knock her off her feet, creating an issue for him when he turned away. Feeling her jump onto his back with arms wrapping around his neck to choke him back.

He hated that irritating sensation, wanting to break it quickly he twisted his spine much farther then normal. Grabbing a hold one of her legs to yank up. Disturbing her grip enough to break it with

another yank forward. Having her drop onto the floor.

"you're rusty." chuckling down at her. Her glaring up at him from the floor. Kicking her leg free from his hold to get up. Stumbling up into her earlier pose when Erik entered through the door.

"i made it the way you like." smiling softly to Erik.

"you were suppose to put it in a bag." he sighed. "I'll fucking do it."going to a cupboard to yank out a large Ziploc bag. Tossing the entire plate into with without concern.

"all that plating to waste." Pennywise commented on Beverly's perfect plate now mashed into one bag.

"sorry." Hearing an angry huff from Erik on his way out the door. Slamming it loudly behind him.

"great, that went well. Can you make me lunch too?" the clown joked.

"shut up."

"shut up." mimicking her, voice and all.

"Stop."

"Stop." parroting her. She only let out a sigh after that. Heading to go do some other chore in the apartments.

"lets go outside. He got his lunch, he won't be back for a while." speaking as he followed behind.

"no." voice going back to its quiet tone.

"lets go." ignoring her rejection. Grabbing her hand with a shifting of black to appear out in the woods. "there, not so bad." Watching Beverly shut down in immediate panic.

"where are we?!" ducking low below the large brush line to hide.

"the forest."

"where?!" she asked more urgently.

"by the quarry." Beverly bolting off soon after he answered. "where are you going?" he shouted after her.

She run toward a large opening in the tree line. Finding the quarry cliff edge. Running around it to find a dirt road that would hopefully bring her to the main road. She had to rush back before Erik found out she left.

"shit, shit, shit." she repeated with her running down the road. Lungs making it painful after the first minute. Then her stabbed side started to burn. Anxiety spiking as a police car pulled up next to her. Her running down a dirt road looking very suspicious in her mind. She slowed to a stop as the car did. The officer rolling down the window to speak.

"put a leash on your dog." he told her.

"what?" she spoke confused.

"leash it." he pointed behind her. She looked back seeing a large white wolf like dog standing 3 ft at the shoulder. Darker grey markings on its paws and circling the neck. Wagging its tail happily at watching her.

"that's not mine!" turning back toward the officer.

"it's been following you. Seems to know you like it's yours. Either leash it, or I give you a fine." the officer warned.

"god dammit." Beverly hissed under her breath. Looking around for something like a vine to use in place of a leash. The only thing on her that was remotely usable was her belt. Taking it off to make a loop big enough to fit around the dog's head with only 4 inches extra as a "leash". Resisting the urge to tighten it into choking him. Looking to the officer for a sign of satisfaction.

"bring a leash next time." the officer ended the conversation with a drive off. Beverly waited for the car to be far off into the distance for her to rush off again. Ditching the wolf she was sure she knew well.

"why are you running off so?" the wolf trotted behind her.

"because of you I have to reach the damn apartment." running going more into a jog. Not taking long to reach town across the main bridge. Turning back toward the annoying creature that had been following her. Knowing shed have to pick the leash back up so no other cops would stop her.

"couldn't have been anything else. Like a moose so I wouldn't have to walk you." Beverly complained.

"a moose look doesn't suit my dietary needs." he answered smugly.

Beverly shook her head. Looking up at the sky to gather some sense of time. It was far past noon, meaning Erik would be heading home soon. Sickness settling at the bottom of her stomach. The apartment wasn't far now she just needed to rush a little longer.

"Maybe i could make up a cover by buying groceries." Stomach sinking at her name being called.

"Beverly!" Erik shouted from the window of a large van. Her head whipped around to his direction, shrinking down fearfully. "what are you doing?" tone uncomfortably calm. A cold stare held on her. She didn't get the chance to answer when Lorna spoke up.

"aww, its a cute doggy." she spoke excitedly. The wolf gleaming with pride at being praised, even if it was from a rat. Getting Victorias attention enough to push Lorna back for a look.

"pfft, that ragged mutt infested with ticks?" Victoria insulted.

"who got it for you?" Eriks tone bearing mistrust from what Beverly noticed. This felt more serious then normal, especially when he asked "who".

"n-nobody. I got him." answering him quietly.

"how'd you afford it?" asking barely after Beverly finished.

"he's a stray. He followed me."

"why did you go out?" At this point she was sure he was looking for any excuse to pin on her.

"i finished everything-"

"did you?" Erik interrupted. She decided it was best to stay quiet at this point. Giving a light nod as her only answer. "get in the car." he commanded.

"i can wal-"

"no, get in the van!" cold stare turning more enraged. "all you guys move over!" he said to everybody sitting in the back.

"no way, she'll have to sit in the back with Charles." Victoria snickered from the window.

Beverly's heart skipped a beat. Fearfully stepping up to open the van door. Standing there ready to vomit at the sight of Charles smiling at her. She slowly got onto the seat, squished as far as she could at the seats end to avoid Charles. Receiving a bit of a gut punch as the wolf leapt into her lap as she closed the door.

"could you get your damn paw out of my gut and your elbow off my collar bone!" she groaned to the heavy creature sitting in her lap. Shoving the beast a little to sit more on her legs then on half her body. Sucking in a breath of air when he did move. Sitting this way was incredibly uncomfortable. The pain far outweighed the other cons, being Charles.

"uh, hes a really big one. Heeey puppy-" Charles spoke nervously around the large canine. Reaching out a shaky hand to pet pens snout. The large wolf bearing more of its teeth in a threatening growl at the hovering hand. Lunging for a snap at it, making a loud clack of teeth shutting on air. Beverly keeping pen held close as she gave a happy pat to the wolfs chest. Hiding a small smile behind all the fur at seeing Charles now trying to blend into the other door. Far away from the large canine with half bared teeth staring at him.

"what's his name?" Lorna asked. Earning a disappointed huff from Victoria.

" ... Pen ..." Beverly spoke after some quick thinking. Not knowing how long he would stick around like this she had to call him

something.

"stupid." Victoria commented.

"that things not coming into the apartment." Erik started from the front passenger seat. Catching pens attention away from Charles for a split second.

Beverly nodded despite him unable to see her. Erik hated animals, especially dogs, maybe because they also hated him. She wasn't worried about leaving Pennywise outdoors. Right now she had to worry about if Charles would follow along into the apartment. Then there was Eriks paranoia of her cheating with someone.

"maybe the drive will calm him down a bit." she thought.

Trey stopped the van outside their apartment. The engine not turning off meant at least trey was going to leave. Beverly swallowed down some hope that everybody else would leave as well.

"see you all at the party tomorrow. Get out of the car babe." Erik spoke with an opening of his door. Beverly getting a wave of relief at everybody going. Slipping out from under pen after opening the door. The large beast following behind her.

"i gotta take care of pen for a second." she spoke quietly to Erik.

"2 minutes to tie him to a tree." Erik said, heading indoors. With trey driving off leaving her completely alone with Pen.

She removed her belt from around his neck. Seeing no reason for him to keep it.

"you named me, now you have to keep me. Those are the rules." pen spoke.

"what? What rules where?" raising a brow at him as she slipped her belt back on.

"the rule that all the children say."

"oh, that. That doesn't work that way." giving a light chuckle at the

simple logic. Kids always assumed if you brought something home with a name, it meant they could keep it.

"why not? They say it all works."

"naming something to keep only works if your 5 and its a baby bird." heading to the apartment. Sky darkening with the days end. "now go off. The days are up and this stuff has to stop." tone stern, hiding other feelings underneath.

"it won't stop! I will continue courting! It will only stop when I say!" shouting from behind her. Seeing Beverly's head shake before disappearing into the building.

"... should the game end?" the question rose in his mind.

Valkyrie Summers

shes still in denial. XD

Yami Wesker

aww, thank you. :3

10. The Rave

Beverly stared up at the bedroom ceiling. Watching it's color change with the rising sun light blaring through the nearby window. Breathing as quietly as she could to not wake Erik sleeping next to her. Sleeping next to him after so long felt out of place. Like someone would when sharing a sleeping bag at camp with a stranger. Last night went in Beverly's favor with Erik heading straight to bed. Talking about how he needed to get up early tomorrow to set up the rave by the next night.

She got a few hours of sleep before waking incredibly early. Mostly going over her chores for the day in her thoughts. Mentally preparing herself to be Eriks babysitter later for his rave. Which he still hadn't confirmed the location to her yet. Only that it was " outside Derry". Knowing she wasn't going to get anymore sleep she sat up from her resting spot.

" need to get used to an actual mattress again, geeze." rubbing her back of a sore spot. " this is a pretty shitty mattress though." Feeling one particular spot with a spring popping through the top.

She stretched on her feet. Following her normal morning routine. Only going about it incredibly quiet this time to not wake Erik. The shower filled with fancy guy shampoos. A shelf holding a line of cologne in bottles worth at least 30 bucks each. She stuck with her scentless bar soap grabbed from her bag. After her shower she went to start breakfast stopping herself at the fridge. Remembering she wasn't allowed to make breakfast without Erik. He always ate first along with deciding what they both ate.

" I'll just get started on chores then." whispering to herself with a turning around into something solid. Having her back up with surprise in looking up at Pennywise standing there with his usual smile.

" what are you doing here?!" whispering to avoid waking Erik.

" why wouldn't i?" the clowns head tilting to one side.

" the bets over!" her talking a little fast to learn why he was there and how to get rid of him.

" yes, but my courting is not." head returning back to its straightened position. Taking his time to reply to her.

" it should!" returning to start work on chores. First was dishes then after Erik woke she could turn on the noisy laundry machine.

His face scrunched up after smelling the air around her as she passed by. Displeased by that ratty males scent staining her delicate one. Thoughts souring on why that could be. She didn't have any scent of arousal, but that didn't crop up all the time. Some humans were just incredibly lousy in the category of performance.

"What?" she asked over his change of expression.

" you reek of that male now." His tone heavy with displeasure.

" we did sleep together last night." Seeing the immediate shift in his mood at what she said. Watching his teeth going sharp, eyes burning redder, shoulders rising from there relaxed position, and a crackling noise she was sure was coming off his hands growing claws.

"Not like that. Regular sleeping." sure that if she didn't specify Erik wouldn't last long. That shift drawing back in shoulders dropping, teeth retracting just as fast when they grew. Most of his body remaining on edge.

" do you plan on it?" A low growl barely escaping his throat.

" what business is it of yours who i fuck?" words blunt as she crossed her arms readying to squash this issue.

" arrrrre you?" frustration leaking.

" we've been doing it for quite a while before returning here." Amused that her answer caused his reaction of aggressively tensing again. She never experienced someone so jealous of her and Erik being together. "But not for the past two years. It died off pretty quickly." She added.

"And thank god for that." She thought.

" and whys that? Wouldn't you both want to try for offspring?" raising a brow at her.

" ... Do you want kids?" feeling the question a bit awkward to ask. Aside from the terrifying thought of multiple Pennywise's infesting a town. - or towns? - Asking the question made it seem like she wanted *IT's* children, which she did not.

" is it not the ultimate goal of any creature?" the answer leaving Beverly feeling more awkward. Did *IT* expect her to bare its children? She was too afraid to ask the question.

" you'd be out of luck with me then. Can't have kids." walking by to turn on the faucet for hot water. Standing by in making sure none of the rising water overflowed.

" infertile, why so?" tone sounding curious over disappointed. Opposite to what she expected him to sound at the news.

" scarring ... From trauma in childhood." Remembering the small window where her and Erik really tried for a kid. Making that discovery after finding nothing seemed to be working. A blessing in disguise after Eriks personality shift.

"scarring would not stop the urging. Felt no temptation for the action?" standing by as she began washing dishes.

"no." fidgeting with one plate a little longer than needed.

"why not? Do you hate it?" knowing her past involving the forced action could sour it for her. Yet, her answer of continuing by choice later in life meant it wasn't.

"no, its like- I don't feel- ... it's sort of a chore. I don't hate it or like it. Its something I do to get along in life, like laundry." her tone unenthusiastic over the topic. Being honest that she saw the action of sex as unexciting. She wanted to like it, but it never felt as good as everyone said it was.

"a shame. Can the male perform at all? Or do you do all the work like

with everything else? I would understand if he lays there almost dead. No wonder you would see it a chore." letting out a snicker with confidence that he was correct.

"why does it sound like you're experienced with this? aren't humans disgusting?" roughly scrubbing a plate free of old food. Wanting the conversation to end already.

"yes, but that does not make committing the action any less fun. Even if I do, do the most." by how he boasted, Beverly really didn't want to know any further details. Scrubbing quietly over the next plate from a pile.

" are you talking to yourself?" with a turn toward the voice she saw Erik standing half awake in the hallway entrance.

"Uh, yes. I was praying." She made up an excuse.

" praying while washing dishes?" He stared at her like she was insane.

"Yeah, it skips the middle man of blessing food." giving a wavering smile to seem sincere. He stared at her even more confused.

"Superstitious freak." Erik muttered with a turn back toward the bathroom.

" make the bacon and eggs. I want them on the table by the time i get out." He shouted, shutting the bathroom door behind him.

"Yes sir." Beverly spoke as loud as she could without irritating him.

"Yes sir." Pennywise mimicked. Beverly waving a hand at him to try shoos him away. Drying her hands off on a small rag to start breakfast.

Halfway through cooking she realized an important detail.

"Shit, i didn't spread out the cooking." She whispered. Looking over her shoulder toward the bathroom. Quickly scooping a small bit of food onto a plate. Hiding it away in a cupboard.

"What are you doing?" Pennywise was confused by what she was

doing. Never having seen a human put fresh hot food in a cupboard before it was to be eaten.

" Erik likes to take a lot." dropping the rest onto a large platter to serve on the table. Pouring a glass of orange juice to set aside in a careful presentation.

"Okay, i think I've got everything." quickly going over the finished dining set up. "Silverware, empty plate, drink and the food. Nothing burnt, sunny side up." mumbling through some checklist worriedly.

" no food taster for his royal highness?" his joking shushed by Beverly with her nervously sitting down by her own lone empty plate. Waiting silently for Erik to come to the table.

Watching him indirectly from the corner of her vision. Seeing him sit down with an immediate pouring of 95% of the food onto his own plate. Leaving Beverly hardly a cup worth of food to take. This was why she hid some in the cupboard. Otherwise she'd have to sneak more food other ways.

He took a sip of the orange juice, only to immediately spit it back into the cup in a hacking fit.

"Are you okay?" Beverly flinched down in her chair. Questioning herself on if she did something wrong.

"Did you look over the juice bottle?! Shits gotta be expired by a few months!" speaking through his heavy hacking.

"sorry." she passively apologized. Seeing a snickering clown from the corner of her vision. She was sure the juice expired much quicker than that.

"whatever, I'll drink later at the rave set up. Have to be there all day for it." Erik grumbled with a shoveling of food in his mouth. Pennywise nabbing his chance while his attention was off Beverly.

"can I walk pen?" the clown mimicked her voice. Hearing Beverly suck in a nervous breath.

"hes fine tied up outside." Erik looked up at her.

"yeah, he is." Beverly spoke softly. This clown was going to get her hurt if he kept doing this. Right when Eriks attention turned away, Pennywise spoke up again.

"i can walk him on the way to get groceries." speaking quickly in mimicked voice.

"why do you want to go out?!" Eriks patience being lost, Beverly was now snagged in making up excuses to dig herself out of a hole.

"i thought I should get fresh air." there was nothing else she could really say. Body shivering under Eriks pinning glare. Chest restricting the further Erik went on in silence.

"we'll talk later about it when Trey gets here." returning back to his food. Scraping the fork heavily against the plate. A show of his unhappiness to her asking all these questions he knew, that she knew he didn't like.

Beverly felt incredible unease at the answer he gave. Last time this happened she was punished by being dropped in a sketchy part of the city with a jacket stuffed full of drugs to sell for the day. The clown did not push any further with his mimicry. She assumed he was momentarily satisfied into quieting down. Questioning what he would do later if Erik pressed back that she still couldn't go anywhere.

There was no more talking between them until Erik heard a knock at the door. Motioning toward it for Beverly to go open while he stayed eating. Watching her the entire time she did the task of opening the door as quiet as she could. When Trey saw her answer the door he stepped back. Him being unable to hear the clown chuckling not too far at seeing the reaction.

"someone's not a fan." the clown spoke behind her. Unable to be replied too in the presence of others.

Beverly stepped aside when Erik approached. Standing off to the side without a word in waiting for Erik to tell her what would happen.

"Beverly's wants to walk around." he gestured to Beverly then toward

Trey. "You have to babysit her."

"what,why?! Don't I have to help set up today?!" Trey exclaimed, looking back and forth between the two.

"we just need your van. Consider this taking the day off." Erik ignored Trey's stress over the given task.

"why tho? and why me? Get Victoria to babysit!" Trey argued. A pause followed between the two. Erik faced Beverly with a cold look.

"go wait in the back." Erik commanded. Beverly nodding with a quick walk to the bedroom. Even if Beverly was sent away there was still one standing by spying for her.

"she's cheating and your the one to keep her out of trouble. I trust you'll kick the douchebags ass if you figure out who it is too." Erik bringing out a cigarette to light his anger away. "now be a pal and babysit while I set the party. Don't let her too far from the main town center. I have a feeling who ever she knows is somewhere around the town edge." smacking a wad of money into Trey's hand.

"yeah, yeah, keep a short leash." Trey pocketed the money. Pennywise laughed over the conversation. Him being beaten by a little human afraid of black cats crossing his path. He'd like to see him try, it would make more entertainment for him if he did. The other pathetic male had right to worry on Beverly ditching him.

"today's going to be fun." the clown spoke to himself. First thing on his list was breaking that restriction of distance. Walking around the open public in the main town was not going to work for him. Now that he couldn't be around Beverly so openly anymore without her whispering every word. Ignoring him most the time because someone else was around. He had to start being more aggressive on stealing her away.

Hearing her say all the excuses. Watching her be commanded around like a dog. Hearing her defend this rats every action like he's the god of this town. His tolerance had reached its limit on this silly charade. What kind of male would he be, allowing his mate to be harmed or pushed around by another male. That was stopping right now.

"Beverly!" Erik called her back to the front door. She swallowed down her pills for the day in a rush back to Eriks side. Pocketing the rattling bottle in her side pant pocket.

"what are those?" she froze in place at Erik asking her something.

"these? Antibiotics, for my pneumonia." answering softly with her hand bringing them out to show him. Swallowing when he snatched the bottle from her hand with a quick read over the bottle label.

"your fine, you don't need these anymore. You'll want to sell these." shoving answers into her mouth to questions he didnt bother to ask. Pocketing her meds into his jacket. "do whatever, but stay around town. Trey will be going with you. Don't do anything stupid, babe." he told her. Walking out to drive off in Trey's van.

"we going somewhere or what?" Trey impatiently asked her.

"yes, a short walk." she answered. Not really wanting to go anywhere, but Pennywise seemed obsessed with getting her outside for any reason. Staying in doors she knew would be bringing trouble on her head. Looking down at the approaching wolf dog bearing a sly looking grin.

"wait here, I need to get something." not entirely directed toward Trey, left standing there tapping his foot impatiently on the cement porch.

She looked around the place with carefully handling of everything. Reminding herself that she wasn't allowed to mess up Eriks organization. Second guessing herself when she did find something useful. Taking something without permission wasn't allowed. If Erik found out he would be pissed. Going to the back bedroom instead to try searching her bag for something. Taking one of her old beaten down belts to use for a makeshift leash.

Returning to the front she stepped past Trey to loop on the "leash" over pens neck. Taking in a breath of fresh air before starting their walk. Planning to only head around a couple blocks in a loop back. The task harder then expected with pen yanking her around where he wanted to go. Almost dragging her along with the strength of a

moose tugging at his end.

"stop yanking!" speaking through bared teeth down at the wolf. Pen doing so only after they reached the canal to follow. Slowly getting further and further away from the center of town.

"are you really so merry to be stuck as the maid?" receiving no response from Beverly to his question.

"is life really so easy with him? I at least can care for myself." ... "i can give you anything. No one could touch you. You'd almost be a god. Able to watch everyone like ants with all the control. You can make the hecklers suffer. Imagine it." ... "you know he thinks your cheating. That's why that idiot's following us." he talked on, continuing to go without any response.

"why won't she talk?" he looked from her back at the male following. "he is a bit close. She does not like answering when a rats near." Irritated that he has not received any sort of verbal communication from Beverly. Not even some sound of annoyance by his usual offerings.

His walking slowed with head turning to glare at the spying follower. Letting out a low growl turning into a lunge of teeth that had Beverly yanked back by the arm. Turning around to yank pen back before he could do whatever he was trying.

"what are you doing?!" Choking pen with a yank of the leash to keep him back. Trey being a few feet farther away then before.

Walking around to be on the side furthest from pen. "can you control that damned thing?" the startled male shouted at her. The wolf hiding a grin at his success of gaining distance between the two.

Beverly calming down from the mini heart attack she had. Knowing pen was only stopped because he allowed it. He would have easily reached Trey despite her yanking with all her might. Maybe ignoring him wasn't the best, yet she was out of other ideas. She thought by ignoring him long enough he would leave from boredom.

"you have to head back." Trey told her.

"it'd be better to avoid the public while walking him." Beverly gestured toward the wolf, ignoring Trey's command.

"Erik doesn't want you leaving the center." she was warned. Her stopping with a pause to shut her eyes in frustration.

"Trey, it'll be fine. There's nobody out here. If he thinks i am cheating it won't matter where I go anyway." Not willing to be nagged by Trey who was too afraid to do anything to her. Opening her eyes to walk further down along the river. Surprised when Trey did do something by grabbing her arm.

Beverly didn't have anytime to react as she turned to face him. Catching only a glimpse of wolfed pen opening his jaws full of hooked canine teeth. Biting down into Trey's arm by the time she was fully able to look over her shoulder.

A loud **snap** of bone followed by Trey's screams of agony ringing out.

Beverly grabbed pen in a headlock on reflex to stop the attack. Feeling him let go she pulled him off Trey. Looking back to check on the man, who was screaming over his broken arm. The limb hanging limply in a 90 degree angle at the break in the middle. Blood flowing off from the shredded skin torn in long rows.

She dragged pen a little farther, still in the headlock. Letting go for them to run when a bit of distance was made. Following the river far from being able to see Trey in her view. Catching her breath after stopping. Looking around for anyone coming after her.

"why did you do that?!" she shouted down at the wolf. Seeing more clearly the smeared blood drying across his muzzle.

"why not? You wouldn't have handled him." he spoke indifferently up at her.

"he wouldn't have done anything! You didn't have to break his arm!" gesturing angrily back toward the direction they came.

"i would have torn it off, had you not grabbed me so. I won't be tolerating this passive behavior towards your own safety. It is idiotic." the wolf bared his teeth at being yelled at. As if he was the one who

did something wrong by having that male back off from grabbing Beverly.

"i didn't ask you to tolerate anything! I never asked you to get involved at all! Now I am going to be in serious trouble for what you did! What am I going to say to Erik?!" she shouted. "i can't bring you back home! ... like I should at all!" yanking the belt off him. "go away and don't follow me!" she walked off in following the river to get away. Hearing multiple crackling sounds from behind her.

"that's the thanks I get for helping?" Pennywise the clown spoke. His smile waving crookedly in a mixed frowning smile. Twitching back and forth between the two expressions.

"you never helped! All you do is cause me problems! Go away!" she shouted over her shoulder toward the clown.

"i have become the sole reason you live! You cannot even rely on yourself for care!" snarling with few steps following her.

"that's my problem. One that I'll fix with Erik over time. Go back to the sewers before something else happens!" Quickening her steps to get further away.

Looking back now and again to see if he was still following. Breathing in a breath of fresh air seeing that he wasn't. admiring her surroundings as the afternoon drew closer. The overhead sun melting the layer of ice off the river to float away in chunks. Sunlight falling between the treetops. The thin layer of snow across the dirt melting in the light. She remembered the little trail she was on now. One that her and the guys followed. It all felt so long ago. Now if only she could keep her life as peaceful as this trail.

"if I avoid Erik long enough so that he gets drunk he won't be nearly as mad." thinking on how to deal with Erik later.

Rounding a corner with the main bridge coming into view. Beverly was surprised by Victoria being down by the river shore. Lorna and Darius up by Trey's van on the bridge. Fear hitting her that maybe Erik was inside waiting to deal with her.

"there's the little witch!" she heard Victoria shout.

"Victoria get back in the car. Were only supposed to bring her back to Erik!" Darius shouted from atop the bridge. Sounding unhappy at how he had to deal with Victoria down by the river.

"no, shes gonna pay. We can't let her get away with breaking his arm!" Victoria shouted back toward Darius. Beverly rolling her eyes as she approached. Not afraid of facing Victoria in a fight.

"got anything to say?!" she faced back toward Beverly walking up to her.

"i didn't break his arm, pen did." Beverly was not in the mood at all to shout with Victoria.

"it was your mutt! You must have told it to do it!" Victoria Trudged up to Beverly's space to give her a shove into the river. Unsatisfied by Beverly catching her balance to not fully fall. Only stumbling back to get her feet wet in the shallow water.

"even if I did break his arm like you say. Is it really smart to start a fight?" Beverly stood in the water with no moves to start the fight first. Willing to let it all go, get in the car, and face what Erik would have to say.

"like you would really do anything to me! You were always some quiet freak who moped around like Erik isn't good enough for you! Everybody's tired of your attitude and now you've gone to far!" Victoria stepped forward back into Beverly's space. The two standing in the river separated by only 2 feet between them.

"who knows what you'll do next! Maybe you'll sleep with Trey to not have him snitch on you after this. Or maybe you'll go psycho and threaten us all with a knife! I really don't see what Erik likes about you!"

"i don't have time for this high school petty bull shit! Have him call the cops! I don't care!" Beverly snapped. "stop obsessing over Erik like he was ever yours at all! You're not a love struck teen! Trust me, he's not the popular boy to fight for!" she shouted. Freezing into a flinch

at a fist hitting her square into the face. Knocking her back into the slow flowing river. Feeling hot pain pulsing around the middle of her face. Something warm slowly dripping down into the water.

Beverly felt her face, moving her hand to look down at it covered in blood. Her nose dripping the liquid down to flow away with the water. Taking a deep breath of anger to rise up with closed fists. A part of her mind saying it wasn't worth it, but the other roaring that she wasn't going to take it anymore.

Taking a firm hold of Victoria's collar for the start of a punching match. Fists flying back and forth with Beverly quickly gaining the upper hand. She'd been in worse fights before while Victoria on the other hand got only involved with little scraps. Her inexperience showing in the weak punches to the shoulder to desperate kicks that missed most the time. Forced into being pinned against a large boulder resting by a deeper part of the river.

Beverly stopped her attack while keeping a screeching Victoria pinned against the rock. Waiting out the struggling until Victoria would eventually exhaust herself before she would let her go.

Forced away suddenly with a slam to her head. The world spinning around Beverly making it hard to figure out what had happened. Looking slowly back over to see Victoria standing next to Lorna holding a large branch in hand. Muffled yelling in the far distance she barely recognized as from Darius. Unable to realize Lorna was getting closer to her as she was distracted by the yelling.

Feeling another heavy hit against her side. Hitting the ribs that had freshly healed from the last beating they took days ago. Her body falling back into the water entirely to be soaked. Sitting up for only a moment when she was shoved back down under the water. Struggling against someone stepping down on her throat to force her under.

Someone else pinning her chest and arms down to prevent her from twisting free. Her body panicking now for air. Gripping whatever she could for some help to free her. Hearing lots of indistinguishable shouting from Darius arguing with Victoria. The world made up of only blurred shapes distorted by the rippling water.

A large shadow filling her vision, one not caused by lack of air. A low rumble like thunder was heard with the pressure of being held down lifted altogether. Sitting up for a deep gasp of needed air once free. Choking on the air her lungs desperately inhaled. Vision clearing enough to see what was going on.

Victoria and Lorna fleeing back into Trey's van with Darius. Standing next to Beverly was a large crocodile seeming ancient with all the moss hanging off its body. Teeth long and sharp sticking out in all directions being more like tusks. The large scales upon its back being like sections of tree bark forming into half a log looking long fallen into the water.

Her breath catching up to her abling her to get up. Leaning against the large boulder she had Victoria pinned to earlier. Nose still dripping a small amount of blood staining the rock where it landed. A gloved hand taking a hold of her face to turn her for a better look.

yanking her head away from the grip. "don't touch me!" she snapped.

"stop fussing!" he grabbed a hold of her jaw to turn her again for a look. Only having a quick glance when Beverly broke free with a smack of his arm.

"i told you to go away!" she shouted. Fighting to keep her emotions in check. Not wanting to break down in tears in the middle of the river with him nearby.

"and if I did you'd be face down in the river." his hand pointed down at the spot she was drowning in.

"i would have been fine!" she trudged out of the river to the dry shore. Wringing out the water as best she could from her clothes. Uncontrollable shivering in the cold air completely soaked in freezing water. Leaning against a tree so she wouldn't collapse under pain. Skull pulsing along with her aching ribs after a beating from that heavy branch.

"liar! You crumpled after being hit by those cowards. You should have taken your chance and kill the one you had alone." stepping over to her side.

"yeah, and then what?! I get arrested for murder! I don't want to fight with anybody! I want a normal life!" her shouting broken by heavy coughing.

"i can sweep it away when you're done. Same as when I swept away your hospital bills. Or how that idiot with broken arm called police. Better yet, I can handle them all for you." he offered.

"you don't get it." Beverly wheezed against the tree.

"apparently not or maybe you're lacking self preservation. Your making it a chore to keep you alive. Nature itself is practically ready to pull you down under the roots for the worms." he complained.

"if i am such a chore why do you bother? Step out of my life or just kill me already!" she spat bitterly. Her coughing starting up again.

"i should put your pathetic little life out of its misery." frown showing rows of sharp teeth bared over her. "save that pathetic male his time of doing so. Save your own species from useless offspring by you coupling with some pathetic suitor."

"then get it over with already!" wheezing out the sentence as tears built up in her eyes.

"ha! I could, but you can barely stand! Not much of a game heh heh." laughing as he pushed Beverly down with a shove. Her failing to catch herself from falling onto the leaf littered dirt. trying to sit up was stopped by a hand shoving her back down. Knocking the wind out of her when pinned down under the full weight of the clown leaning over her body.

"i want a challenge. I want you to fight. So that when you do I can laugh at your pathetic struggle. While you won't be able to do anything, but beg me to make it all stop." grinning wickedly down at her.

"you'll have to get me first clown! I've already dealt with your shit once! If you plan to do something you better do it before i am out of Derry tonight!" Beverly kicked his chest. A hiss released between his gritted teeth, but nothing more then that.

"I'll think of something. In the meantime you should be careful little Beverly." letting out a guttural growl as he moved off her. Disappearing in the short time out of Beverly's view between her sitting up and standing.

"I am sure you will." She whispered to the empty air. Sure that he was still listening in case she muttered an insult.

With a bit of a struggle she made it back to the apartment. Opening the door slowly to not make a sound. Fearing Erik may be waiting there for her to come back. Stepping in with a look around for him. Going in further as Erik appeared to be absent. Heading straight to the bathroom for a full look at her injuries.

In the mirror she saw the full brunt of what Victorias punch did. Her nose only bruised instead of broken like she thought. Blood left in a trail down over mouth to drip off her chin. A scrub of warm soap water clearing it up. Revealing little cuts marking around her face. A larger bruise marking her neck where it was stepped on. Feeling around the back of her head she felt the bump forming at the base.

Looking more around her body she saw further marks. Decorating around her knuckles to down along her arms.

"More scars to add onto the pile." She sighed. Going out to gather new clothes for another shower. Erik wouldn't like her showing up a literal bloody mess. It would throw off the whole party. " how will i even get to the party?" She thought. "Trey was suppose to take me. Then i guess Darius was suppose to? I doubt any else will now after that river beating. Maybe they're hoping i was ate by that crocodile. I wasn't, but it might not stay that way." She sat on the edge of the tub. Staring momentarily at the faucet knobs.

Turning them on a little hesitantly. Imagination running wild on what the clown could be planning. No way he'd leave her be before she left for the party. Escaping Derry where he was never able to reach any of the losers. She breathed in the hot rising steam to sooth her. Feeling along the ribs that were hit for anything out of place. Touching over a weird fabric.

Glaring at the spot she remembered being covered in that spider

threading. Used to stitch her side together in the diner. Her gaze going up to look at the sink nearby. Stomping over to it to shout down the piping.

"forgot to take the threading off, asshole!" Stepping back over to the shower. Not sure what to do about it herself. Would it eventually rot off like normal webbing would? Or is it now just a permanent part of her skin?

"Can't ask to get it off now." getting into the shower.

After being fully clean in new clothes she had went on to do chores. Aiming to get as much done as possible to appease Eriks anger to a more manageable level. A voice in the back of her mind telling her it wouldn't matter. She was better off buying cover up for the bruises later.

It was getting late with no calls from Erik about the party. Maybe she would end up skipping the party. Erik may have made the mistake of tasking Victoria to grab her.

"I did mess up by leaving the center. If i hadn't, Trey would have gotten me to the party. Erik also wouldn't be twice as mad." She sat anxiously on the couch. A knock on the door having her jump to her feet. Racing over to calmly open the door.

"Wow you're actually here." Darius surprised at Beverly answering the door.

" yeah." Beverly spoke quietly with a nod.

"I thought you might be in the hospital after Victoria tried to drown you. ... And then that croc showing up. ... Erik wanted me to get you. I could drive you to the hospital first if you want?" sounding like he did regret what happened earlier.

"No. I am sure Erik must be pretty worried." She gave a smile to cover her anxiety. Stepping out to get into the van with Darius.

The car ride was awkwardly silent. Beverly clawing into her leg with the approaching Derry town line. Looking out for any glowing eyes watching from the forest. Or something suddenly appearing in the

middle of the road to force them into a car wreck. None of it came, crossing the bridge out past the Derry town sign. Beverly's body released all the building tension it had been gathering. Relaxing into the front seat for the rest of the drive.

Stomach twisting itself back into knots as they parked outside the party. Readyng herself to meet an angry Erik if he wasn't drunk yet. Following Darius the entire way through navigation of the party goers.

Huge burning bonfires, a makeshift bar set up, a table of a keg pyramid. Huge crowds dancing all over the place near multi colored mini strobes. Some DJ blasting out music from an amateur set up.

"Beevy your heere." She heard Eriks cheerful voice before spotting him. pulled into a friendly tight hug. "So happy to seesha." He slurred.

" definitely wasted." She thought.

"Happy to see you too Erik" She patted his back in the awkwardly returning hug.

"You drink? Havin drinkin yet? Illlgo get you drink." He slurred on his way to the bar before Beverly could answer any of that.

"Erik i-" she stopped, not bothering to finish that she didn't drink. She could just pour it out. He didn't take long to return with a cup of beer.

"Heere go babe." He clumsily held it out.

" thanks Erik" She thanked him with a careful taking of the cup. Surprised he didn't spill half of it along the way back. Erik didn't answer, going off to hang out with some random drinking strangers. Beverly went the opposite way toward a spot away from everything. Leaning against a tree to be some look out for trouble makers.

Looking from the crowd down at her beer. She didn't like drinking, but was getting pretty thirsty. This party was going to be going on for quite a while and she doubted they were serving water. Taking small sips at a time as she looked over the crowd.

Wondering why the clown didn't take his chance earlier.

" he knows I'll come back with Erik is why. Doesn't take much to figure that out. Tomorrow's gonna be filled with BS i am sure." She thought to herself. "All the more reason i shouldn't be drinking this cheap junk. Dealing with the clown **and** a migraine. Now there's a true nightmare." boredly swirling the cup in hand. Taking another sip from the cup. Watching Erik happily chug beer with a group of idiots.

Attention turning to the crowds dancing. Sensing something strange as if being watched. A heaviness settling at the bottom of her stomach. On edge she stopped leaning against the tree. Searching more thoroughly across the crowds for something wrong. Seeing somebody out of the corner of her eye.

A man staring directly at her from behind a tree he poorly hid behind.

Far away from everybody else. She Stared back at him, eyes locking to let him know he was spotted. He stepped further away from the tree at the disclosure of each other. Seeing more of his face had Beverly recognizing the man.

"... Henry Bowers?"

"The clowns pulling the same trick twice? Sending Henry to deal with what he can't? I can take care of Henry no problem." She grumbled, heading right over to tackle the problem head on.

"Henry what are you doing here?" asking outright.

"Pennywise told me to watch you." He answered.

"Right, did he tell you anything else?" her tone filled with skepticism that, that is all Pennywise told.

"no." shaking his head.

"did he ask you to drag me back to Derry?" watching Henry shake his head again. "what did he say exactly?" continuing her interrogation.

"he said that he was a old friend in need of a favor." fidgeting a little.

"that's right, he went to the asylum after that big fight ages ago." Beverly remembered. Searching over Henry made it obvious he left the place maybe only hours earlier. Still wearing that overly white sterile looking uniform all the patients wear. Hair cut incredibly short, showing off a massive scar across his skull. The last time they all saw him was after that fall down the well. Or ,in her case, the newspaper article the next morning if that could count. Marking him as the child murderer that the losers knew was not true.

"... did you walk here?" she asked, the clown certainly would be unable to transport him out here.

"yes. He took me to the Derry town line to have me walk the rest of the way. Not too hard to find the only place with a party going on." he answered. Beverly on guard still despite him being overly passive. He was much different from the last time they all met.

"seems like your not very mad after all that happened." she said.

"no, I haven't been very mad since joining the hospital. I don't fully remember what happened though. Doctors tell me it's because of the hit my head took at the bottom of the fall." he said.

"what is the last thing you remember?" she asked, sipping her drink. Waiting for an answer that Henry looked to be having trouble with. His eyes looking all over the place with fidgeting around the end of his sleeves.

"i remember ... fighting with rocks. ... me coming home and checking the mailbox ... the run down house." he got out with some difficulty.

"... you remember what you did?" she asked. Him shaking his head in return. "remember what you did to me and the guys?" Another head shake from him. " ... you remember me at all?"

"Beverly marsh, from school." he answered quicker then the other times.

"anything else about me?" Henry having difficulty again on answering the question.

"... i-i don't. I am sorry. Should I? Did I do something really bad? the

doctors keep telling me I did bad things. I am sorry if I did. I don't do bad things anymore." he apologized, despite not remembering any of his past actions.

"he must have hit his head hard. The guys did tell me it was a huge fall. They were surprised to read he lived without a broken spine. Maybe Pennywise made sure of that." she thought.

"it's fine Henry. Is that scar part the reason for your memory loss?" she asked.

"mhmm. Doctors say they found me in the river barely conscious with my skull cracked open. They had a little trouble getting my name I couldn't even remember that." he answered.

"hmm." she hummed. Despite all the answers he gave her something still felt gravely wrong. Was he just a good actor following some script the clown gave? Feeling sicker than before she talked to Henry. Swallowing down her sickness to carefully lean against a nearby tree. Wanting to avoid tipping Henry off that something was wrong with her.

"you alright? You look really sick." Henry asked.

"a lot of stress lately. Not helped by you staring." she spoke as clearly as she could without sounding sick. Seeing her vision blurring back and forth out of focus. The clear crowd of dancers turning into one blob covered in spotted colored lights.

"sorry. Must of been weird to see heh." Henry gave a light laugh. "that other guy has been watching you a lot since you got here. Do you know him to?" he asked.

"the happy drunk guy? That's Erik, he's my boyfriend." she answered, swirling her drink to focus on something other then her worsening condition.

"no, the bartender. The one that made your drink." he pointed. Beverly's eyes following the direction he gave. Having to take a moment for her vision to focus back on the person.

Heart rocketing up into her throat at seeing Charles staring intently

from behind the bar. She looked back down at her drink in linking up with why she was feeling so sick.

Tossing it aside to spill onto the forest floor. Praying she didn't drink too much of the drugged liquid to pass out.

"how could I be so stupid. I didn't watch it get made. Relied on wasted Erik giving me a drink." she thought. Thinking fast on how she could get out of this situation.

No car, no phone, Erik was too wasted to realize what was going on. Nobody else would help her, the only other person possibly reliable was Henry. That meant she had to rely on someone who could be just as dangerous. She was going to pass out, she knew that, with little time to decide where. Should it happen randomly out in the woods? Or head back to Derry and gamble with Pennywise being in a better mood.

"Henry, I need you to get me back to Derry. **Don't** let that guy near me!" her tone dead serious. Heading in the direction of Derry before Henry could give a nod.

Not getting very far from the party as her walk stiffened. Legs becoming numb, vision completely out of focus and unable to walk on the uneven forest terrain. She stumbled over to roughly lean against a tree. Taking a knee to stay up against the trunk. Henry rushed to her side to help her back up. hurrying to get her moving forward again.

"we cant stop, that guys been following." Henry warned her as they moved. Beverly fighting to keep herself moving. The run getting harder with the sloping terrain covered in blockages turning into an obstacle course. Going over fallen logs, around boulders, Beverly hoped this was slowing up Charles just as much. Would it matter in the end if Pennywise forced her to be abandoned. Would she need to beg him in order to be saved? Would she even be able to if she passed out before meeting up? What should she even say?

Her legs were giving out under her. Needing to now lean fully on Henry with an arm over his shoulder. Body turning more numb against her will as the drug took hold. Clinging on as best she could

as her grip loosened.

"i-i can't walk." Beverly admitted to Henry. holding back her fearful whimpers. Forced to accept her body was no longer cooperating with her.

"Derry is not far, I'll get you to Pennywise, okay?" he spoke softly to comfort her. carefully picking her up into his arms for carrying the rest of the way. The pace drastically slowing enough for Charles to catch up to the two of them. Beverly would see his silhouette passing over hills right behind them. Hearing him shout something indistinguishable at them.

"don't leave me." Beverly begged Henry. The approaching Derry line meant the meeting of Pennywise was soon to be as well. Fearing that despite all the work Henry did to get her here he would be forced away by the clown.

Fighting to stay conscious she could feel Henry stumbling over the earth. Saying something she was unable to understand at this point. Hearing Charles still off in the background shouting. Then she felt Henry took a stumble. Staying still where he kneeled in the dirt to pass her off to another pair of arms. the recognizable feel of the smooth old fabric of Pennywise's suit. Latching onto his collar with one hand and the other grabbing the fabric at his shoulder. Gathering strength to at least do that if she wasn't able to speak.

Shivering in fear against him as he held her. Burying her face into his chest, desperate for him to give protection.

She got the reaction she didn't want him to give. Being pushed away from him. Her grip tightened on the fabric as she sobbed into his chest.

"please don't, please don't, I'm sorry!" she begged repeatedly. Apologizing all she could to not be forced away from him. A rumble in his chest made into an angry growl. He worked harder to pry her hands free of him. Her fastened heart rate having the drug hit harder on her then before. The last thing she experienced before her blackout was being pushed off.

Hours earlier, under the Derry roads, IT smashed a piece of wood against the stone walls of his lair. The chunks falling down into a pile of other things broken in rage.

"stupid girl! That stupid girl!" he snarled, grabbing another random object nearby to toss at the wall. "no thanks, can't save her own skin! Pathetic creature that deserves to suffer! Cant get away, because of what?!" he roared at the air. Thinking of how stupid Beverly's actions were. Frustrated he couldn't figure out why she followed such a harmful way of living. Any animal would run away it was an obvious answer. She could at least fight back to free herself, but she didn't.

He thought of so many times when he was going to move on. Leave Beverly to her stupid little existence, maybe even kill her eventually. However, again, and again she showed she had some fight in her. He saw a little spark of the flame she used to have that made her worthy of courting in the first place. He felt some excitement when she fought against that female rat in the river. Stepping in when Beverly was ganged up on by the cowards. Could her fire be brought back? Not with that pathetic male owning her.

Why was he feeling this? A want to see her free, a sickness that won't go away that he first thought was due to what he ate. A warmth in the core of his chest. It was hotter than the dead lights forming his body. An alarming sensation he never had before. It was on the level of the pain he first felt, only it was more pleasant then a sharp aggressiveness. It burned more warmly around Beverly and cooled down when she was away. The pleasantly warm void collapsing to an annoying aching.

"is this what humans call an infection?" he thought. Would it kill him? He'd never been sick, **ever**. He couldn't get sick, leaving the sensation a mystery to him.

He first felt this way around the time he saved her in the meat locker. A deep desire to keep her safe, and not just in a way to keep her from other males in general. Becoming stronger the longer he spent with her from then on. Right now he wanted to see her again. Even if she did yell at him for showing up. That party the male was throwing was tonight. His cowardly friends would be there willing to cause more trouble with Beverly.

"i will need something that can reach outside Derry." he muttered to himself. "or someone, a puppet, I can send off without needing to manage." he paused, standing in thought. Turning to pace around his pile with arms crossed over each other.

"not much to work with. All these prey too weak. I'll need someone that can at least defend themselves. ... that boy Henry is still around. Not doing much but rotting away in that asylum up on that hill." his fingers tapped along his arms. Turning toward the many large pipes branching from off his inner sanctum. Passing by the ones he knew did not lead to where he wanted. Walking down the correct one he reached. Reaching the asylum quickly on the little time he had between now and the party.

Slinking out of a sink was a large grey rat. Crawling up to sit upon the porcelain edge for any other humans walking about. Seeing only a nurse working on the other half of the room. The creature crawling down the side to squeeze under the nearby door. Following the walls around in searching for his goal. Stopping by a door edging next to two doctors talking in the entrance.

"have any trouble?"

"josh was stubborn as always. Nothing other then that."

the rat started up at one of the doctors. Sending an uncontrollable urge to ask about Henry.

"where's Henry?" one of the doctor asked, out of place of the conversation.

"outside, why do you ask?"

"... I don't know..." the other answered, confused over himself on why he asked. The rat going out past the door down the hall to a vent. Squeezing through an impossibly small space between the vent face. Following the fresh air passing through to pop out another vent face into the outside. Climbing up along the gutter to the roof. Peering out over the fenced in yards of the hospital. Searching over every human, finding Henry alone by a table.

Jumping from the roof to appear out from behind a tree past the fencing. Catching Henry's attention enough to pull him over for a conversation with the appearing clown.

"hi-ya Henry!" the clown greeted cheerfully.

"who are you?" Henry asked. Pennywise's grin dropping a little to seem sad at Henry's guardedness.

"aww, don'tcha recognize your old friend?" the clown said sadly.

"uh- who are you?" Henry asked, his guardedness sinking down to a bit of guilt.

"Pennywise, the dancing clown. Don't you remember me? Oh, I forgot, your condition." Pennywise gestured to the scar on Henry head.

"yes, i-i am sorry I can't remember." Henry's words full of honest guilt that he couldn't.

"don't worry bout that. you can pay me back with a little favor." Pennywise's smile returned.

"i can't leave." Henry gestured to the fenced in yard.

"course you can. I asked the doctors if you could. You're out early on good behavior. All you have to do now is step out the door." the clown pointed toward a gate in the fenced wall. One that Henry swore was never there before, but its not like doors suddenly appeared out of thin air. The clown smiled the entire time Henry tentatively opened the gate. Peering back at all the security wandering the yard without so much as a look in his direction. Passing through the gate with expectations that alarms would suddenly blare out around him.

"see, you're free!" the clown waved a hand at the open forest before the both of them.

"w-what favor did you want me to do?" Henry asked, worried what task he was going to be asked.

"i need you to watch someone for me." the clown answered. "but first I need you to close your eyes for a second."

"close my eyes?" Henry raised a brow at the strange clown. Questioning if he should trust this "old friend".

"only for a second. Something small to help you focus." the clown spoke softly in the friendliest of manner. The spike of suspicion dying down in Henry. Closing his eyes like he was told.

"now for a bit of tinkering." the clown thought. Using a lot of energy to switch around some wiring in Henry mind. Fixing his sense of direction while shoving down any aggression toward Beverly out of existence. Negative memory's remaining shoved down as well. New feelings of Henry and himself being good pals replacing the empty space.

"feel a little better?" the clown asked. Henry opening his eyes to feeling different then before. Most noticeable was the more friendly feeling toward the clown standing by him.

"yeah, it really did help." Henry smiled at the clown. The smile dropping at realizing they were no longer by the fenced in yard. Standing out in some area of forest away from the sight of others.

"good, very good, now I need you to walk a bit to a party." Henry was directed by Pennywise.

"how'd we get here, and what party?" Henry questioned.

"we walked here, remember. I need you to watch someone, they're heading to a party that I won't be able to go to. I need you to go for me." Pennywise spoke, his tone not sounding like anything amiss was happening. Henry trusting his old friend wasn't planning anything bad.

"who do I need to watch?" he asked.

"Beverly marsh, remember her, from school?" Pennywise asked.

"sort of?" Henry looked hard through the few memories he had. Blurred visions of a redheaded girl always shooting glares at him.

"good boy. Now hurry off. She'll be there for a while, but it's a long walk there." the clown told Henry with a small send off in the direction he knew the party was happening.

Pennywise forced to stay back at the very edge of the Derry town line. Impatiently pacing to the thoughts questioning whether he did enough rewiring in Henry's mind. Past Derry he had absolutely no control of Henry's actions. Nor the ability to sense him after getting far enough from the town limit.

"the idiot better not get lost!" Pennywise growled. The sky darkening enough to reveal the party's location. Large flashing colored lights timed to pulsing music vibrations felt for miles. He saw Beverly leave in a car some time ago, so he knew full well she was there now. Waiting and waiting under the light of the rising full moon.

Sensing that Henry was suddenly returning with Beverly he perked up from his bored slouching. Something was wrong, he knew from the odd pacing they were going at. Repeatedly stopping then going with travel speed changing.

"is that idiot fighting with her? ... Is she fighting him?" he wondered. Their energy's were constantly close to one another. Yet he did not understand why they were stumbling so much. Guessing that Beverly spotted his spy, getting angry enough to drag him back to Derry. He wouldn't mind her coming back to shout at him. It took her away from that rat infestation of a party. His core warming to the thought of her return.

The warmth exploding into rage as Henry came over the hilltop with Beverly in his arms. Panting as he struggled down the steep slope over to Pennywise. Falling onto his knees in exhaustion past the Derry border.

"what happened?!" Pennywise growled, taking Beverly up into his own arms. Smelling the scent of chemicals on her mixing with fear. Her body limp against his besides the shivering death grip she had on him.

"a guy spiked her drink. He's been chasing us through the woods." Henry answered, shrinking away when Pennywise let out an

animalistic growl.

Pennywise kept Beverly close, wanting to calm her down. Trying to convey to her that everything would be alright

"hey! What are you freaks doing to my girl!" Pennywise heard the voice of that rotten male on top the hill shouting.

"that's the guy!" Henry whispered.

The fire in *IT's* core raging like the sun with a need to harm this walking rot of a creature. For that to begin he had to separate Beverly from his body. At first he carefully pushed her away to move her. Stiffening at the exploding scent of fear off her desperate panicking. Listening to her frantic sobbing begging only made him more protective. Wanting to hold her close, but he had a matter to deal with first.

He let out a deep growl as that strange male came closer to the three of them. Having to skip the gentleness to pry off Beverly. Her grip turning loose on the last push of her off. Questioning for a moment if her passing out in that moment was a good thing or not.

"take her to the Neibolt house! **No where else!**" he spoke through sharp long teeth. Scaring Henry into listening closely while being handed Beverly. Running off the moment Pennywise pointed for him a direction to head.

He looked back at the disgusting male continuing to shout. Walking off, in the same direction of Henry, while ignoring the shouting. Stepping far enough to hide out of the males view. He wanted to make sure this pathetic rot wouldn't have the luck of stumbling free from his fate in Derry. He wanted to create a buffer between the edge of Derry and the rat.

All the anger *IT* was holding had made it hard to focus on one form. He wanted something that would cause pain and **a lot** of it. Something with many teeth for ripping and sharp claws for tearing. Skin turning an oily black shining under the moonlight. The dark form collapsing to the ground into a crawling shadow. Stalking its prey from under the lowest brush. Careful with *IT's* steps on where he

wanted to lead its prey.

"didn't think id be working this hard for a fun night." Charles spoke through his out of breath panting. "didn't expect my date to be stolen either." he mumbled. Striking a heated nerve in the stalking predator listening in.

"think you're a charmer?" *IT* mimicked Beverly's voice. Tone leaking disgusted anger in the sarcasm spoken.

"still awake, should have used 2 pills." *IT* heard Charles whisper. "Why don't you come here? I promise to take care of you." Charles spoke overly nice as he followed the false voice, unaware that he was no longer the hunter.

"i wouldn't get close if I were you." *IT* continued with the false voice. Freely mocking in full confidence that the overly confident Charles would ignore his honest warnings. Leading Charles deeper into the forest for the hunt to begin.

"or else what? I ran after you this far not to head back without a round or two. Erik sure won't notice you missing. I am not afraid of him finding out either!" he boasted while searching for the missing Beverly.

"don't say I didn't warn you. Heh heh." the false voice took a shift. Charles stopping his search at the new voices reveal. Someone male, but voice a higher pitch hiding something sinister. *IT* could smell the fresh fear off the male. Drool dripping from the many mouths adorning the oily black body. Crouching back readying to lunge from its perch.

Charles looked around himself. Fear growing when he did not recognize where he was. Head turning up toward the moon lit tree line for a possible glance of building lights. Swallowing down his fear under the many pine tree branches reaching out over him in the shape of clawed hands. Head turning up toward one specific tree moving more in the wind than the others. A flash of yellow eyes, multiple jaws of varying teeth lunging down on top of him.

He didn't have a chance to scream before the wind was knocked out

of him. An arm brought up to block bitten into. Hooked teeth shredding right through the thick jacket he thought would provide some protection. Struggling under the body of a heavy monster covered in thrashing chomping jaws. Thick drool flying off the rows of teeth to coat anything nearby.

Fighting the beast he got back onto his feet to bolt. Ripping his arm away to free himself. A horrible mistake with the curved teeth pulling the skin back for peeling off the muscle.

Standing there as Charles ran, *IT* laughed deep and guttural with a spitting out of the shredded skin. Not intending to eat the filthy rot *IT* had no idea what Charles would do to his stomach. Sprinting after to the sound of *IT*'s own loud roar piercing the air. Thrilled to have a hunt with prey worth killing, even if it meant no meal. Laughing at how surprisingly fast Charles could run when terrified. Dodging *IT*'s snapping jaws around trees, over logs, up steep slopes.

Charles reaching a short clearing when he disappeared from *IT*'s vision. Short silence broken by a thud then a loud scream of pain.

"should have watched where he was going." *IT* spoke to himself in laughter. He expected that with the help of the moonlight Charles would have seen the edging. Humans had such poor vision in the dark it was a wonder how they survived any animals hunting before houses were made.

Charles was laying at the bottom of a deep crevice, sitting in a small stream barely an inch deep. When he landed his hip hit the ground first, then a snap, followed by the rest of him. The base of his spine in excruciating pain preventing him from moving. He thought he had some luck in that his legs were not paralyzed after his spine snapping.

"oooh my, what happened?" a voice above spoke in a fake tone of concern.

He looked up at the beast, who was now looking over the edging of the drop. Seeing *IT*'s form more clearly against the moon shining behind its back. Multiple arms sprouting from its sides, heads ending in various jaws, covered in multiple eyes staring down in hunger. The

monster leaning forward in arms stretching out against the rocky wall edge. Crawling down the wall closer to where Charles laid.

His mind raced on how to get the monster away. Screaming at *IT* to try scaring it off like *IT* was a dumb animal intimidated by useless noise. When that didn't work he resorted to grabbing various objects to chuck at *IT*. The beast wincing at rocks hitting close to a few eyes, but not slowing its pace toward the injured man.

Charles fate was sealed as the beast took its final step onto the leveled earth. Clawed into by a strong grip literally yanking the muscle off the bone. Piece by piece tearing away at his body. Going slow with careful work around important arteries. Making the suffering torture last as long as possible. His screams going unheard out in the far woods. Even if they were heard, no one would come. He was another death joining under the dark old roots of Derrys soil.

IT biting deeply to snap his limbs like toothpicks. Thrashing him around to create a loud snap like a gunshot from each limb. Dropping him harshly to bite at the ribs for more crackling for *IT* to enjoy. *IT* being even more satisfied at hearing Charles whining screams cease at a popping of ribs. Yanking strips of shredded skin from the bones.

The torture stopped with Charles coated in his own blood. Keeping himself from looking at the damage his body was suffering through. Legs baring their bones, cleaned of meat, to the open air. Pounds of flesh removed all the way up to his shoulders. Seeing chunks of his own body hanging off tree branches as if they were decorations. Charles doing one last trick to try surviving, playing dead. Head laying down in the stream, still with eyes tightly shut.

Opening his eyes at a warm orange glow appearing over him. He looked toward it in excited relief that it was someone with a flashlight coming to his rescue.

The happy feeling of freedom being in sight dying to what it truly was.

All the mouths forming one large jaw of an insect. Opening wide for a deep tunnel of rowed teeth bringing forth swirling lights as blinding as the sun. the next breath Charles took felt like he inhaled a

blistering flame.

IT had felt death was far too easy an escape for Charles.

Valkyrie Summers

everybodys waiting for that event. only time will tell if it will happen. :3

Guest

here ya go. :v/

Yami Wesker

not yet. =]

11. Questions

Beverly stirred from her deep sleep. Having to wait a moment for the grogginess to pass. Taking in the world around her in figuring out what happened. The most important detail coming to her was that she didn't feel violated. Still wearing all her clothes appearing to be untouched. Figuring out things a little faster when that detail was cleared.

She was back in Pennywise's lair, she was sure of that. Deep underneath the layered blankets. Feeling the weight of them all settling over her. Along with the clown laying at her back holding her close to his chest. She could feel one of his arms going over her. A lack of breathing from him that she assumed was normal.

"He's probably awake." She thought. "Was he ever going to leave me in the forest? Or is it just that he changed his mind?" Either way Beverly wasn't going to question it much.

Still feeling exhausted, maybe even still partially paralyzed from the drugs. She remained in her resting place on her side. Anxious at the thought of stepping out into the world. The thought of how ironic it was feeling safer in IT's lair then outside being funny to her. Eyes closing to sleep off the rest of her exhaustion, but turning uncomfortable with her current laying spot. she carefully leaned up to shift over. The clown letting out a growl when she did.

It was a warning growl to keep her still. not wanting her getting up to leave.

He couldn't smell the drugs on her anymore. Yet he was going to keep her for a while longer ... just to be safe. at least that's the reason he convinced himself of. Due to that he wasn't going to let her leave no matter how much fighting she did. His growl stopping at her turning over. Curling into him before resting her head back down nestled under his ruffled collar. When she was fully settled he wrapped both his arms around her protectively.

Beverly didn't mind that he did. Enjoying the closeness up against him more. Warmth of his soft fabric easing her quicker to sleep.

With her returning to rest he calmed down from being prepared for an argument. The warmth in his chest burning hotter at her close contact. Not being sure what to do about the sensation. The warmth wasn't killing him by what he could tell. Could it be doing something to Beverly? The warmth dipping down to a sting at the thought. Looking down at her sleeping form wrapped in his arms. Scanning over her for anything odd.

"She hasn't eaten since yesterday." Thinking of things she could need. Did he want to leave her side right now though? Not really, but she would need something for later. staying by her side for another hour. Carefully separating himself away after convincing himself she would be fine after all that time.

The nest provided the best protection with nobody but him able to move the webbing to get in. She was perfectly hidden under Derry in a place no human knew of. Except Henry, which he remembered was still up in the Neibolt house. Thinking about what he should do with him.

" can't eat him after he helped Beverly" Sighing at the thought of babysitting Henry as some thanks. "He makes a great pet, i guess, or a useful servant for later." Walking to leave his lair out the old well. Appearing up stairs by Henry sleeping on a dusty old couch in need of major reupholstering.

"Pets need feeding to don't they? ugh, I have enough work." heading out to fetch what he needed.

The next time Beverly woke he was gone from her side. Laying there for a little while longer alone before heading up. Climbing up through layers and layers of blankets. Questioning again how many blankets were there as she finally reached the piles surface. Looking around for a moment for anything different since last being here. Nothing was changed with the same vast space of blankets surrounded by towering web walls.

Crossing her arms over each other to rest her head back down. Most her body buried under the warm blankets. Thinking about what she was going to do. Shed have to leave eventually and face Erik. Should she leave today or tomorrow? What about Charles? Was he still

around? Was he scared off out of Derry?

"Are you well?" She heard the clown ask while entering through the webbing. Looking up at him from her resting spot to give a shrug. Not sure herself if she was. Still feeling little energy to interact.

"I got you these." Watching him set down a brown food bag next to her.

"I'm not hungry." Answering shortly with little energy.

"you should eat." Pushing a little. Wanting to avoid a repeat of her shutting down into silence for a whole day. Thinking it's exactly what was happening after no response from her. "drink the water." He pushed a little more.

"not right now." Well, at least she was answering him. Not pressing any further as he laid down nearby. Knowing that if she could, she would lock herself in the bathroom to hide away.

Beverly looked from the food bag back to the fabric pattern closest to her. Eyes tracing along the fake leaf pattern. Slowly getting lost in her thoughts. Debating on if she should ask questions or let them rest.

"may as well. I don't want to sleep again." thinking with a glance over at the laying clown. Gazing at him more thoroughly at noticing he wasn't watching her. His back was facing her where he laid, keeping silently still to the point one would think him dead.

"... why did you help?" her voice soft as she asked.

"I was not going to let *that filth* touch you, *ever*." tone showing his aggression toward Charles. "I'd rather something else kill you." the warmth in his chest dropping to a stinging pain over what he had spoke. Questioning why it did that, was it not true? She was annoying with overly complicated caring needs. Did he not want her harmed at all? That has never been a feeling for him.

Looking toward her the feeling stung deeper. Regretting his words further when he saw her hiding under the covers. Cursing to himself that he may have pushed her into silence completely. Admitting to himself he'd have to fix what he did, but what to say?

"... why did you return to Derry?" his question mimicking hers in a way. She always said she wanted nothing to do with him, but based on what Henry told him. she headed straight for the town after being drugged. Even after the threats he gave her at the river's edge.

"... I don't know. ... nowhere else to go? ... why'd you send Henry to spy?" asking a question back.

"i couldn't spy otherwise." he avoided going into details on why. He did it to make sure the rats did not kill Beverly, but was that his only reason? He wouldn't have been happy if Henry came back to say she left for good. Then what would he have done? Send Henry to fetch her, maybe try to convince her back?

"like I would beg to have her." an idea laughable to him. He would never go so low.

" ... how long are you able to stay awake? You've been awake a couple years now, right?" she shifted a few layers off her. Feeling overly hot underneath them all.

"heh, wanting to get rid of me? Maybe a few years more with careful rationing of my energy. My feeding will need to increase the longer I stay. My goal is to attract a few factory's or something high traffic before my long rest. Derry could use something like a fancy amusement park." mumbling over his hunger at the thought of a huge park filled with hundreds of children to pick from.

"do you rest at all?" curious on what he did in all the spare time he had down in the tunnels. Did he just wander the town when all the children were sleeping? Or stalk the outside of schools for all his little meals to flee the grounds toward home?

"yes, however my smaller resting is not the same as yours. I don't go into some little blackout like all of you. My body is held still with my mind sleeping in parts at a time. No matter what I am always aware!" boasting over his bodies superiority for dealing with rest.

"if someone wants to stay aware they have coffee." shooting his pride down.

"... what was with the dance show?" she asked an age old question that had nagged her at least once a year.

Pennywise let out a deep laugh at the question.

"it was to cut the boredom. You were taking a lot longer to wake up then I expected. Your friends were running around to reform their little pack. I was rudely left to sit around, waiting, for one or the other to happen. I decided to have a bit of fun setting something up." giggling around the answer.

"sorry for your suffering." sarcastically spoken.

"you are forgiven." joking back about the subject.

"did you come after me because I stabbed your head? I thought bill would have been your big target since he lead the charge for everything."getting out from all the blankets to lay across the top layer.

Beverly had so many questions raised since that one summer, many unanswerable by her friends. Going back and forth on better strategy to have killed each other being meaningless now. They were not kids anymore relying on bikes to get around. They also aren't close anymore either, her having split from the guys long ago. She couldn't tell him where they all were nowadays, even if he tortured her.

"ha, that wasn't the only reason. You were their pillar."

"pillar?" confused by what he meant by that. Facing him as he turned over to fully face her.

"billy boy may have pushed them forward, but you kept them together when I made everything fall apart. I would have killed a few in the house had you not intervened. They were falling apart when they left the house. Split to pieces for easy picking off one by one. Except for you still holding it together. After that I wanted to get rid of you quickly, before you could give some sappy friendship meeting. Do you think bill or his friend would have made up on their own? Without you stepping in to press one forward?

I was getting tired, I didn't want to wander far after eating. I had

wasted far too much energy already at that point. It was my mistake bringing you to my nest. I assumed a few of your friends would be too cowardly to follow. Or in other cases wouldn't be trusting bill enough to follow after his last failed charge in. In the end they didn't come to help bill get his revenge, or to free Derry of my scourge, but to save you. Either way I wasn't able to as thoroughly plan as I would have liked." Letting out growls or grumbles throughout his talking.

"you're admitting to making mistakes?" surprised by the admittance from someone so prideful.

"i cannot say I committed none. My goal was obvious and you all escaped my den that day." a hiss escaping his throat.

"are you getting sick?" asking as a joke on his sudden humbleness. Taken more seriously by the clown suffering a strange feeling in his chest.

"i don't get sick, *unlike you*. You get sick every time you step out. Lucky I pulled you from the snow out by the long road before you turned to frozen meat." growling out his anger at her joke that hit a little too close to his worrying condition.

"you followed me for quite a while after I got back. Why didn't you grab me earlier?"

"i wanted the new nesting den to be ready first."

"and then what?"

"i would have courted you the same as I had done."

"and then what if everything went as planned for you?" having the topic continue deeper.

"why do you ask? Are you interested?"

"**no!** Just curious over how far you'll take it." tone serious on not being interested. Looking away to instead gaze up at the roof. A fluttering nausea hitting her stomach strangely.

"i would have liked to consummate our pairing."

"pfft, I would laugh myself to death as a clown tries to seduce me into bed." Beverly sat up to laugh at the idea. "i don't see how anybody at the bar could take the costume seriously."

"i *can* take off the costume. You think it's fully attached to me?" amused by her reaction.

"like I would know that. For all i knew it was just a weird layer of skin." looking back down toward him when he reached a hand up toward his collar.

Tilting his head up to expose the collars edge. Hooking one of his fingers under it to pull it forward far enough to emit a final snap of it breaking. The collar along with the whole upper part of his grey costume breaking apart to disintegrate out of sight. Exposing his muscular chest with wide shoulders spreading to finely muscled arms. Skin a smooth pale white as a marble statue, aside from his hands up to mid arm. The skin there a black diluting to a dark purple toward the dark markings end. Ungloved hands exposing the sharp nails extending off his finger tips. Down his muscular chest lead to the outlined stomach muscles cut off by the tightly wrapped lacing there. Everything below that still fully covered by remaining costume.

Beverly looked away from the display he gave her. Angry that she liked it a little too much for comfort. Happy though that not all of his costume disappeared at least. Keeping the lower half on to cover everything. Every time she looked at him after that was short glances to avoid staring. Examining him each time had her noticing small details, on normal people, were missing on him. Chest being completely smooth same as his stomach.

"take me serious now?" teasing her with a gesture to himself. "maybe not, you cant even look at me." teasing further.

"i can! I – don't feel - need too." tripping over her words with a few glares thrown at him. Looking away just as long as the glares lasted.

"it would be easier conversation if you sat closer. Don't you agreeeeeee?" despite not looking at him she could tell from his tone he was smirking.

"trying to get me close, but I don't have to get close. ... but if I don't he'll know that i- ..." her mind rambled. "no, I don't like him. ... its nerves from basic attraction. That's all it is. Heesss -nice- to look at. Why wouldn't he look -nice- he can look however he wants."

he waited with question seeming to go ignored. Assuming she wasn't going to move he stood up to walk over himself. Sitting down next to her with a change of his posture to be more inviting. Crossing his legs with a further lean back into the piled blankets behind him to get comfortable. Studying Beverly's posture being the exact opposite to his. Tense sitting while hugging her legs to her chest. Her Back facing him without even a glance toward him.

"going to look at me now?" asking her in a way to coax her from her guarded posture.

"i will ... still very tired right now. I just want to sit here for a bit." he could see the nervous tensing she did while talking. Making an excuse that he could turn in his favor.

"rest by me then. I'll keep watch as you do." tempting her to get even closer. She hesitated again to talk with herself in thought. Without a verbal answer given she shifted closer. Still refusing to look at him while laying at his side.

Shifting under the warmth radiating off him. Covering her just as well as any blanket could.

" was he always this warm?" Thinking back on her past memories of interacting with him. " no, i am sure he was never like this before. It's just a trick, something to bring people closer before they realized their mistake too late." Which reminded her to ask about last night's events.

"Where did Charles end up?" Asking, although going off his earlier tone she knew the answer.

" hes someplace far where he cant do anything." His answer filled with a heavy tone of satisfaction.

" that makes life easier. One less worry to deal with outside."

Thinking of the burden lifted from her shoulders. However there was still Erik, who she had to get back to. "I should go back before his hangover kicks in." Getting up to stare at the wall webbing. Shed have to convince the clown to let her out.

" i have to go." Glancing back at him.

"You're not leaving while still sick." Hearing a low rumble from him.

She gave a sigh back with an unsteady walk off over the blankets.

"What are you doing? You can't get out anywhere." He gestured at the walls.

" why even keep me here? You always complain when your with me!" Glaring toward him after reaching half way between him and the wall.

" because you're stupidly stubborn."

"So are you!" Shouting back at him with a grabbing of a nearby pillow. Throwing it to smack into him.

" I am fine, let me out so i can go home!" Breathing hard after such little exertion.

"No, i won't be doing anything!" He got out right as another pillow hit him. "Throwing pillows like a child does nothing!" He laughed, interrupted as a few more hit him. Testing the last bit of patience he was burning through.

After the 8th pillow thrown at him he stood up. "Stop that!" growled in warning.

"Let me out then!" Beverly gestured toward the way they usually left before. Holding a pillow in the other hand ready for throwing.

"Sit down!" He ordered with a dodge of a thrown pillow. Coming after her after that one. Dodging a few more with a final pounce closing the large space between them. tackling into her, landing them both back down into the blankets.

"shit, fucking forgot he could pounce like that." thought coming up with the regathering of the wind knocked from her.

"Ha -!" his laughing interrupted by Beverly smacking a pillow into his face. Pushing his face away with it. Yet not enough strength to fully push him off. Forgetting that his chest was exposed when she pushed on it. Freezing at recognizing she was touching his smooth skinned chest. Feeling the muscle shift under the skin from a deep inhale.

"So he does breath." The thought rushing by in her mind. Any other thoughts halted at further realizing he was fully laying on top of her. Chest pressing onto hers with each deep inhale he took.

Him being caught far too much in his own reactions. Focusing too much on breathing in her changing scent to notice her shifted behavior. That same heated one that was so addicting. Aggravated at the pillow in his face blocking the alluring source. His jaws opening for a furious bite of the fabric. Shredding half the pillow away to spit far off to the side. Leaving the other shredded half limply hanging in Beverly's hand.

Having not much more to block with, she tossed the shredded piece away. "you didn't have to destroy it." Assuming he ripped it in angry defiance against her pillow tossing.

"Do i excite you Beverly?" His blunt question flustering her full of embarrassment.

"No!" immediately denying the fluttering feeling she had.

"you cannot lie to me. I've excited you a few times. Ever since we were back in that diner cold room. You were quite shy about it then." confronting her in maybe not the best position.

"maybe you should mind your own business and stay out of my thoughts." acting defensive over the confrontation.

"ha! You give me too much credit. I cannot read thoughts only body language. All you humans have twitches that give things away. It's how I know you lie. I can ask you anything to get the truth." his statements causing an inner panic for Beverly. "such aaaasssss, do

you dream about me in bed?" Exposing her with no defense to hide behind she avoided eye contact while thinking what he may or may not know. " that's a yes." He confidently confirmed between the both of them.

"So what? It's not any real feelings. I was sick during all that remember? That's all it was." Working to dig herself out of facing the fact she did like him, in some mild way.

"Your not sick now, want to test it with a kiss?" His question catching Beverly by surprise.

"No, the thought of kissing you i find absolutely repulsive!"

" liar, you enjoyed the last few. How bout another bet then as neither of us will budge?" Offering with a smile of sharp teeth that Beverly was fully wary of.

" ... what is it?" Sighing at taking up another bet with him. Thinking back on how well the last one went for her.

" i kiss you and if you don't like it then you can go. If you do, you have to stay."

" that's it? And exactly how long? because i won't be staying a full week."

"Why ask? Know your going to lose?" His attempted baiting failing this time. At least that was one point Beverly learned on the last bet.

"Give me a time or i wont bother." Head shaking in refusal. Somewhat sitting up in her position after pushing him by a smidge. Keeping the touching to a minimum with him.

" 3 days." He mumbled the time to barely be hearable.

"... Okay. Make it quick so i can go." Her speech nervously picking up it's pace unintentionally. Swallowing thickly when he leaned forward taking a soft hold of her arms to keep her from backing away. In that moment she closed the gap between them herself. Shutting her eyes tightly to kiss him first instead of the other way around.

Telling herself that she wouldn't like the kiss if she did. The last couple of times were her simply being sick. Maybe he pulled some manipulation trick before on other kisses. She wouldn't give him the chance to pull anything this time with a move of surprise. Her guarded thoughts lowering to enjoying the taste of him. That sweet caramel popcorn flavor she had forgotten about. Humming at the pleasant flavor without realizing she did.

He felt immense satisfaction at the reaction. Slowly Pushing forward to deepen the kiss. kissing her back down into the blankets. His hands sliding up her arms to hold her shoulders. Wincing at the spike of bitter fear assaulting his senses. Breaking the kiss to look down at her for a reason why.

It wasn't due to realizing she liked the kiss. Her mind, unfortunately, happened to pop up the worst thought at the wrong time. How, right now, he was almost in the same position as that dream she had. Him being over her with hands on her shoulders. Some real life differences applying to make it all feel more intimidating. One of them being he had more weight to him now. Not as light on her as he was in the dream. Being half undressed already while kissing her.

" okay you win." She pressed him back. Slipping out from under him to get away from his grasp. Taking in a small breath of relief at getting out from under him. Sitting not too far holding her legs to chest. Avoiding any eye contact with him while waiting for the annoying feelings over him to leave. Having trouble focusing on anything else with them invading her thoughts.

Leaving Pennywise laying there full of mixed emotions along with confusion. She seemed afraid of something yet her scent was emitting the exact opposite response. On top of that the warmth in his chest grew to feel hotter than the sun. Surprised that it didn't burn the both of them from the high temperature. Maybe that's why she was so afraid? She noticed the heat while he didn't? Well, it was definitely safe now with the heat taking a massive drop.

What now though? Should he press forward again? He wanted to, yet had the feeling she would reject him so soon after that scare. He decided it was best to remain laying where he was. Watching her sit there with slow breaths taken in.

Beverly remained in her seated spot until the lair slowly turned dark. A sign that the day was coming to an end. At least there was one way to count the days passing down there. Since she'd be staying 3 more days without any clocks. Thinking over what just happened with regret on the results of the bet they made.

" how stupid could i be?" Scolding herself on taking the bet. Laying back with a few pops from her spine after staying in one position so long. Glancing over the clown , who had also changed position at some point.

Now laying on his back sitting up against a mound of mixed pillows with blankets twisting over one another. Legs crossing over one another and arms out to rest across the blankets. Looking like he was resting with his eyes closed.

She looked back down at her hands resting over her. Watching herself disappear to the darkness of night taking over. Seeing only little outlines of orange light to mark where things were. A sickening feeling dropping into the pit of her stomach. A sensation of being far too exposed where she was. Everything seemed fine during the day, but now her nerves were taking over in the dark.

" the only thing to worry about is Pennywise nothing else can get in. I should be fine." She glanced again back toward the clown outlined in the orange glow.

" i can't be that worried if he hasn't noticed anything." Thinking with a look forward. "maybe he just finds it funny that i am afraid." Scanning the darkness for any other shapes not meant to be there. Scaring herself a few times after mistaking piles as people. Sleep becoming an impossible thing as her heart raced from building anxiety.

The thought of burying herself under layers didn't feel safe enough. Maybe it would be even worse without the ability to even see outlines. Hiding underneath for something to sneak up and yank her out.

"This is ridiculous. There's absolutely nothing there." Her tired mind spoke to herself. "you'll be fine. You need to sleep eventually. Cant

have this happening every night and you know it will if you don't get over it tonight." She scolded herself, as if that would help.

She laid there for a few minutes. Closing and opening her eyes repeatedly to try and fall asleep with no success. Breathing getting out of control from her chest constricting. Sitting up to take in deep breaths of oxygen her lungs were starving for. A new fear of being unable to breath if she laid back down joining the growing anxiety pile. Fidgeting with her sleeve with thoughts over what to do.

Carefully glancing again at his still form. Making sure he wasn't looking while doing so. His eyes still closed in his fake resting state. Beverly looked away before shifting a little over to be closer. Feeling the weight of some anxiety being lifted at the closer position. It still wasn't enough to fully calm her down, she needed to get closer.

Like before, she would glance at him to see if he was looking at all. Shifting a little closer when he never did. Moving ever closer right up to the point she was just one more move away from being right up next to him. Nervousness reaching their peak with the final move.

Laying down by him close enough that her back was touching his side. Facing away to avoid any conversation the closeness may bring. Relaxing when he only took a breath instead of teasing her about being so close. Settling down by him had her body releasing the anxiety. Closing her eyes to let sleep finally take over.

IT, despite not looking, was deeply aware of what she had been doing. Smelling the building fear off her, but kept to himself. He was the only thing in the nest besides her and assumed he was the cause of her worry. Staying away to avoid scaring her off even more. Something he'd never done before. He always loved scaring humans into scrambling away like deer. With her it was different, scaring her had lost its thrill. He wanted her to get closer not run away from the sight of him.

When he felt her approaching he avoided looking at her. Fearing she would back away if he did. Peeking only after she rested up against him. Happily noticing her fear dissipating after nesting down beside him for the night. An instinctual greatness filling him at being seen as a male providing suitable protection. Glowing eyes scanning the nests

edging for any coming threats. There was nothing coming, he knew that, yet the extra protectiveness over her gratified him deeply.

Gaze turned toward her at feeling her shift. Avoiding his gaze being too direct on her in case she noticed him looking. She was still sleeping after turning over. Resting her head on his chest and an arm wrapping around his waist. The warmth in his chest heating up into the higher temperatures again. Why was it happening? It was becoming a slight annoyance with its quick changes.

"i need to cure this infection, but how? Human medicine is useless to me." thinking with multiple tapping of fingers on the blankets. Stopping when he thought it may bother Beverly's rest. Shifting his arm closer to wrap around her. Softly rubbing his thumb on the shoulder his hand rested on. Providing a small amount of comfort to her sleeping form. His eyes moving off her to look back over the nests edging up until dawn.

The morning light pooling in disturbed Beverly from her sleep. Him closing his eyes to fake his rest again. Paying close attention to what she was going to do.

She opened her eyes in a wince from the light. Attention turned toward the mass of warmth she was laying against. Waking faster at seeing she was laying up against his body. Much closer then what she remembered when falling asleep. Facing up to see if he was watching. Calming down as he still wasn't.

"he said he stayed aware during his rest. Can't tell how much of that is true, or high ego boosting." thinking with a look over their current position. One arm over him and one arm over her as she rested up against him. Head resting on his chest giving off a comforting warmth against the cold morning air. Noting to herself that she couldn't hear a heartbeat while resting against him. She didn't want to move and accidentally wake him, if she even could. Besides, she was feeling incredibly comfortable in her current laying position.

Beverly had never been this close before for so long without fearing for her safety. Natural curiosity pushing her to study him up close while she could. Surely no one else in all of IT's existence had this kind of chance.

He felt as smooth as he looked with a pleasant softness to his skin. Hair completely lacking everywhere else aside from his head. The texture of his bare skin reminding her strangely of a marshmallow. Pressing down had her feeling the outline of layered muscle. The Very little give when pressing down not surprising to her. He could toss things around using barely any effort. She wanted to press down even harder to see if it was possible to move the tight muscle. Holding herself back from the temptation to avoid waking him.

Studying up the dark markings of his arms lead to his finger tips. Sharp pointed fingernails spreading off the ends. They weren't a matching black like his dark marked skin. They were a deep dark grey with a little translucence she saw with the help of the light shining through them. Spotting something strange at the base of the nails going into the skin.

lines, like a cut, split down the middle at the base of each finger nail. She examined the hand closest to her for a clearer look. The splits didn't look like an injury of any kind from what she could tell. Turning over slightly for a careful taking of the hand into hers. First doing a careful sweep over one of the lines. Testing for a reaction from him seeing also if the skin would split away. The two separated half's remaining tightly connected to each other.

She gave a light press on one of them next. Finding out that the lines would spread for the purpose of making extra space. The sharp nail pushed out into extending like a cat's claw. Sinking back when Beverly released the pressure she was using. Pressing again on multiple fingers to see the same thing occur. Nails extending into a slight curve for easy carving into whatever they would be used upon.

Letting go when all the nails started extending on their own. Growing from a short 8 centimeters to their full inch long length. Watching the clawed hand in waiting for it to do something. Thinking that maybe she overstepped some boundary with touching him like that, making him upset. The claws retracting at Beverly's sudden disinterest in the natural carvers.

IT honestly didn't mind her studying him, he even enjoyed the attention. She could look over him all day if she wished. Turning disappointed when she stopped after the display of claws he gave her.

Opening his eyes at a growling sound not made by him.

Beverly sitting up to hold her hungry stomach. Glaring down as she tried shutting it up to avoid unwanted attention. Too late on that part with Pennywise sitting forward next to her.

"you still haven't eaten." he held out the brown paper bag from yesterday to her. She took a quick look at it then turned away.

"im not hungry." mumbling interrupted by another growl from her stomach. Angry that her own body was going against her.

"you have to eat." keeping the bag held out for her. She refused to accept the bag from him. Not being up to eating anything even with her stomach protesting loudly. The very thought of food knotting up her stomach painfully. "are you ill?" she heard him ask with a setting down of the bag.

"... sort of ..." speaking softly with a look down at the blankets.

"need to go out for air?" unknowingly his question made the knotting in her stomach worse. Wanting to go out, but what if Erik saw her? Suddenly leaving for a few days, meanwhile he thought she was cheating. That was not a good mix to face Erik with. If she had left earlier he may not have realized she went missing after the party. Sneaking back while he was still drunk or when he was puking his guts out in the bathroom all day after. Being gone for the next 3 days would require a major excuse.

"come." Pennywise gestured for her to follow him. Standing up at some point without her noticing. Taking a moment to stand with a close following behind him. Distracting herself by studying his back now exposed to her. Smooth skin covering tight muscle like his front. The black to dark purple marking color covering up and down his spine to fade at the base of his neck. The area being much more bony then the rest of him. The bumps of spine easily distinguishable from one another down the long column.

Out of the nest and down the tunnels she slowed the further they got. Stopping inside the drainage tunnel when they were about to reach the end. Hearing her stop had him stop to look back. Hiding a

grimace after smelling the fear on her.

"what is wrong?" asking her despite knowing. Afraid of that rat male on the outside was why. With no answer from her he thought carefully on how best to ease her worries. "he's not nearby. I won't let him find you if he does come close." speaking softly toward her down the tunnel.

His words eased some worries, but not all. "I'll still have to see him eventually." she thought with a slow walk forward. Squinting at the bright morning light. Especially when she tried looking at the clown. His bright marble white skin seeming to glow from the sunlight shining across him. He could blend into the snow covering Derry.

"and I thought I was pale." chuckling at the personal thought.

"what?" asking why she laughed.

"nothing. ... you can put your shirt back on." seeing him walk around shirtless being so weird for her.

"why? You enjoy the view." teasing her. Both knowing he was right about that, but like hell she would admit it.

"you wish." laughing with a turn away to hide her blushing face. Shivering at the cold frosted air that hinted snow would be falling soon. A warmth growing at her back with a pair of arms following it. Wrapping around her waist to pull her close up against him. Her back up against his hard body of heated muscle.

"i like the view of you too."

Beverly felt the blood rush to her face in a bright blush. Holding her breath on how she should react to that. Being held close against Pennywise while he was completely shirtless. She accepted the embrace without giving a reply to his flirtatious words. Thinking over what he was doing had the emotional high come crashing down. He was only saying things to get close.

"he doesn't really mean it. Like he said, he doesn't love me ... only tolerates." she thought with a push of him away. A spark of anger turning into a burning fire at what he was trying to pull. Thinking a

bunch of sweet words can get her to like him. Especially after all that he pulled, how dare he think that.

Pennywise was confused by her sudden shift of emotion. She was happy, but now she was furious over something. He reached out with barely a touch to her arm when she whipped around to snap at him.

"don't touch me!" glaring him down for a moment. "keep your hands to yourself and don't talk to me either!" furiously walking past to head back inside.

"she's angry with me?" wondering why as he watched her pass him. Not wanting to agitate her more, he reformed his upper clothing before heading in. Finding Beverly inside standing by the webbed walling. Her arms crossed with eyes locked forward toward the webbing. Waiting to be let in by the approaching clown.

"would you like me to get you something?" he offered, having no other idea how to calm her anger. Opening up the wall for her to walk through.

"leave me alone." was her only answer. Her voice soft from annoyance. Going to the far end of the den to lay down near the walls edging.

Seeing no way to calm Beverly's anger he went and laid down in his own space. Watching her from afar for any concerning changes. Daylight passing by to afternoon, drawing up a sound from Beverly. Her stomach growling heavily after ignoring food for almost 2 days now. She didn't want him speaking to her, but he had to feed her.

He gathered up the ignored bag of food to approach with. Sneaking over up to her side with a slow setting of it down. Pushing it toward her in a passive manner. Leaving it close by before quietly retreating back to his spot.

She looked toward the re-offered bag. Going back and forth on if she wanted to eat or not. Her stomach may have been growling, but it was still suffering nausea.

"Maybe eating will somehow settle it." thinking that it also depended

on the food. She didn't think she could stomach anything too heavy. Pleased that inside the bag was a bottle of water, a plastic side container of fruit and a large sandwich stuffed with turkey. After the first bite of food the rest followed down soon after. "did not cure the nausea, but I won't be hungry for a while. nothing much to do but sleep. Have the time pass much quicker at least." she thought. taking a drink of water with a loud crumpling down of the brown bag.

Grabbing a handful of fabric she pulled some layers over for a blanket. Settling down to the view of the towering wall of items blocked mostly by webbing. Covering her head to block out the minuscule amount of light able to reach her. Hidden under the dark covers time felt like it was skipping. Beverly peeking out now and again after feeling the sense of waking after a short rest. Seeing the light shining in changing colors through the passing day. Taking little time to check before heading back under for more sleep.

For a moment the world went fuzzy. Turning suddenly clear at the touch of a hand moving up her leg. Startled, she flipped around under the covers coming face to face with the clown. She didn't get a word out when he kissed her back down into the blankets. Closing her eyes at the strangely nice surprise. Opening them again when he pulled away.

Heart jumping into her throat at seeing him fully unclothed. Turning her head to look away in not wanting to stare. Forced into turning back at feeling the collar of her shirt bit into. A tearing sound of stitching as he yanked back on the clothing.

" ah, stop, wait!" Ordering him to stop. Slipping off the fabric to preserve her clothing she didn't feel worried about undressing for him. Sitting up in removing her pants just as quickly when he went after those next. Crawling over her as he kissed her back down.

Fear catching up to her as something grabbed a hold of her legs. Something hard, overly smooth. and a little sharp. Glancing down had her catching a glimpse of multiple spider legs sprouting from his chest. Wrapping around her to pull her close against his body. Her attention pulled off the sight of them by a lick to the neck. Only for her attention to drop back down at the legs shredding away her underwear. Exposing her to the large black tendril that raised many

alarms in the back of her mind.

The black writhing appendage was covered in what looked like sharp thorns, maybe even being teeth that curved back into the hook like shape. The more main part of the member covered in jagged scales.

"I-i wait i can't take that!" Beverly panicked under him.

"It'll hurt for just a moment." His words not at all comforting.

"Change it to something else!" Shouting her words in panic. Yet despite all her fear, her body still burned for the painful looking member. Maybe it wouldn't be that bad for it to press in. Maybe it was like those bristles on his tongue. They looked sharp, but were the exact opposite.

He didn't answer or even seem to respond to her words. Pressing himself forward in preparation to enter. All Beverly felt she could do was hug him close with eyes shut tightly in her own way of preparing.

"Pen ..." Whimpering out the nickname she gave him in the hopes he would react. Water building up in her eyes at feeling the heat of him at her entrance. When he was to enter her eyes shot open.

Scrambling up under the covers heart beating out of her chest. Looking frantically around while catching her breath. Seeing the outline of the clown away from her spot. Beverly curled back under the blankets. Frustrated she woke up at the worst time, night

"Another fever dream." Thinking to herself in confirmation to what she went through. Although, could it be called a fever dream while not being sick?

" why do i keep having these dreams. ... Clown is probably causing them ..." she glared in thought toward his laying form. " ... Who am i kidding? There mine whether i like them or not. Still is ridiculous to think of doing ... With him ... When i don't even know **what** he has. Might not even be compatible. ... He did talk about doing it with others so - **oh my god why am i thinking about this?!** - need to drown out these thoughts!" Her mind fought with itself on what to

feel. Her body trying it's best to remove the wanting ache left over from the dream.

On the other half of the nest, Pennywise had been taking careful attention to Beverly's changes. Her sweet scent having exploded in her sleep. Tainted by the mix of fear up to when she woke. Her scent changing currently into a confused cocktail of emotion. A burning want, fear, anxiety, anger, stress. The first being the one he was most focused on.

The last time he tended to it he aroused her greatly. With the environment not being as suitable as it was now. The moment seeming perfect for a second attempt. Completely alone, surrounded by soft bedding, dark lighting that humans commonly loved when mating together. Stretching out from his spot, crawling low amongst the piles of blankets, he slowly stalked toward her.

Valkyrie Summers

thank you, glad you like it. :3

Guest

aww, thank you. ;u;

Yami Wesker

yeeeeessss, let us see. Ou0

12. Tunnel vision

Beverly was resting stomach down with face buried in her crossed arms. Doing her best to block out the creeping darkness bringing back her anxiety.

"no ones there." she repeated over and over in her mind. Looking up to calm down some anxiety. Failing miserably at it while mistaking every shape as a person. However, one shape from the corner of her eye, was actually moving. Looking more directly at it she saw it was Pennywise. Wary over what he was doing, being crouched into a stalking position on all fours. Staring toward her with unblinking eyes, holding still when seen like she was prey ready to flee at the sight of him. Momentarily her gaze was moved elsewhere before locking back onto him.

He had moved a large distance in the split second her eyes were off him. Staying down in his stalking posture aimed toward her. A unsettling sign to her, she watched him with thoughts on what he was doing.

"What will he do once he reaches me?" her mind somehow being calm about the situation more than it should be. Looking away again, then looking back, he moved even closer. There wasn't much distance left between them. The next time she looked away he would surely end up next to her. Committing to whatever it was he was planning. Letting out a breath of air she looked away again. Paying close attention to the side he was approaching in preparation.

Barely feeling him when he stalked up to her side. Tensing at the touch of his body moving over hers. lowering down to fully rest his weight upon her. Chin resting down between her shoulder blades. Beverly shifted under the strange feeling of him over her. Slowly settling under him to his radiating warmth as her anxiety of the dark left. The calm broken by him moving his hands up against her.

Skin tingling at the hands gliding up and over her sides to her back. Following down to the edging of her shirt where his fingertips gilded underneath. Rubbing gently at her skin just past the shirts hem.

She knew he was testing the boundaries, waiting for a reaction or sign on whether he was to stop. She stayed quiet, being more nervous than anything. Making no attempts to look at him for some fear she might lose the nerve to keep him going. Part of her cautious on how far to let him get. She still is dating Erik after all, even now what was happening felt like cheating to her.

"maybe I should-" the thought interrupted by a kiss given over her exposed mid back. A shiver shooting up her spine from the contact. He had inched her shirt up to reveal more of her back, His body shifting down to reach the exposed skin. Gently shushing her with more kisses made along her back. A relaxing wave flowing over her body like in the past. Her eyes closing for an instant before shooting open.

"don't do that! I don't need you manipulating my body into reacting how you want!" partially sitting up to confront his shushing action. Not liking that he could make her body placid to his whim whenever.

"It's still your choice. If you do not wish to calm down, then my touch will do nothing." speaking softly as he was stared down by her. Being judged on if he was telling the truth or not. mind settling that it was the truth, but just in case.

"*don't* do it." sternly speaking toward him, Turning in lowering herself back down to relax without the added influence. He waited until she was fully settled before giving another small kiss to her back. Testing the waters again after her angry reaction. Giving a few more kisses when none came.

Hands inching her shirt up further along as he kissed up her back. When the shirt bunched up around her shoulders she pulled it off the rest of the way. Seeing a glimpse of silver fabric fibers falling past her to disintegrate away. Leaving her exposed body to feel his swiftly exposed chest against her back. At the contact of his skin to hers she let out a shiver. Holding in a sound of pleased surprise from a kiss given to the back of her neck. Her hands moving to cover her mouth in a failing at being subtle manner. Fighting against her self to keep more noises down as enjoying all this attention felt wrong.

He didn't like that at all. He wasn't going to let her keep him from

enjoying her sounds. A new challenge to tackle in his approach. Licking and kissing along her neck over to her mouth. Taking a hold of both her hands into one of his own to move out of the way. Kissing her on the lips with a long slow taste of her. Moving himself forward to wedge between her legs. Drawing out a surprised gasp from Beverly breaking the kiss. followed by a pleased hum as he grinded his hips into hers. Moving to return his kissing around her neck. Taking long licks at the area for a further tasting. His free arm moving low to wrap around her waist. Slipping his hand underneath both her pants and underwear to rub the top of her hip. Hooking his thumbs back over the top of the lower clothing to slip both off.

The same hand gliding over the exposed skin of her inner thigh. Hearing a nervous whimper from Beverly as his hand rubbed close to her most sensitive area. Lightly clawing into her thigh when he dragged the hand back down. Leaving behind long rows of red markings, but no blood being drawn. Grinning widely at her legs squeezing together around him. Believing that she was certainly ready to take him in.

Moving his kissing from her neck down to the hook of her bra. Licking just underneath the hook to pull a moan from her throat. undoing the hook with the use of his tongue after. Hands being too busy with other things to help. Returning back up to lick the back of her neck to draw out another moan. With the removal of her last bit of clothing, his arm wrapped tightly around her hips. Burying his face into her neck with various kisses and licks. Deeply inhaling the addicting scent of arousal making him excited for the approaching act.

It was after he took a hold of her hips that she realized how close they were for the act. Having got caught up too much in the thrill of pleasure to tell him to slow down. Honestly she didn't want him to slow down, but another detail was bothering her.

"pen, pen wait!" trying to alert him in panic. Clawing into the bedding to pull herself away. stressing less after his grip loosened on her.

Beverly, as the result of traumatic events, had huge amounts of apprehension diving into sex. Feeling sick as the situation fully sank

in on her position. Needing a moment to breath to fully gather herself to continue on. The burning fear not unnoticed by the one over her. Wincing at the incredibly souring smell ruining the sweet one he worked hard to build from her.

Testing again, he kissed her neck. Smelling a hint of arousal breaking through the souring fear, while she slowly came down from her panic underneath him. He wanted to try again on bringing her excitement up for the action. Thinking the best way to avoid a repeat of this situation along with figuring out why it even happened.

"intimidating being under." thinking about how she probably didn't like being pinned under his massive body. Especially with how many other males used that against her in the past.

Moving for a better hold, his arms shifted up to her stomach to lift her back. Falling back with her to lean against the wall. Beverly grabbing a tight hold onto his arms at the startling movement. Looking around their new set position. He was the one below with her on top. Her back leaning against his chest as he leaned back into the wall. Looking further at her position settled in his lap, but not gazing too low. Avoiding an accidental glimpse of whatever he possibly had down between his legs. Relaxing easier in the new position with her settled on top.

She'd never been in such a position, feeling free-er and more relaxed than usual. Breathing in a deep inhale of the air opened around her. Letting out a hum as pen kissed along the side of her neck. Bringing up her excitement all over again as his hands took a hold of her hips. Bringing her down until she felt his rod gliding up against her thigh. Somewhat relieved that it didn't feel abnormal from what she could tell.

"is it going to hurt?" speech quick to get her question out.

"not at all." Hand rubbing the top of her hip. Continuing forward in settling her down onto him.

Tightly shutting her eyes as he pressed in with the expectation there would be some amount of pain. Letting out a moan instead as it glided in quite smoothly. Thrusting in long slow strokes following

along to odd fidgeting he was doing. His strange action distracting from the pleasure she was receiving to the point it was drowning it out. Watching him constantly shift in all sorts of directions and giving little attention to the actual thrusting.

Really not wanting this time to be disappointing, she tried helping the movements along. Only to be growled at with her attempts halted.

"guess sex is the same with every male." Beverly thought, settling into her unexciting round. Completely ready to tune it out when one of pens odd fidgeting twists sent a shock of pleasure through her body. Yanking an uncontrollable moan from her that made her blush heavily afterwards. Noticing a sudden shift in his demeanor at her reaction. He had a huge grin plastered across his face, claws digging slightly into her hips, his odd movements completely stopping. As if he had found something Beverly was not aware of.

The strange fidgeting had a purpose. He got pleasure through energy and couldn't be bothered with little spikes here or there. He wanted to get a large supply, making it a point to him to find sweet spots **immediately**. Once one spot was found the rest wouldn't be far. The fidgeting would be awkward at first, but quick on finding said spots with the afterwards being a wild ride.

Aiming for the same spot he just tapped, he started a rhythm against it. Beverly covered her mouth to hold in more noises from the repeated waves of pleasure. The hand removed by one of his so he could kiss her, hearing her let out a high moan from another sweet spot being found. Breaking the kiss for her to catch her breath that was running out quicker then before.

Wanting a better thrusting position he turned them onto their sides. One arm wrapped around to claw into her hip for a strong grip. The other arm wrapped around her chest to hold onto both of her arms. Picking up his pace into a deeper thrust hitting along every sweet spot he could. Her excitement building up his as she was drawing close to a climax. Feeling her body tighten around his in forcing him to stay inside. Creating a stronger friction along the sensitive spots burning from pleasure.

Loving the noises she was making as she squirmed under him in euphoria. Her scent burning his body to feel more alive than ever. Licking along Beverly's throat affectionately in a building collection of drool. Craving to taste more of her sweet skin bearing the heated scent. His teeth began to graze across the skin to prick with the sharpening tips for a test bite. Beverly being far too distracted by the mass pleasure to notice the sharp teeth approaching.

Beverly panting heavily on the small amount of air barely able to get in, felt herself almost suffocating. Shutting her eyes tightly on the final push over the edge reaching her. Screaming into the blankets with fists grasping desperately at the fabric next to her. Not at all feeling the bite done to her shoulder.

Rows of teeth clamping down to draw lines of blood. Pen releasing his jaws with their climax passing. Licking over the wound to clear away the forming blood. Promoting the wound to heal ten times faster than normal. Careful about the care he was doing to Beverly's exhausted body. Knowing how delicate humans bodies could be. The wound only going unnoticed due to Beverly having passed out, but not for more than a few minutes.

Slowly waking to her body feeling the most satisfied it's ever been. Hands shaking from the adrenaline rushing through her body. Resting in the moment with no energy to do anything else a strange sensation along her collar bone caught her attention. A cold spot following a thin line of liquid. Without thinking she touched her hand to it and brought it into her sight. Small bloody splotches coating her fingers where the liquid line was disturbed. Now recognizing that Pennywise was licking her throat for quite some time now she reached up to investigate the area.

Receiving a warning growl as he stopped her hand from touching the healing area. Letting go when her hand stopped what it was doing, dropping back down.

"he bit me." calmly thinking over the situation. Since there was no pain she thought it must not really be that bad. too tired to be outraged that he hurt her in some way. "at least he's giving some care." thinking as she stared at her blood spotted hand.

"... you missed a spot." showing her bloody hand to him. Holding in a hum at him pausing to lick the blood from her palm. Skin tingling at his tongue licking away the thin blood line across her collar bone. Turning his attention back to the bigger wound afterwards. Beverly closed her eyes falling asleep to the tender treatment.

The night passed by quickly with the morning light of the sun just beginning to shine through. Leaving a deep hue of blue tinting the underground lair. Slowly the light pulled Beverly from her sleep. Waking up against his body with blankets lightly covering her naked form.

Grumbling with a look at the invading light at the entrance. It was far too early to be waking. Especially after last night. Sitting up with a gasp at being in shock over the weight of last night's actions.

" i slept with him... Slept with *IT*. What is wrong with me?!" Her thoughts questioned. Her change in scent gathering the others attention.

He leaned up from his resting spot beside her. Pulling her back down in a gentle hug followed by some kisses across her neck. The gesture setting her on guard at first. Calming down to think a little more clearly about the situation. Only for her anxiety to spark right back up. Thoughts becoming heavily clouded by the emotion.

" what will i do when Erik finds out?" And she was sure he would. He read her just as easily as Pennywise did. An odd question brought to her attention breaking up her thoughts.

"How do you get rid of an infection?" The clown asked her.

"What, why do you need to know?" Asking to find out the reason for this sudden question. Was she sick and he knew before she did?

"I've been suffering this sickening feeling, a burning heat in my chest. The infection feels worse around you or when you leave and i don't know why. How do i get rid of it?" Explaining his confusing condition. Beverly, after hearing the explanation, was left even more confused. His condition didn't sound like an infection.

"Maybe he meant something else. He's not very good with first aid things." Dissecting his explanation a little further in her thoughts.

"Do you mean *infatuation*?" Attempting to clarify for him.

"Is that the illness that kills you?" Figuring out things himself if he could.

"No, it doesn't do anything like that." Chuckling slightly at his confusion with a brush of hair out of her face. Getting a better view of his irritated expression.

"It's annoying, how do i get rid of it?" Repeating his question to her.

" yeah, it can be." Agreeing with him on the irritating feeling. "There really is nothing you can do, but wait it out." answering him the best she could.

Enjoying the small irritated reaction he gave at the news. "How long?" Grumbling the words into her neck.

"It can vary. A week, maybe two, or a month." Answering with a pat to his shoulder. Feeling a low rumbling growl released from him. Amused by his reaction she raised a hand to slowly pet his head. Brushing through his soft red hair that would reset right after being flattened by her hand. Hand freezing for a moment at feeling a lick to her neck. Continuing again as his slow licking continued.

Stopping as a hand rubbed over her hip. Feeling the hand wander down to her inner thigh. His licking lowering down along her body. Reaching her mid stomach when she pulled his head back up again. Not feeling quite so ready for what he was heading to do. Taking a kiss from him to keep him up.

The kiss ending at him going over her completely. Kissing her into the blankets before pulling back.

"You dream about me, correct?" The question he asked having Beverly nervously fidget under him. Finding that hard to do with their current position of him topping her.

"Yes." Her voice barely hearable.

"What did i do?" He continued probing for information on her personal fantasies. Licking up her face at the bright red blush he caused on her.

"You didn't lick me with your gross tongue for one!" Exclaiming out in embarrassment at how he was causing her to react.

"Sure about that, my little Beverly?" The nickname bringing up an even stronger blush.

"Yes! You weren't even that great and I've had a lot better in my dreams then you!" Working to knock him down coming back to bite her.

" I'll have to change that then." The grin he had stretching overly wide. Having her swallow hard at his acceptance of a fake challenge she accidentally presented him.

"Of course he was never going to accept being called weak at something." Mind blurting out the rational thought. "Why did you say something so stupid?!" Her mind scolded.

Sickness developing in her stomach as she felt him wedge between her legs. Pulling her down closer to his hips with a firm grip on one of her legs to keep it hiked up over his hip. Her hands practically clawing into his shoulder at feeling him rub himself slowly at her entrance. Teasing her body into letting the sickness go for the building pleasure.

When her body relaxed enough he slowly pressed himself in. Grinding along her walls with a slowing down over the particularly sensitive spots he found last time. Smiling at getting a moan out of the girl underneath him. For her, he had definitely changed something for this round. She could feel him as bigger with new ridges that rubbed more thoroughly at her tightened walls.

"Better than any dream, aren't i?" He teased her. Beverly stubbornly holding in a confirmation to his question. "Am I?" Repeating his question he pushed forward in a rush against all the sweet spots. The ridges creating a small vibration along her core.

"Ah! Yes, yes, okay!" Beverly panted out through the pleasure, literally, thrust upon her. Legs clenching around his hips to prevent him from pulling to far out. If her nails could break his skin he'd be covered in claw marks across his back. She didn't notice, or would even care, that he was smiling smugly down at her.

Passive licking turning more to drooling across her neck again. The demanding hunger returning at the burning scent affecting his body. The last taste he got was perfect to what he expected. So sweet and delicate, he had to take another bite. This time making sure it was much smaller than the last one was. Using his sharp teeth to pierce the skin in one quick pinch on her shoulder. Leaving small pin pricks about the size of a pencil tip. Licking up the delicious drops of blood pooling at the surface.

His pace picking up at the excited mix of sensations. Cycling back from Beverly's building energy. Observing her reactions with a few more twists deep inside her. Getting out of her as many moans as he could before her climax came forth. Biting her neck again, at her release, with a deeper puncture then the last. Licking up the blood while Beverly laid happily exhausted under him.

Resting her eyes with heavy panting all while regaining her energy. Surprised she didn't pass out like last time, although getting pretty close to it. These rounds felt so much more draining then the ones with Erik

"Maybe he eats the energy?" Slowly opening her eyes to the thought.

"C-can you feed off the energy?" Her voice hard to gather up.

"I can, but it's not anywhere near enough to survive off of. It'd be like you surviving off a spoonful of corn." His answer coming out quite easy. Sounding not at all exhausted after their heavy play.

She closed her eyes again to rest back into the bedding. Letting out a hum of approval at him shifting to rub her shoulders. She wasn't sure of when, but she did fall asleep. Realizing only after opening her eyes again to the light looking toward later in the day.

"What time is it?" Voice still groggy after her sleep.

"Little past noon." Answering above her. His body still over hers. Resting his head over her shoulder, perking it up at her waking.

"Hm." Was her reply to show she heard. Closing her eyes again almost on the verge of more sleep. Receiving kisses to her neck she opened her eyes following a chuckle. Wrapping her arms around his neck to give him a kiss in return. His kissing picking up at the excitement with her returning affection.

"Pen i can't." Breathing in to gain some small energy to talk. Pressing him back to calm him down a little.

" why not?" Stopping his actions.

"I want to ... But super tired." Her answer getting out after a breath of air.

"Why?" His tone sounding of mixed confusion with curiosity,

"It takes some time to get the energy back. ... Especially after two rounds." Smiling at his lack of knowledge.

" will food help?"

"Heh, maybe?" Right as her answer ended she felt Pennywise get up. His clothes appearing back on before heading to leave in a rush.

"But no promises!" She shouted as he left out the nests exit. Hoping that he didn't really expect a round 3 right after feeding her something.

Beverly stretched a little with a roll onto her side. Taking up some blankets to cover her, now exposed to the cold, body. Settling down to sleep some more before he returns.

"Beeevvverly." She heard him stretch out her name.

"Pen ... I really need to sleep, okay? We'll do more later." Exhausted voice stating her current position on doing anything else.

Sitting up quickly to the feeling of multiple things rub along her body. Pulled right back down by multiple suction cupped tentacles

wrapping around her body. The origins to the twisting limbs sprouting from him. His naked body over her with chest spreading wide down the middle in an open cavity for the tentacles to spread from.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of everything." His mouth full of jagged sharp teeth dripping drool. The slime covered limbs twisting around her legs with a pull to spread them open.

Beverly woke up to her body struggling with the blankets twisted around her. Panting after that confusing dream that horrified her, yet it may have caused something else along side it.

"fucking dreams." Relaxing back down she looked around the nest. Judging by the blue light it was the next morning. Feeling her energy had recovered well after her sleep. Her stomach growling to alert her of the hunger she was feeling. Wondering now where Pennywise was since he left to get her food.

"Are you still tired?" She heard his voice behind her. Turning her head in the direction and seeing him laying not too far.

"Mm, maybe a little, but it'll go away soon." Her stomach growling again.

"Here." Pushing over a brown bag smelling of a cheeseburger toward her. Being thanked by her as she took it.

Shifting through the bag hungrily to pull everything out. A white takeout container holding a huge cheeseburger with a side of fries. A small side container holding chicken salad and a bottle of soda. Smiling at the burger still being lukewarm in the container after so long. Digging right into the burger first using large bites. Slowing down her eating after reaching half way. Moving to eat some fries as Pennywise moved over to sit closer next to her.

" want a bite?" She offered the burger to him. Feeling rude for eating in front of him without offering something. Holding a snicker at his disgusted reaction.

"The way you all make meat is a little too over cooked for me to

stomach." refusing to look at the offering.

" suit yourself, but cheeseburgers aren't dry." Teasing him with the food before taking another bite of it.

"You eat any human food?" Asking out of curiosity.

"Of course i do, as long as it's not over cooked."

"Like what?" Taking up a spork to take a bite of the side salad.

"Popcorn, cotton candy, funnel cake, fried twinkies." Listing off the ones coming to mind.

"So anything surgery or fried from the fairs?" Summing up the list.

"Yes. I get it free on workers discount." Chuckling at the noted information.

"Yeah right, like you'd work for anybody." Chuckling as well with a bite of food. "Can you find my clothes so i can get dressed?" Taking the last bite of salad.

"Why?" His tone disappointed she wanted to redress.

" need to go out to the lake, where i can bathe." Answering with a mashing down of the empty containers in the bag. Smiling at his grumbling of going to gather her clothes. Setting the small pile of them down next to her.

"Now look away while i get dressed."

"Why, I've already seen everything?"

"Please." Asking him again without explanation as to why. A sense of joy when he cooperated, despite him grumbling unhappily as he did. His actions showing he would listen to her when asked something. Something she rarely, if ever, got from Erik Her redressing slowing at thinking of Erik Turning nervous at going out again.

"Erik never goes to the quarry lake. I should be safe." Convincing herself to calm down. Smoothing her clothes out after getting up with

a grab of her shoes to put on last.

"Okay, ready." Confirming for him to finally look. Taking his held out hand to flash through the dark void to the quarry lake.

"Ugh, never get used to that." Motion sickness churning her recently filled stomach worse than usual.

"Turn around again so i can undress." Getting the expected reaction of an angry why.

"You just got dressed, why for?! You could have just stayed undressed!" Watching him turn around despite his confusion on why.

"There are certain levels of undressing. It's also weird to stare at a girl undressing." Slipping her boots off again with arms helping to slip her shirt off.

"sounds more like extra steps you could simply skip." mumbling behind her. Hearing the sound of water shifting at her steps went out from shore.

"i assume you swim?" asking him from her swimming spot.

"of course I do. It's not that difficult being practically a more denser version of space I commonly travel."

"come swim with me then."

"swimming is a waste of energy." uninterested in the activity.

"please, it'll be fun." asking this time getting a scoff from him as he walked out into the water toward her. She looked away up toward the sun going high over head. The water would be getting much warmer with the approach of noon. The sounds of water settling as he stopped drawing her attention back toward. Laughing at him standing in the water.

"what?" questioning her laughing.

"um, I forgot the lake isn't deep enough for you here." breaking up her laughing. With how tall he was he was able to stand at the

bottom of the lake where they were with height to spare above the water line. "we'll have to go out farther."

"is it necessary? I am already in the water."

"yes, but standing at the bottom is not swimming. Shouldn't you enjoy swimming, since it's so much like space? That's where you come from, right?"

"i travel it, but that doesn't mean I enjoy it." huffing at the sky.

"isn't that your home? Or at least contains your home?"

"i have no home."

"... sounds lonely ..."

"to you, being stuck on one miserable planet. i am not meant to have a home. I am meant to travel, devour, and move on to the next food source." sinking low into the water while speaking.

"... you can't do that here." anger filling her tone.

"*why can't I?*" anger filling his at being told he couldn't have something.

"because this is the only miserable planet I can survive on! What do you think will happen to me if you destroy it all?!" holding her anger back being difficult. Sighing when he stared off into the distance with no answer to be given on her question. Swimming further out without another word passing between them. Her gaining space between them on purpose to cool down somewhere alone.

Leaving him alone to battle his own thoughts. "i wasn't planning on leaving soon. ... I can't leave with her. ... I can't devour this planet, but ... it's my nature to, I can't change that. ... for her I must stay? ... that ... can't." sinking deeper into the water. Warmth in his chest taking a drastic dip to a void like pain. Feeling like a black hole was forming in his chest. Turning his head to look off at her form swimming in the distance. Even with how far apart they were he could still feel the drop in her mood. Being just as pained as he was.

She splashed some water away in frustration. " he's not normal, he cant change. Lots of false promises he'll drop once he has me. Won't have a reason to keep up appearances then. ... what did I expect? A leopard can't change their spots." thinking out her anger. Dunking her head underwater to sweep away the building tears.

"go back home tomorrow. Move on with my life like I planned to."

IMPORTANT NOTICE:

good news, bad news, and really bad news.

bad news - i have now ran out of premade chapters and the updates will be slower now.

really bad news - my college finals are coming up now. making the updates excruciatingly slow till at least DEC 17th when my semester ends.

good news - i have a set outline of where the story's going. making it super easy on where to write the plot forward. and i can also work on the story in my schools lunch break.

dj83

thank you. :3

not sure if you meant Beverly obsession with Erik, or pennywises since you start using "he" while mid talking about Beverly.

but the reason for Beverly "obsession" with Erik has more to do with her obsession of having a normal life. unfortunately her past male trauma has caused a distortion on what seems okay and normal. which is why she tolerates and makes excuses for Erik, making blinders to all the bad things ruining her life. Erik has also purposefully worked to keep her excluded from normal social situations. literally beating a fear into her that she cant leave the house without permission. then comes along pennywise practically being her only friend + being the most abnormal thing around, she rejects any help offered by him. sticking more to whats "normal" for her with Erik. however, due to pennywises intervention, Erik's

"training" of her is slipping. causing a few times in past chapters for her to accidentally slip out remarks against Erik or forget rules that she used to obey.

Yami Wesker

hope you were prepared for this chap. XD

13. Faulty

Their last conversation caused a cloud to settle over them both. Neither had talked to each other since the lake visit yesterday. The new morning turning the lair dark with a blanket of snow covering the skylight. Beverly was sure off of that, that a blizzard was approaching.

"Are you hungry?" The clown's voice disturbed her lone resting.

"No." Spoken in a tone that did not want to be bothered by *IT*. "Go away!" Snapping at his approach toward her.

"I can get you something warm to drink instead." Offering something else up as a way to possibly pacify her anger.

"I don't want anything." Her tone remaining the same, yet now muffled into the blankets she rested upon.

"...i said i wouldn't eat your planet. Why are you still angry?" Personally he wasn't sure if that was the truth or not. Maybe it all depended on the end of Beverly's life span when the world was to be devoured. If she was gone, no point preserving the rock in space then.

"WHY?!" Bolting up from her laying spot. "Why do you think why?! You're the same as you ever were. Narcissistic, selfish, You don't really care about what i think! You just put on a little show until you get what you want! It's all just a bunch of fun to you! You said so yourself, you don't like humans! You had your fun, now leave me alone!" Roaring down her bottled up anger. If there was one thing *IT* feared, aside from starvation, it was Beverly's wrath. Boiling up feelings of anger along with the dipping pain at her accusations. It sounded as if she thought him to be a useless mate.

"What about you? Where are your friends? Why haven't you told them yet I've been here? Why haven't you done anything about my feeding off those lured into town? Hmm? Doesn't seem like you care that much for humans either." Snapping back in his own defense. Anger dying down with Beverly's own disappearing. Switching over

to depression at her reopened emotional wounds.

She couldn't find much to defend herself on those points. Drove off her friends long ago, leaving her eventually to face *IT* alone. Never gave much thought to the people he had probably been eating while she was here. Maybe it's because she didn't really like people, like he said. Another part being she accepted it as a part of cruel nature. Can't blame a wolf for eating a farmers sheep. A wolf can't just live off grass and it seemed that *IT* couldn't live off animal meat.

"Only a few more hours and then that's it." Mumbling the words to the air. Telling herself and him they wouldn't be together much longer.

The aching in his chest a pulsing pain he swore was turning more serious. He didn't want her to leave. He had to fix this, he could fix it! He just needed to present gifts that were worth staying for. Rushing off to return with hot soup she mentioned helping sickness. When he offered it she completely ignored him.

"This gift didn't work. I'll go for something else." He thought in rushing off again. Returning the next time with a hot container of steak. Again going on ignored by her. Again and again he rushed off to return with various offerings. Candy, flowers, shiny coins people dropped in the river constantly, hot food, hot drinks, more bedding, and quite a few other things. None of it changed her mood or her level of purposely ignoring him. Time had ran out on keeping her here.

"Okay, let me out so i can go home." Standing to her feet to walk out. Looking toward Pennywise with a look of confusion toward his.

He wanted to tell her no. Refuse her passing to leave, but that would prove her point that he didn't think of how she felt. Along with breaking that matter of him saying he would let her go with better things to spend energy on keeping. Despite the sickening pain in his chest, he released her. Following her back the entire way to Eriks apartment. Doing his best to scare her into doubling back.

Beverly had been drowning Pennywise out the entire way. Thinking of what to say to Erik Preparing for the injuries she was most

certainly going to be punished with.

"Do you want me to step in?" She heard the one offer above the rest.

"No, i don't want you stepping in for anything! I can take care of myself!" Walking a little faster to get everything over with quicker. Stepping up onto the final cold concrete porch with a knock on the hardwood door. Swallowing sickly at hearing Erik open the door.

Eriks neutral demeanor shifting to something less inviting. "Finally coming home?" His tone not at all happy to see her. "Get in." Ordering her before she could speak.

Staring her down as she passed inside. Causing her to flinch after he heavily slammed the door. Letting her know how angry he was. His beating was going to be harder than all the others. Apologies were not going to save her here. Waiting for the first hit as he circled her.

"Where were you these past couple days?" Asking her a question. Not like it mattered, he had his own answers. Hating no matter what she gave for an answer. "Hello?!" He shouted down at her when no answer came. Invading her space aggressively to scare her down.

"...i-i ... Went to the hospital." Whimpering out some excuse.

"You used that excuse last time!" Roaring down at her as he grabbed her by the shirt collar. Shaking her a little to release the start of his anger. "Where's the asshole you're sleezeing off to?! Who is he?!" Shaking her again before a short pause in waiting for an answer.

"I-" she only managed to get out as his fist slammed into her face. Flinching into herself for protection. Finding it hard to stay that way as Erik shook her loose by the collar.

"Don't you try to lie to me! Tell me his damned name!" Erik continued harassing her for the information she couldn't possibly give without seeming insane. "Is this the reason why you wanted us to come back here?!"

Pennywise was left watching from outside the apartment window. Wanting so badly to break in and snap all that humans limbs, but Beverly ordered him to not to jump in. He had to accept her feelings

didn't he? How this was heading, she wouldn't last long. He needed to do something to pull Eriks attention off her. Running off to fetch something with a great wave of pain at no longer watching Beverly. He could only hope she could last long enough for him to finish his task.

For a good 5 minutes she suffered hit after hit before a knock at the door stopped the attack. Looking through the window Erik panicked at the sight of two cops.

Yanking Beverly off the floor to shove her all the way to the back room. "Stay here and be quiet while i talk to the cops!" Whispering through grit teeth to her face he forced to look forward toward his own. Leaving for the bathroom to scrub her blood off his fists. Passing by her one last time to give a warning look.

Beverly could hear him putting on a fake cheerfulness when greeting the officers. Being nervous herself on being discovered by them. She did not want to be asked questions or see Erik dragged off in handcuffs. Attempting to move to hide in the closet proving too painful. Hard to breath through the taste of irony blood heavy on her tongue. Ribs covered in bruises, a black eye sure to be forming and a sprained wrist from him twisting it back.

The mention of Charles name had her interest perk up. Listening more closely to the conversation down the hall.

"We found most of him. Hanging from a bunch of tree branches torn to shreds. Morgue finally pieced enough to identify him." Hearing one officer describe a bloody scene.

"Shit, but like i said, i only saw him at a party a few days ago. I barely remember the night after having a few drinks." Erik rushed to give his answer. Turning uncomfortable under the presence of police officers.

"Alright, if you find anything else. Give us a call." The final words passed between them before the front door shut with a click. Beverly's body shaking at Eriks approaching footsteps down the hall.

"You know anything about Charles disappearing?" Asking her with a

tone holding less anger then before. Beverly shook her head in a no. "... Whatever." Eriks tone showing he didn't believe her, but couldn't care less. He wasn't going to get involved with police over anything.

"You're not allowed outside anymore. Not for anything! No dog, no walks, no shopping, not even for fresh air! Going to cheat then you better expect to be treated like a whore would be. You need to work for my trust! House lock down and chores 24/7, I don't care if you're tired! All my meals better be ready before i reach the table to!" Barking the new rules above her head. "Don't speak unless i say either. Go get this place cleaned and fix yourself up before everybody shows up! You have less than 30 minutes!" Adding on to his commands.

Beverly only nodded with eye contact avoided. Shakily rising to her feet to start with her chores. Careful about touching anything that could upset Erik if moved. Making sure the place was perfect before heading to the bathroom. Locking herself in to sit down for a rest on the tubs edging. Taking in two deep breaths for a shaky stand to her feet. Looking over her face to start caring for her wounds. Running the faucet to splash the blood off her face. Hoping the cold water would stop her eye swelling shut.

Having all the blood washed from her face she examined her shirt collar for any. Finding some small streams had stained its edging. Thinking on whether to bother with scrubbing the stains or not had her stretching out her collar to reveal a slightly older scar to her. Unable to recognize the scarring she leaned forward toward the mirror for a closer examination.

Multiple rounded rows made up of thin crescent marks as if from a sharks bite. Alarmed that such a complex wound was fully healed. Even more so at realizing she wasn't as alarmed while receiving it earlier.

"this is so deep I should have felt some pain from it. I can't even mark when the bite exactly happened. I only realized after feeling my blood run down my neck. I better not find more." fixing her collar back on the last thought. " it's not that bad I guess. Holds a memory of some fun times." a different theme against all her other scars. startled way from her thoughts by loud banging on the bathroom

door.

"you better come out of there! Everybody's about to be here!" Erik roared at the door. Beverly had to swallow down all her fear to even approach the door. Stepping out to wait by the front door like a maid going to invite the guests in. standing there obediently in utter silence.

Meanwhile Pennywise was back to spy from the window. relieved that his plan had worked to buy Beverly some sort of mercy for a time. He wasn't going to allow this to go on for long. This **will** be fixed **very** soon. He'd make sure of it, but circumstances were hard to line up.

Following the rest of the week a few blizzards rolled in to thoroughly cover Derry in a multiple feet of white. Beverly had been trapped inside the house without even so much as looking out a window. Living in constant fear of Eriks anger. Pennywise had visited many times with the intentions of talking to her being foiled by spys babysitting. Trey a few times, but seemed quite terrified of her. Victoria and Lorna practically torturing Beverly with hard working chores or forced repeating of ones already done.

Any other secretive attempts to talk in the night had Beverly ignoring him. Refusing to even look at him the whole time he was there. What's worse is she refused the many offerings of food he set randomly around the apartment for her to discover during chores. Despite being unhealthily thin while taking drastic measures of her own to steal food. Erik had been sure to only feed her small amounts along side telling her she needed to lose more weight. Tempting Pennywise all the more to shove a chicken bone down the male's throat.

He had to get her out at least for a proper meal. Of all the observed babysitters, Darius when he was on watch was the least aggressive. Hanging around in silence for Eriks return. In Pennywise's view, Darius was the perfect one to have Beverly slip away from. Concocting a plan easy for her to feel brave enough to follow. Now he only needed to spring it and for her to come.

One strangely warm day Beverly had finished her chores early.

Laundry all folded, house cleaned, Erik was fed and Darius was left to babysit her. She sat down tiredly beside him as he watched TV. Most her wounds had healed slightly. Black eye no longer swollen or as black. Ribs stopped aching all the time to just when heavy lifting. Her wrist, however still being in a gauze wrap.

"You want a beer? I'll just tell Erik i drank it." It wasn't the first nice offer Darius had given. He did the same offer with food too each time he babysat. Beverly shook her head to reject the offer, doing the same to the past ones. She could confidently hide stolen food without Erik noticing, but if he questioned who ate food from the fridge she'd cave the truth. "Alright, but I'll keep the offer open." Blowing up some bubble gum to pop. Beverly Flinching a little from the pop of gum. Annoying, but she would rather deal with that over Treys paranoid shouting or Victorias slavery treatment.

She tuned out the world with a close of her eyes. Listening to the boring sports playing on the TV "Hey, this was supposed to be commercial free!" Hearing Darius complain with a sudden cut off of the sports game. She opened her eyes at hearing pens voice call for attention from the screen.

"Hiya! It's almost Halloween and you know what that means? Things are lurking about down at the fairgrounds waiting for you! Play games, eat food, or ride the rides. Come on over, it's not that far!" Beverly sat there in mild shock watching the clown "advertise" the local Halloween fair. Thinking about the whole thing as an obvious message for her to come over.

" damn clown, won't give it rest after telling him multiple times. ... guess I should go over and tell him *again* not to bother. A 5 minute walk with even less when running to the fair. Erik doesn't hang around there, but ..." Thought with a nervous glance toward Darius

" ... I want to go to the fair." She stated out flatly, but quickly.

"That Halloween one? But you can't go outside. If we get caught Erik will kill us both." Spoken with another pop of gum.

"It's only a 5 minute walk from here." She made sure to mention.

"... Okay, but if i say we gotta go, we **really** gotta go." He caved in to her requesting. Beverly nodded with a stand to her feet. Heart racing with an opening of the front door. Taking her first step outside after a whole week. Sucking in a huge breath of morning air before choking on the cold. Coughing as she walked down the street.

"Eriks not here, he won't see us." Thinking to herself to keep moving forward. Pacing turning slower the closer she got. "Why am i doing this? I should go back before he finds out." Continuing forward despite the fear. Some feeling that was bigger than fear. A need for freedom, maybe happiness, or something deeper like lov-

"Ugh, they really brought up the creep factor here. Playing a bunch of those creepy rhymes. What kind of kid likes those?" Darius shuddered under the nursery rhymes lightly playing from stereos over the kiddie rides.

"Look, they even got that creepy clown here from the commercial." Beverly whipped her head around to look in the direction Darius was. Spotting Pennywise waving at her with red balloons floating by his other hand.

Ignoring Darius's pleas for her to not to go near the clown as she speed walked over. Reaching him quicker as Darius preferred a overly slow approach.

"Hiya Bev! So what had you come down here?" *IT* played along as a normal clown.

"A weird clown who won't stop stalking me. I told you not to do anything like this." scolding him in whisper for Darius not to possibly hear.

"you're the one who came and since you're here, what do you wanna do?" his smile dropping when Darius finally made his way over. "Hey Dariusss, want a balloon?" The clown asking in a deep animalistic hiss. a show of dominance along with his overly intrusive knowledge of who's who in his town. Wanting to mark himself as the dominant force of this place.

"Uh, no, i'm a bit old for balloons." Darius spoke nervously with a pop

of gum. Unsettled by the clown saying his name so strangely. "Come on Beverly, we should head back. This place sucks." Whispering to her while so near the towering clown.

"You her boyfriend?" The clown snarled down. Making Darius even more nervous under the clowns shadowing height. Questioning himself on if his eyes were correct on seeing rows of sharp teeth in the clowns mouth. It must have been a mistake as another glance had them look normal.

"No, just a friend and we gotta be somewhere else." The small human spoke with a nudge of Beverly's shoulder for her to start moving. Pennywise's face turning more serious then returning to his normal smile. Beverly knew the expression well, making her nervous at what he was about to do.

"You like gum, kid?" The clown asked simply.

"Yeah." Darius answered the strange question.

"Better be careful. That stuff will rot your teeth." The clown chuckled. Darius nervously chuckling back. Chewing on his gum when a loud crunch was heard. Startling Beverly and Darius at the concerning noise. Spitting out his gum into his hand had revealed a tooth lodged in the small gum mound.

"Told ya." The clown remarked with a taking of Beverly's hand. Darius too stuck in his own bubble of shock to notice the clown now walking off with Beverly

"You didn't have to do that to him." she commented on pens handling of Darius

"He'll live. Whatcha wanna do? Now that we have free run of the place." Gesturing to the fair grounds with small groups of visitors here and there.

"i shouldn't even be here." sighing out her answer leaking the exhaustion she was feeling. Pen expected that with how little food she was eating.

"Come with me." Walking her along by the hand over to a closed mini

boat ride. The water completely drained from the track giving easy access to the inside. Sitting down after reaching a certain spot inside lit up barely by the outside light reflecting down the man made tunnel. A fake campfire in the forest display with a mannequin holding a hook with one hand over the plastic fire. meant to represent the hook handed killer urban legend. After shoving the mannequin away to the floor, pen turned on the fake fire to have it glow after a quick tap of its top. Beverly sitting down by the plastic object giving off the same amount of warmth as a real fire. A detail she assumed was not the norm of the plastic light.

"Are you hungry? I can get anything you want here. Waffles in syrup, cotton candy, doughnuts, or maybe fried Twinkies?" speaking excitedly at being back in Beverly's presence.

"I-i don't think i could stomach anything sweet." Safely declining the offer of tempting food. Going so long without sugar had an effect when eating it again. Starting up some serious stomach upset followed by a sudden removal of barely digested food into a nearby trash can. She learned the hard way after eating a pancake doused in syrup one morning.

"Hmm, i think there's something else. Wait here." Going off before she could say anything. Returning with a cardboard container filled with a small pile of food steaming from it. She carefully took it for a look over the pile.

"fried fish on fried crawdads? didn't know they still served this." Happily taking up a long slender bit of fried fish. Finding the light meat settling down into her stomach smoothly at each bite. Sitting satisfied for the first time this week on a full stomach of hot food.

"would you like more?" his question replied with a head shake from her. Nodding his head in return as he sat down next to her.

"i couldn't fit anything else after all that." chuckling as she set the empty tray down. Leaning back against a nearby "tree" with a look down at the nearby exposed boat track. She never understood why they bothered to set up the huge ride of urban legends. 2 days in and the track would freeze from the cold to make the ride useless. They would drain it for the rest of October then pull it all down after

Halloween passed.

"like to go tour the ride?" he pointed down the darkened tunnel ride.

"may as well. Been ages since I've actually seen the ride. I bet its aged poorly from the last time I saw it as a kid." using the tree to help stand to her feet. Walking a little further down toward the darkened area. Stopping to look back at the clown following not too far behind.

"you got a light?"

"what's wrong, can't see in the dark? Heh heh." joking before he banged the wall nearest to them. The ride springing to life sounding off to loud clunks of gears running the track. Small lights lining the tracks edges lighting up to mark a path to follow.

"wow, it looks worse than I thought. Tracks are rusted to hell and the paints peeling off everything." checking over the aged ride.

"would you say it's scarier now then it was? I always found this ride to be lacking despite what every human leaving spoke of this thing." following Beverly while she walked setting to setting.

"yeah, sure looks like it." speaking in monotone up at a mannequins face cracking off sections of paint to reveal the plain rotten wood underneath. "honestly they should have replaced this ride ages ago."

"and put what?"

"a cheesy fortune teller tent? Derrys never had one of those." throwing out an idea as she passed a few more sad displays of falling apart sets. Mannequins becoming more duct tape then wood. False trees turning into painted cardboard with paper leafs scotch taped on. The start of the whole exhibit being a laughable giant teddy bear covered in hot glued on wigs to make a "big foot" display.

"guess this nightmare will fill my dreams tonight." snickering at the display looked to be made by a bunch of kids.

"do you Still have dreams about me?" his question having her go quiet to think of an answer.

"Sometimes"

"*Sometimes?*" snagging her on the lie.

"*a lot* then." irritated that he caught her so quickly.

"what happens, what do I do?" pressing for more information.

"... lots of things." answering with another pause to carefully think of how to answer. She didn't want to say too much and give specific details away.

"what things?" the smile on his face growing wider with each question. Having Beverly take a little longer to think so she wouldn't stumble under nervousness.

"uh, some certain things." answers turning harder to give. She figured she had to give the answers, or he'd start asking more specific questions. Then he would really find out all the details based of her reaction.

"like mating?" speaking out the question bluntly. Cutting off the circles she had been going in.

"yes." his question forcing her to answer truthfully. Backing her into a corner on where all her answers could lead to next.

"how'd it go?"

"it was ... weird." answering truthfully again. All her dreams seemed to involve him doing something alien to her. Extra limbs grabbing her, tying her up in webbing, hunting her down to catch her for the act. Each of them caused mixed emotions of fear, anxiety, and even excitement.

"how so?"

"um-" her thoughts scrambling on what to say. Darius shouting her name coming as a welcomed surprise. "... I really have to go now. ..." whispering back to the clown. Her joy dropping at needing to be held back up in the apartment.

He reluctantly gave her a nod to go. "see you again Bev." he whispered to her. The ride going dark to leave only his glowing eyes floating by her before they disappeared into the black.

Beverly wanted to correct him on those last words. They couldn't see each other again, she told him that. For some reason she didn't. The words refused to leave her mouth despite opening it up to say them. Once he was gone she closed her mouth to head out of the dark ride. Heading toward the small amount of outside light pooling from the entrance around a bend.

When Darius spotted her he bolted over to grab a hold of her arm. Already rushing off with her in tow. "come on were really gotta go!" she managed to catch while being almost yanked off her feet. Rushing to keep up with Darius's pace the whole way. Returning fine without any issues of Erik suspecting nothing of what had happened after he got home.

Pennywise had returned to the Neibolt house. Finding it to be a more common spot to lurk around than the nest. It felt so strange without Beverly being there. While also mostly due to the fact he had to feed Henry, who practically lived in the abandoned place now.

"food." Pennywise dropped a bag holding a huge collection of fried foods into Henry's lap.

Henry thanked him with a pulling out of a huge funnel cake covered in syrup and sprinkles that had passed between all the bagged items. "you got to meet Beverly today?" asking as he took a bite.

"yesss, but she sssstill had to go back." hissing out some frustration. At least **his** mate was fed satisfactory food. He refused to believe that Beverly was mated to that pathetic male. She was only mated to **him** and he was going to take his mate fully after careful planning.

"what are you going to do now?"

"put on a good show of course." grin stretching crookedly toward the thought of the future. He lured her away once, he could do it again. He'll get her further away each time until she would refuse to leave him. These next few times won't be a simple dinner date either. He

was going to dig into her deepest fantasies as luck was on his side of filling her dreams commonly. He only needed to pick away the layers, which he almost did entirely today. "and I'll need you to help me set up some things."

"what?! , but i-!" Henry partially choked on the thick syrupy cake in surprise. Coughing until he could roughly speak again. "what can I even do?!" wheezing the words.

"i just need something to distract the bastard away. I want the shows to be long and I'll be a bit- *tied up* – to properly watch him."

"distract him how? I don't want to fight anybody. I don't want to go back to the hospital or worse, jail!" arguing with the clown despite his inner thoughts not to temp making the inhuman creature angry. Henry had relearned that Pennywise wasn't human, along with maybe there was some distorted things surrounding their circumstances of being "friends". However, he was greatly enjoying his returned freedom into society. As long as he, personally, didn't have to take any risks with the law. he didn't pay much attention to what the clown did on his own time.

"nothing of the sort my friend. This can even benefit you to live in better conditions. It's a game I've been playing with the moron for quite some time. He gets loads of money I take as a challenge of skills to steal it all away. This time the game will be more complex." sounding more excited the longer he explained. Henry turning the opposite from the description.

"I'm not going to mug him then get arrested for it!" tone showing his disinterest.

"ooh, but this is the best part! His moneys received through quite an illegal trade of pills. He cant do shit about his money disappearing. He's not even supposed to have it by legal records. You get it, then I make sure to switch the records a bit to show its yours. All legal, like with your hospital release." holding back a giggling fit at how horrified Eriks face would be once he sees the money gone later.

"... what if the cops do look into it?" sounding a little more interested.

"those morons can't do anything right in **my** town. Nothing to worry about."

"... what am I supposed to do?"

an early xmas present. schools over, but iam celebrating with my family. so updates will still have long pauses in between. =]

Valkyrie Summers

glad you like it. :3

Yami Wesker

now you're gonna cry. XD

dj83

thank you. :3

14. Temptation

Beverly awoke in her bed to the morning light. Erik sleeping a few feet away in his own bed. He had separated their beds yesterday. Ranting about how she could be riddled with STDs and hated sleeping next to her.

"Easier not to wake him i guess." Sitting up at the thought. Following the usual routine of starting chores, make breakfast, hide her breakfast. Erik wakes, gets ready to leave, eats and then Trey arrives with the van. Babysitter for the day stays and everybody else drives off for "work." Today was turning a little differently.

"Hey Erik some guy has a load of painkillers he's willing to sell off. Wants to get rid of them quick and says he's willing to cut a deal." Victoria spoke from the doorway. Shoving Beverly to the side as she was let in.

"Oh? Know where he is? Or can you call him?" Asking between shoveling bites of food down.

"Got a meet up with him at a empty factory. he's got 12 bags of the extreme stuff freshly snagged from the hospital last night." Speaking highly of the drugs.

" you saw them?"

"Fuck yeah i did. We can sell that stuff instantly after adjusting the package amounts. There still all in the prescription bottles."

"Did he say a price or a deal needs to be settled?" Scraping the last amount of food into his mouth.

"He says he won't go below \$108,000. We could give him a deal of \$200,000 and still make twice that off the supply we'll get."

"Alright, I'll stop at our pharmacy. Then hop on over to the business meeting. Stay here and babysit while i do the adult work." chugging down his orange juice as he left.

"Sure thing cutie." Complimenting him as he left out the door. Her

happy aura dropping at being left alone with Beverly "What exactly do you do for him again?" Question aimed at Beverly washing the dishes.

"Why do you like babysitting?" Beverly asked back. Victoria was obsessed with Erik It seemed like she would hate babysitting and prefer for Beverly to run off.

"Because i am a good listener who stands by her man. Something you wouldn't know. Im sure that eventually Erik will get bored and kick you to the curb. I'll be his precious queen then and make him all the big money." Boasting about herself being far more annoying than Pennywise doing the same thing.

At least when done by Pennywise he could handle a punch to the ego from Beverly. She so much as breathed on Victoria, would cause the girl to go crying to Erik about her causing trouble. Unable to say anything while not wanting to hear Victoria boost all day about herself, Beverly took up vacuuming.

The loud sound drowning everything out for the next few hours. Rarely shouted over by Victoria telling Beverly "you missed a spot." Even after Beverly vacuumed the same spot five times in a row. Victoria, at becoming bored of watching Beverly vacuum, started wandering the house. Causing Beverly some anxiety as to what she was doing. She had caught Victoria a few times messing with things on purpose to get her in trouble later with Erik. Hiding some of Erik stuff to uselessly switching around items in Eriks desk drawers.

When Victoria walked into the bathroom the need to follow calmed down in Beverly. Not much for her to mess in there but switching around shampoo bottles.

Victoria wasn't in there for more then a few minutes when she let out a scream. Beverly cut off the vacuum in time to turn around and face Victoria shouting down at her.

"What did you do?!" Screeching down at Beverly while pointing up at something. Beverly had to take a second to realize what she was talking about. Looking up had her seeing the problem of Victoria's hair changing from black to over an old silver grey. Knowing how

vain Victoria was, there was no way she would do it on purpose just to blame Beverly for something.

"You think i can possibly change your hair like that? I couldn't have done anything!" Beverly defended herself.

"You're a horrible liar you witch! Look at how ugly it looks!"

"Dye it back then. It's hair, you'll live." Waving off Victoria's angry screeching.

"I can't just dye it back! I need to get treatment for this! I am going to the salon to fix your mess. Then I'll tell Erik what you did! You'll be fucking sorry for this!" Continuing her upset screeching all the way out the door.

"Sure thing Victoria" Rolling her eyes at the slamming of the door. Pulling the vacuum cord from the wall to tie back around the machine. Planning to start dusting as her next chore. Stopping at her vision being blocked by gloved hands.

"Guess who." Beverly sighed at the clowns playful tone. Pushing his hands out of the way to face him.

"What are you doing here?!" Spoken through grit teeth to keep her voice down.

"I've come to break you out."

" i don't need breaking out! Leave so i can get back to work." Walking off to the back room for a duster.

" aww come on. It'll only be for a little while. I can get ya food."

"No, i took a big risk the last time i went out. I won't be taking another one while Erik has a chance of returning at any moment." Searching through the laundry cupboards for what she needed.

"Don't fret about him. Henry's going to be keeping him running all day."

"What did you pull now?!" Slamming a cupboard door shut to throw

a glaring look at him.

"Nothing serious, only a bit of fun I've been playing a while with the small male."

"You know when you make him angry it comes back around to me, to deal with." Grumbling with a snatch of a dusting rag off a small shelf.

"We can go back out to the fairgrounds. It's closed, nobody else will be there but us." Working to slowly tempt her out of the apartment.

"yeah, and then what? We spend some time together. I have to leave and come back here. Then repeat the next day? No thank you, this has to stop."

"please, at least to eat something. I know you're still starving with how little that male give you. I promise to get you back before he returns. A quick outing he'll never find out about." carefully tempting her further while hiding his anxiousness from all her rejections. Fearing she may refuse to go this time.

"**NO! Its over!**" shutting him right down. "get out! **Don't** come back!" storming off for a breather alone in the bathroom.

He stood there, alone, in the middle of the living room. Moving his stare from watching the closed bathroom door down to his chest. Expecting to see a hole caved into it, but there was nothing. A great pain stabbing through his chest silently demanding him to do something to fix it. The only thing that could fix it was her presence, but she didn't want to go. She told him to leave and what was he to do about that?

Rejecting the idea of taking her away by force, he left alone. Returning back to the Neibolt house to pace its empty rooms. Letting out roars of anger that would have startled anyone walking by outside. If it weren't for the house being alone on the outskirts by deserted train tracks. He snarled and roared at the air with all his built up anger.

"a small set back. I'll think of something... I can wait. I have time forever on my hands! ... but she doesn't." sighing at being aware of

Beverly still having not eaten today. Humans had to eat or they would die. One good meal out of the entire week wouldn't be enough to keep her going. Already seeing the concerning changes in her. "i still have to pick up food for Henry. I can hide food for her at the apartment to be found." worried greatly about the food he hid was always rejected by her. "I'll try again later, I'll think of something." repeating to himself. Figuring out a new distraction would be required for a second attempt.

"might as well grab Henry now" grumbling while stomping down the basements stairs to reach the old well. Climbing into it down to the water drains leading across the town. Zipping by multiple tunnels to reach a water grate out by the river. Following the running water deeper into the barrens until he spotted Henry running. Suddenly appearing by him to yank Henry behind a large tree.

"holy shit man! I thought you were one of those idiots that had finally caught up! What are you doing here?" Henry spoke while calming down from his sudden fear.

"she didn't want to come. making this distraction a waste of time to continue. I'll have to try some other time on a whole new plan."grumbling about the situation. "you still stole all his money?"

"yeah, I got it all." holding up a metal suitcase in hand.

"good, let's return to the Neibolt house and let them keep searching for nothing." gesturing for Henry to follow back up river to the drainage pipe. "keep going to the house while I go fetch food. I still aim to have Beverly eat something today at least." splitting away from Henry to go off.

Back at the apartments, long after Pennywise had left, Beverly was still in the bathroom. Sitting inside the tub working on stopping her tears.

"why am I crying?" asking herself. Wiping away more tears with her long shirt sleeve. "i cant be crying because of him. ... can I? ... I know it can never work with him. Its not normal, it's not right, I'd be some kind of betrayer to humanity. I can't live all my life in the sewers or forever ignore his eating habits." bringing her legs close to

her chest for resting her head against them. Having her tears finally come to a stop.

Hearing a loud thud of the front door, she rushed out in time for Erik to shout down at her. "where's Victoria?!" Surprise coming from Beverly at why Erik suddenly charged in, in a blinding rage.

"she went to the salon. What's wrong?"

"We got fucking scammed! Bastard took all the money and as we were driving off the pills started disintegrating and melting right through the bottles! It even burned a huge hole through the vans floor! Now we're short on cash and a damned working car! Tried to hunt the damn bastard down until he managed to disappear!" He angrily chugged a beer from the fridge. " i have to meet the guys back at the car shop to try and scrounge up the money together for a fix. If not we'll have to go car shopping. Then we'll have to stay out late to make up sales for that loss. That includes you!"

"Me?" Beverly asked in disbelief.

"Yes you. It can be your real job. You know the prices already from the last time you sold pills. I'll set you up with supplies." Yanking Beverly to force her out.

At reaching their "pharmacy" a run down building hiding pot plants with a cache of drugs. Beverly was handed a few bags of drugs with bills for change. Walked to a spot for selling by Erik in a run down part of Derry.

"I always get sold out here, so you better be by end of the day. I'll come regularly to check on you to. Don't you dare move from this spot!" Ordering her with a point toward the ground. Leaving Beverly to stand around a group of closed down shops in a foot of snow. Shivering despite her thick winter coat made for the weather.

"There isn't going to be anyone fucking out here." Looking around at the empty cold surroundings with not a soul in sight. Sighing at a snowflake falling down with many others following from the sky. "Please no blizzards today." Looking up at the snow filled sky.

"Hey Bev." She looked down for the voice. spotting the clown peeking out from a water drain clear of snow.

"What are you doing here?" Asking, but not moving from her spot to approach him.

"i went to bring you food, but you weren't home. Although, maybe you're more interested in getting out of the snow?"

"I can't. I need to sell stuff."

"I can buy it all off you."

"you're the reason Erik lost all that money. Even after I told you to stop doing that!" the glare she shot him having him look away momentarily.

"yes, but Henry also helped." mentioning the fact as if it would help his case. Smile wavering under Beverly's continuing glare.

"you still don't listen." her glare broken to look away someplace else.

"i listen! I listen a lot more than you think!" snapping once he was no longer under her angry gaze. "i listen to how you get hurt, how you cry afterwards, repeating that it will all get better eventually. I also hear every time your stomach growls when hungry, which is always. Does he notice these things?" pausing in waiting for an angry outburst from her. When none came he waited for her to give some sort of defense for Eriks side. Even that did not come up after waiting for it.

"it's really warm down here with hot food waiting for you. I'll make sure he doesn't find you gone, I promise." offering the same as before.

Beverly stood there fighting with her own thoughts. "what will happen if I take this offer? The clown will continue harassing me like he already is? Erik thinks Im cheating anyway. Shit, this is giving me a permanent migraine." rubbing her head of some pain. Looking up at the sky to take some last bit of cold fresh air. Taking her time to walk over to the water drain. Sitting down to slip down under the small short opening. Falling down into Pennywise's arms instead of a heavy landing at the bottom. Beverly relaxed into his hugging arms by the

warmth he surrounding her in. closing her eyes about ready to fall asleep despite not wanting to.

Seeing how exhausted she was he kept on holding her. Carrying her the whole way to the warmer nest. Carrying her inside to set her down by the hot silver container of food. A huge platter of seafood on a large bed of hot rice.

"stay here. I need to do something and I'll be right back." waiting for Beverly to get comfortable before going back to Henry. Arriving up through the well to head upstairs where Henry was found finishing off his own smaller platter of seafood. "Beverly's down below, I need you to start a new distraction." growling impatiently when Henrys replied with an irritated groan.

"can I finish my food first?" dropping an unfinished crab leg back into the container.

"no, besides the male has more money to steal. With all the money you'll get after today you can eat whatever you want." Henry interest peaking again at more money. Fully convinced to go when the clown picked him up off the couch like a feather.

"what should I do?" asking when his feet were planted back down on the floor.

"they're at the car shop trying to repair that rotten van. Soon as the moneys handed over you can steal it from the mechanics back room. No one working there will stop you. Lead the idiots on a chase just like the last plan." grin stretching at ruining Eriks day even more.

"got it." Henry waved as he went off to do his task. Pennywise rushing back to the nest to be alone with Beverly. Still working her way through the large platter. Taking bites of the fried shrimp to throw the discarded tail end back into a corner of the tray.

Eating halted when he rested his head down on her back. The rest of him laying off to her side easing her worries of what he was doing. Eating again with a nervous swallow of her last bite.

"How long will you keep this up clown?" Feeling as if she's asked this

question a million times already.

"As long as it takes." Answering confidently.

"Even when i am 90 and can't walk?"

"Yes" holding his confident tone.

"No you won't."

"i will. How ever long it takes to free you of that pathetic suitor."

"... I don't plan to stay with him." Speaking her thoughts to him hesitantly.

"So you're coming down here?!" Excitedly jolting up at the news.

"No. I haven't fully thought of what i am going to do. I'm not staying with him, but i don't plan on staying in Derry either." Explaining her stance on things. Worried on how he may react at the new news.

"... I'll try to return soon." Judging by his reply he didn't take it too well. Disappearing by the time she turned to look at him.

Meanwhile Henry was again running with a heavy case of money. Stopping to lean against a tree to heavily pant for air. Startled by Pennywise grabbing his collar.

"Christ man! Stop doing that!" Wheezing on some words.

"How do you get rid of - infatuation?!" The clown needing to pause to remember the word Beverly called it.

"Uhh, it goes away on it's own?" Answering his question.

"When?!" Turning more frustrated by how the conversation was going.

"I don't know, a few weeks?"

"It's been a few weeks!" The deep snarl he gave making Henry nervous. Confused by what the clown wanted by all these sudden questions.

"M-maybe it's not that anymore?" Nervously answering under the towering clown baring teeth.

"What do you mean?" Questioning through tightly gritted teeth.

"Well if it's not going away then maybe you just like her?" Swallowing down his nervousness

"No, that can't be! I don't like anyone!" Roaring down at Henry, who was shrinking back into the tree out of fear.

"Have you ever gotten this far with anyone?" Henry asking to draw away the clown's anger somehow.

"No ... But it means I ..." The clown trailed off into his thoughts. "My nature is changing? All due to her?" Thoughts broken by someone shouting.

"Hey asshole." Turning to look the clown and Erik locked their eyes on each other. Surprising the human who only noticed Henry by the tree at first. "**It's you!**" The male shouted in shock. Turning toward Trey catching up behind. "It's the fucking clown I told you about!"

Henry, not wanting to get caught up in the meeting, bolted further into the woods. Erik shouting at Henry as he ran. "Work for the clown?! You and him are dead!" Climbing over the forest debris to reach the clown standing on sloped terrain.

"I'd like to see you try." The clown mocked. Walking just out of view to disappear entirely. Appearing back at the nest to settle back down by Beverly. Letting out a huff of air before asking the dreaded question. "When are you leaving Derry?"

"I don't know. Need to prepare past Erik first." Beverly tapping the empty container.

"I can help with that." Partially not wanting to, if it meant her leaving for good.

"Of course you can, but I need to do it on my own." Pushing the empty tray away to turn over into laying on her back. "I do need you to remove the threading on my side though. I can't get it off."

"Mm." Humming as he leaned over her to inspect the treated side. Rubbing his hand across it until the threading fell away. Inspecting the area that was once wounded.

Beverly looking down at the area for inspection as well. Not even seeing a scar on the area. Happy to know such a knife wound wasn't going to be permanent reminder. Jumping when the clown slowly licked across the area.

"Hey! You better not be planning on leaving a bite there too!" Shoving her shirt back down to cover the area. Partially joking, but also serious on no more bites.

"Sorry, i didn't mean to leave it." Apologizing about his bite from yesterday. "You can be very addictive." Moving to give a lick at her exposed collar bone.

" shut up!" Unsuccessful at being serious through her heavy blush. Pushing him back through nervous giggling. Quieted by his hands trailing up her back to raise up her shirt. Shivering at him moving back to kiss a her neck.

"I-i am serious about the biting!" Lightly shoving him to pay attention to what she said. Getting it out before they continued. He let out a confirming hum while licking further down her neck. Tongue slipping under her shirt collar to lick across her chest. Slipping off her shirt to expose her skin further to taste. Stopping suddenly to grin down at her.

"About those dreams you have." Licking his jaws, knowing it would draw more excitement from her.

Beverly glaring through her blush. "Bastard!" Failing to hide her thoughts.

"Don't you want to try something? Aren't you tempted at all? Knowing i can do and be anything you want?" The situation having Beverly turn nervously quiet. Considering what to do or how to answer. "Shall we play the 20 questions game?" Teasing her. "I am not hearing a no." Chuckling at her blushing silence. "Where to start?" Torturing her on the slow teasing. Taking care to read her every

movement for some sort of clue. Noticing her looking away often at her no longer threaded side.

"Like my threading my little Bev?" His words causing a mild panic in her as he dug close to one dream theme. Becoming tied in a mass of webbing he set up to catch her. She didn't stay asleep long enough for him to get close though. This was going to be much different.

Eyes going wide at feeling his hands slip away from her back to feel something else going against her skin. Bringing his hands up to show they had changed. Long black slender fingers shredding through the white gloves. Each having thick silver webbing spreading out from each tip. Spreading his fingers out to cross them over having her wrapped tightly around the upper chest.

"Want more?" Asking her as a way to continue. Most of her arms were still free to move along with anything below her stomach. In her mind this was a bad idea. Reminding herself that this is exactly how spiders prepare their pray for eating.

Nervously taking a breath before giving a nod for him to continue. Watching him spread the threading around her for her whole upper body to tightly wrapped. Leaving her hands free by her sides and anywhere below her hips. Smoothing a large seam down the middle to seal the threading.

Beverly getting past the nervousness was looking over the threading. Being quite curious how it was on a larger scale aside from the nest walling. Allowing good air flow to not have her slowly roast in her own body heat. Very soft giving no irritated scratching. Incredibly strong despite her stretching or pulling to try breaking it. Halting her actions at seeing Pennywise drooling above her.

"Please, keep struggling. It makes you more appetizing." Licking the drool off his jaws. Sucking in a nervous breath that turned into a surprised hum. Feeling one of his gloved hands slipping past the rim of her jeans. Undoing the pant buttons to slip them off for her since she was literally tied up. Removing her underwear next even faster.

Teasing her by licking longingly up her exposed thighs. Licking closer and closer up her legs toward her entrance. Rubbing his hands along

her thighs to open them further.

To keep her nervousness down she laid back to stare at the ceiling. Taking handfuls of blankets or webbing to brace herself. Body jolting at the first lick across. Legs squeezing tightly at his broad shoulders. Having wedged himself between in preparation for this.

Her legs leaning up against his arms with her knees meeting his shoulders. His arms twisting underneath to rub his hands along her front outer thigh. Helping to hold her legs open during the arousing treatment.

Moaning as his licks went from teasing her entrance to entering. The long slithering tongue working to taste every inch of her. Enjoying the sweet flavor her body was feeding him. Licking deeper down to his tongue coiling inside the filling space.

The sensation driving her to the edge at record speed. Lapping up the overflow of her sweetness rushing out at her orgasm. He continued on for more of the addicting taste. Forwarding Beverly back around for another jolt she wasn't quite ready for, but wasn't about to complain. Relaxing back to enjoy the amazing treatment for much longer.

His tongue going from smooth to a rougher texture massaging along her walls. The bristles further down stretching her open for more of the tongue to invade. Filling up every part of her only to pull back for another deep lapping up into her core. Hungrily licking her clean upon each orgasmic release from her.

By the 4th round she was exhausted, but found it hard to stop him. By the time she could draw up the words to tell him only another moan would escape. Then after her 5th orgasm he finally stopped. Licking his jaws of what little sweetness from her was left.

"I need breaks." She tiredly spoke out. Having forgotten that he didn't realize humans didn't have unending energy for sexual activities. Opening her eyes, barely awake, to see what he was doing. Watching him tear away the threading she was wrapped in. Delicately pulling her to settle into his lap surrounded by blankets.

Staying awake just long enough to settle down against him. Having completely forgotten about Erik

Pennywise relaxed back with Beverly sleeping in his arms. Beaming with pride over his mate fully fed and sexually satisfied. Looking down at her he wished this was a permanent thing, but it wasn't and she would have to leave. Thankfully not for a little while, buying her time to rest up.

"Why will you not stay?" Voice hardly a whisper his volume so low when speaking down to her. What did he have to do to convince her? He had tried everything he could think of at this point. Fed her, mated her, provided protection, warmth, offered a suitable nest she seemed to enjoy. Why wasn't he considered suitable? "at least she has admitted to not being fond of the rotten male above. That's one step. Maybe I have missed a step on the courting? I'll have to seek answers elsewhere on what to do. I could ask Henry once he gets back. Beverly would be gone by then, though. If I do get some important information off Henry I would miss my chance to try it. I can't waste the precious time I have her alone in my company." looking down at Beverly's sleeping form. Taking great care to slowly move her fully onto the bedding. Covering her up with layers to stay warm in her sleep. Setting a gentle kiss on her cheek and then going off to again find Henry.

Startling Henry for the third time at being grabbed behind cover. Down low to the ground next to a massive fallen log.

"what now?!" Henry blurted out through his fear.

"i have questions on courting." holding onto Henry by his jacket collar.

"right now?!"

"yesss, I don't have time to waste before I have to return her. How do you make a female stay?"

"i don't know. Give her a bunch of flowers and eventually she does?" Henry roughly explained. Even Henry knew he wasn't the best person to be asked these questions.

"gifts haven't been working! I've fed her, bedded her, gave her all the gifts and offerings I can! There has to be something I missed in the courting process!"

"i don't know what else to tell you man. she doesn't like you back?"

"impossible!" Pennywise roared. " there has to be **something else!**"

"fuck I dunno, give her better gifts?"

"YOU THINK I DON'T GIVE GOOD GIFTS?!" Henry was smashed down into the floor. The statement before sounding like an insult.

"no,no,no, It- it's maybe they're not good for her – she likes other things – ask her for things she wants!" the human underneath stumbling over his words. Hissing at the nonhuman claws digging into his shoulders.

"ugh! You're useless!" the clown growled as he stepped away from the cowering Henry. Leaving him without any answers to solving his problems with Beverly. Nor how to remove the pained feeling in his chest whenever she left.

Back at the nest he walked up to Beverly still sleeping. Laying down next to her with a gentle pull of her body close to his. Burying his face into her red hair for a deep inhale of her scent. Enjoying the sweet scent while he could. Waiting anxiously for her to wake or for the time he had to wake her. Releasing a low growl at her shifting awake after a time. Stretching while yawning in her laying spot. Sitting up with her arms holding the blankets close over her mostly naked form.

"you don't have to get up." speaking gently to coax her back into resting by him. Receiving no answer from her or even a look toward him. Back facing him sitting with knees to her chest covered in a few blankets. He sat himself up next to her, holding the urge to touch her.

"... here's the money." holding out a huge wad of cash to her. Remembering he was suppose to give her the amount after thinking about "better" gifts. Thinking back on how humans like shiny things, especially coins. Thus leading back to the money promise. She

glanced at the wad with a hesitant taking of it, quickly counting it out. "is it enough?" asking her to be sure.

"it's fine ... how much money did you take from Erik?" asking, still without a look to him. The question leaving Pennywise momentarily quiet out of unwillingness to be scolded again for it.

"... a lot." keeping his answer simple to slide past her anger in some way.

"Eriks going to make me sell this junk daily because of you." speaking down toward the money in monotone. The clown slumping down into the bedding waiting for her to continue. "you better be waiting with hot coffee when I come." her final sentence warming his chest. Sitting back up to pull her into his lap. Kissing the side of her face down to her neck. When he gave a small nip to her collar bone she gave him a smack to his chest. "don't bite!" she scolded. Quieting down to a kiss on the lips pushing her down into the bedding.

Beverly interrupted the kissing with a hand pressing him back. "there are still rules you have to follow, pen. You're *still* not allowed at the apartment. You can see me if i am **out** of the apartment, but if I don't come out then don't come find me." hearing him let out a confirming hum into her neck. "pen you better be listening." almost losing her own train of thought as he grinded between her legs. "**and!**" interrupting his movements to make sure he listened. "you can't pick me apart for information anymore! I'll tell you if I want you to know something! You need to stop pissing off Erik, because i am tired of dealing with it all later." feeling him nod against her hand holding him back. "**and don't bite!**" scolding him again at feeling him nip at the wrist. Pulling it away from him only momentarily stopping his action. Beverly letting out an annoyed sigh when he moved to nibbling along her jaw.

Allowing him to continue as long as the bites didn't leave a mark. Her thoughts debating on if this was a good idea. "he's going to bother me either way. This way there will be boundaries easier for him to follow. Less trouble for me along with less freezing snow to stand in. calmed him down to maybe stop messing with Erik. finally have Erik calm down enough to let me do things. Will be easier to find a way of leaving."

Guest

thank you. :3

Manon

here ya go. ;3

Guest #2

thank you. ;w; and yeah, or where where its just generic sadistic asshole. with Beverly suffering though and swallowing what ever he forces on her.

Yami Wesker

happy late new year. XD and its a roller coaster for both. ;u;

15. consummation

Beverly had slept easier this passing night. No longer worried about Pennywise pestering her in the middle of the night. Erik had still come to her earlier pissed about more money being stolen. Only pacified slightly by the fact Beverly "sold" all the drugs given to her. Handing over a larger amount of money than usually gotten from a similar supply selling. His usual angry demeanor shifting to pleasantries rarely seen. It had taken Beverly off guard when he praised her with a hug. She hadn't seen this part of him in years.

Rising the next morning had her following the regular routine. Some chores, preparing breakfast, hiding most of her breakfast. Erik waking, changing both their schedule from the usual. Splitting the breakfast evenly with Beverly. Taking her outside to walk down to their drug building. Walking her back to the same snowy spot as yesterday.

"i bet you'll make me proud babe." hugging her again.

"yes, honey." hugging him back. Thinking as he left "maybe things are changing for him. He'll start acting better without so much pressure on him."

"i have your coffee." her head turning to face the clown standing there with a cup of steaming coffee.

"thanks." speaking softly with a taking of the drink. doing a few quick sips to warm herself in the frosty air.

"you want to head down where it's warmer?" his question getting a head shake from Beverly.

"no, I rather stay out today. I don't get to be out often." looking down into her coffee with a swirl of the cup. Wondering "maybe Erik will change his mind about that?"

"where would you like to go then?"

"don't know. Walk around and see?" drinking from the cup along her

slow walk down the empty streets. Eventually making her way down a dirt trail by the river stopping to gaze up at the trees. Remembering a specific dream she had with a similar gaze up toward the tree tops.

Being out in the middle of nowhere with no civilization in sight. Surrounded by towering trees in the glowing night sky surrounding a full moon. Being stalked by a certain someone who was now standing by her in waiting to continue the walk.

"how would it even go now?" thinking of if the dream were to happen in real life. "My dreams kept him away for a time. Won't work out here. I don't think he even has the patience to hold back. Then when he catches me, then what? Not very comfortable to lay on dead pine needles or rotten pine cones. ... why am I even thinking about this? Do I want to go through with it? ... Might as well enjoy the freedom. Already deep as I can be right now. Relax, have fun, enjoy it as it lasts."

"what are you doing?" looking down from the trees over to him.

"I'm thinking. ... on how to copy a dream I had." answering his question a little slowly.

"oh?"

" ... involving you."

" *oooh?*"

" I was running in the forest during the night. you were chasing me down until you caught me."

"then what?"

"heh, I am sure you can guess."

"what do you need to think about? I can take you into the woods for that." excitement showing in his tone.

"how to make it a challenge."

"a challenge?" the excitement dropping a notch.

"yeah, it won't be much fun when you can catch me three steps into the chase. We gotta have rules for the chase." holding in a chuckle by his noticeable change from the news.

"I'm more excited for the end, not so much the chase."

"i know, but it will give us both a little more thrill for the event. First rule I feel should be no teleportation, you always have to be running or using your legs. And I get a head start of a few minutes."

"what's the cost of losing?"

"mm, I can't really see a way to punish you ... yet. I'll have to think of it later."

"humph, not very faiiir. *when* I catch you, I can do anything I want to you then?" radiating confidence for the coming challenge.

"yes, maybe with neither of us knowing the punishment we'll be motivated to run a little faster."

"where shall the chase begin?"

"Away from town in the thicker woods. Somewhat close to the quarry, that will be the finish line where you lose." Beverly bringing up her own confidence against the clown known for hunting people.

"i very much doubt that." snickering as they walked along to their starting destination. The two passing back and forth remarks of how they were going to win. "you can't outrun my pace. Once the starter limit is up you'll be an easy catch." boasting confidently behind her.

"i don't know about that. How often do you run? Are you sure you won't trip over the first twig you come near?" teasing his boastful pride.

"i am not one to be taken down by a simple twig. You on the other hand can't take a little frozen water falling from the sky."

"we'll see how well you can keep up clown boy. Make sure not to hit any low branches." slowing to a stop in a open area of dirt covered in dead leafs. "okay, here's the starting line. From here I get a 5 minute

head start."

"if you run you'll make it to the quarry before I am allowed to take a step." growling out the unfairness of the start.

"i promise I'll only walk. Fair?" looking toward him after setting her empty coffee cup on a nearby fallen tree.

"fair." breathing out the word. sounding not completely satisfied, but just enough.

"stay there, 5 minutes." pointing to where he stood. Leaving him behind as she walked off to start their little game.

"hm, wonder what pen would do? Pretty sure I at least know the gist of what he wants to do." a blush growing across her face at the thought. "maybe I should have made some limitations to what he could do. Like not leaving marks." rubbing her hand across the bite already marking along her shoulder. Shivering at the clear dipping areas. "i shouldn't worry. I just have to win. I am already halfway there after this head start." walking a little faster past the trees. The closer she got to the finish line the further her anxiety climbed. Having not seen any glimpse of the clown.

"what is he doing? Did he get lost?" looking back for him to possibly pop up. A blur of red and white snapping her vision forward. Bolting away from the clown's arm lunging to grab her. Having missed her he released a growl of frustration as she ran off further from his reach.

Without glancing back she ran toward her end goal. Forced to redirect herself every time the clown managed to get ahead. Attempting to snag her as he surprised her around various trees or boulders. Quickly growing exhausted from her running she grew desperate to pass through an opening, but the clown was always ahead. She had to take a gamble and pass as he reached for her.

Seeing an opening, she charged for it, heart jumping as the clown lunged for her again. Feeling her clothes bundle up in his successful grip. Hearing him start to laugh in his winning to be cut off at realizing the trick she pulled on him. Slipping free of her loose jacket he had grabbed as a false prize. Running ahead of him being left to

hold the empty jacket.

"hey!" hearing him shout the word in shock far behind her.

"almost there." she panted to herself. Annoyed at the clown catching up so quickly. Forcing her to take unnecessary turns around things to avoid him reaching her. Beverly felt her lungs burning on the lack of air. Desperately running forward working on speeding up her pace. Hearing his footsteps running up behind her rushing more adrenaline into her blood. Not daring to look back as she weaved around trees or boulders whizzing by in a blur.

Turning past one boulder had surprised her with a wall of white. Being too slow to stop had her arm mashing into it. Yanking back getting resistance in return as it was a wall of webbing. Panicking over her mistake of running into it as it wasn't the usual tough threading. This stuff was sticking to her arm like cement glue. The more she fought and fussed with it had her growing more stuck in the mass.

Hearing his steps stop she mistakenly looked back. Freezing up at the surprise of him pouncing into her. Sweeping her off her feet into his hugging arms scooping her up. Realizing a second after he had her pinned against the webbing. Her body going limp from exhaustion in the position. Accepting her defeat while catching her breath. Blushing at noticing the position they were both in. her front against the threading with his body right up against her back side. Both his arms wrapped tightly around her stomach crossing over her hips. His face buried into the back of her neck warming her skin by his hot breath.

"you cheated with the web." joking through her panting breaths.

"i cheated? You cheated with the jacket, I caught you fair." chuckling back with an arm holding up her coat.

"is this what took you so long?" referring to the web he had strung between two trees to catch her.

"heh, yes. I wasn't going to let you win." gently pulling the thread away to unstick her from the wall of fibers.

"you thought I was going to win without this web?" his statement taking her by surprise.

"i didn't expect your jacket to pop off. I was sure you'd have something up your sleeve like it, that would have let you win." hugging her up against him keeping her feet from touching the ground.

"i don't know about that. I was running out of air for a while with all that running." a warmth in her chest building off the compliment, but a negative voice in the back of her mind saying it was only a lie.

"if your life had depended on it you would have thought of something." speaking up against her neck to set a delicate kiss upon her skin.

"m-maybe." stuttering with a blush. "why didn't you ever use the sticky threading before?" asking to change the subject.

"takes a lot of time, energy, along with being unnecessary. I can catch fine without it." kissing down her neck to nibble at her collar bone.

"don't bite!" pressing a hand into his face.

"you said I can do whatever I want." stretching a crooked grin up at her.

"... I don't want marks." words spoken out softly in submissiveness. Worried about what exactly he was planning for his winnings. She couldn't back out now on what he wanted to do.

"no marks." repeating the words back to ease her worries as he carried her off. "i didn't have time to refine this much." bringing her to another small web structure of a spread out square hammock. With a denser square web overhang.

"looks pretty nice to me." looking over it after being set down at its edging.

"not closed enough for heat ... or privacy." grinning to himself as he stitched the open edged sides together. Merging the top covering to the hanging bottom. Finishing off a newly made cocoon structure

with one small opening left.

"will it keep out the rain?" asking as she looked up over the graying sky's. The clouds much too dark for snow.

"of course it will." answering with a crawl in and over her. Kissing her tenderly enough to get a taste of his sweet mouth.

"what exactly do you have planned for my punishment?" speaking when he moved to kiss down along her neck to her chest. Only getting a half spoken mumbled hum. If it could even be called an answer when she understood none of it.

"strip." he spoke more clearly with a tug of her shirt collar by his mouth. Different from all the other times he stripped her himself. Beverly nervously slipped her shirt off to the side. Followed by her pants and underwear while under his studying eyes. Waiting quietly as this was going all slower then the usual.

"now strip me." his smile growing at the bright blush he was causing her. She hesitated after wondering how she was to even do that. If she had to undo all the lacing in the back it would be taking her the whole day to undo. Seeing her confused look he pointed at his ruffled collar. "pull it." he smiled. Lifting up his chin for her hand to slip past the collars rim.

Giving the fabric a delicate tug she heard the small snap of it coming loose. Holding it for a second as she expected it to disintegrate like the other times, but it didn't. The only article of clothing that did was his gloves after pulling the top half of his costume off. Nervously swallowing as her hands went down to undo his pants. Slipping a hand past the rim to give a similar tug like with the collar. Hearing a similar snapping noise with the clothing going loose. Her hands were moved away by his to slip the clothing off easier.

"where to start?" smiling down at her with his long nails tapping her shoulders.

Waiting for him to do or say something had her fidgeting. The waiting turning awkwardly long before he raised an eyebrow at her.

"... you're asking me?" confused on what he wanted.

"yeesss." holding in a chuckle at Beverly's caught in headlights look from the answer. Knowing her he knew the best punishment was for her to handle the pacing. She was always so shy about handling certain areas. Some places keeping her hands as far away from as possible.

"oh, uh, that's - it's not really a punishment." lost on what to do now She'd never been put in charge of where the sex lead, **ever**. Now she had more power in this situation then ever before.

"what would you like me to do to punish you?" enjoying how much he was flustering her with such simple questions. Beverly figuring how much of a punishment this could be if he kept it up with questions like that.

"i don't know. ... I never chose before." being honest on how lost she was currently.

"want to start with a kiss?" offering up something for her to start with.

She gave a nod followed by a soft spoken "yeah". Bringing her hands up to hold the sides of his face to pull him in closer for a soft kiss on the lips. Relaxing back to the soft kisses she moved her arms to wrap over his shoulders. Pulling him down closer by one of her hands easing down along his spine. Kissing at his neck as her other hand pulled his shoulder to gesture him forward between her legs.

He was excited when settling down between her legs, but waited for her full go ahead. Getting that in one of her legs twisting over him to pull him the rest of the way. Moaning at the slow deep thrusts he was pushing in. noticing how he again made some changes to how he felt for her. His rod was bigger with a tighter fit inside. Stiff ridges changing to dipping down sections switching to a finer roughage of backwards facing bumps.

Body reacting to a multitude of vibrations following firm massaging. moving against the sweet spots he knew well by now.

"fuck, pen!" moaning out the words in a pleased breath.

"want me to go faster?" kissing her exposed neck. When she gave the go ahead nod he adjusted himself to thrust more freely. Reaching much deeper than before on each vibrating thrust. Tightening her legs around him in wanting more of him. Kissing him turning hard to do with so little air reaching between her moans. Letting him take over in kissing down along her chest.

Drawing out wave after wave of exploding pleasure. The third round had Beverly trying to convince herself she could keep going. Barely managing the energy enough to reach the end of the addictive third round. Patting his chest to slow him into stopping. Her body laying limply out of breath with zero energy to move. Her breathing slowly catching up she moved her arms enough to hug his neck. Planting a small kiss on his lips, savoring his sweet taste.

"damn." lightly cursing at herself for not following her own advice about taking breaks. It was getting harder to stop the ride when she needed it to.

"want to rest?" he spoke softly to her. After giving him a confirming hum she felt him slowly remove himself. Dragging out another moan by the feeling of being emptied. He picked her up into his arms to move her over. Laying down beside her with a grab of his upper shirt costume. Covering them both to quietly rest.

Time passing Beverly so slowly she wondered if it had stopped. It couldn't have as the rain continued its steady pour from the sky. Distant trees disappearing into the heavily fogged land. Hours passed by without a word passing between them.

Both still unclothed relaxed to the sound of lightly falling rain. The warmth his body radiated preventing the outside from completely invading the small space. Helping to block what little cold that did enter by laying between Beverly and the entrance. both arms crossed behind his head and eyes closed in resting.

Beverly laying comfortably next to him warmed under his shirt spreading across them both. One arm looped through a sleeve she brought close to look over. Looking over the threading to feeling the

fabric of the inner ruffles. Looking down to the small bells attached to the wrist. Giving a few of them a light shake to hear them jingle. Testing through them all one by one to hear them.

"you really like those bells." teasing as one eye slightly opened to watch her in amusement. She looked at him then turned to look back at the bells. Letting out a embarrassed chuckle at being caught playing with his costume.

"I always thought these were broken. I never heard them when you moved."

"if they did, everyone in Derry would hear me approaching." shifting himself to move an arm around Beverly. Pulling her close up against his side for her to touch him a little more over his clothes. When she shifted to lay against him he closed his eyes in resting back down. Knowing the last time she was comfortable exploring him was when he seemed to be paying the least attention on her.

She looked over him for the first few minutes passing by. Scanning over his smooth pale skin without a single imperfection marking it. Pulling her hand from the sleeve to tentatively touch over his lower chest. Feeling that overly soft skin tightly covering the toned muscle. Hand trailing down the muscle getting quite low toward his hips. Planning to pull her hand back as it reached past his hips. Pausing when she felt a strange dip.

Feeling a deep line similar to how a bad scar would be. Smoothing her hand over the start of the mark a little more with a glance toward his face for any negative reaction. Seeing him still resting back she followed along the scar. Feeling it get much deeper all while getting a little too low. approaching certain parts she didn't particularly want to handle. Touching a really deep point had him jolting up. Withdrawing her hand at the startling reaction.

"sorry, sorry, shit did that hurt?" feeling guilt of causing pain she greatly apologized.

"no, it's only sensitive." not sounding angry nor suffering any lingering pain. Adjusting himself back down to get comfortable.

"how'd you get the scar?" curiosity coming back when the guilt died down.

"scar? It's not a scar." looking to her confused.

"it feels like one. What is it then?" mumbling along her sudden confusion as to what the mark was.

"you never looked down?" entertained by her answering while she was left more confused.

"no!" concerned as to what exactly she felt along.

"why not?" up to this point he assumed her shyness was due to past history reasons.

"i don't like staring down, Its weird, its distracting." she mumbled, gaze drifting off toward the wall away from him. "what is it?" snapping part of her gaze back.

"itsss a crease." thinking for a split second on a proper word to use.

" ... **what?**" Beverly being made even more confused.

" it opens to a pocket." he started the strange explanation. Enjoying Beverly's shifting expression of confusion to horror over it. "everything's retractable in the area. Makes it easy to *adjust* the parts before fitting them back into place for the fun. The crease is closed when there is nothing, opening more for bigger parts made." finishing his explanation. Beverly opened her mouth only to close it as her brain soaked in the strange information.

"... you switch out parts?" was all she managed to get out.

"*adjust* the parts. If I were to switch parts I would use my actual ones."

"... what do your actual parts look like?!" switching her focus to that. Fearfully thinking of what they could look like when his false ones already seemed strange enough. Would they be like in her dreams? Covered in barbs, hooked teeth, something else that would tear her innards? Overly huge to the point of splitting her open? From how

long that crease felt it had to make a lot of room for something.

"do you want to see?" the grin on his face stretching from ear to ear.

"mm, next time." swallowing nervously at the thought of suddenly seeing it now. She felt she had to have some time to prepare. At least have clothes on when she was to face it.

"next time." he repeated the answer back in a small confirming nod. Beverly let out a small breath of relief at him not attempting to press it immediately upon her.

"i think it's probably time I have to leave anyway." looking out the entrance at the light mist the rain had turned into. The sky turning darker as the days end approached. He let out an annoyed hum of agreement on her needing to go back. Handing her the wad of money to pass off her work of drug selling to Erik.

Beverly feeling incredibly odd to be handed a huge wad of money while getting redressed. Putting the wad into her coat pocket for safe keeping. When she was dressed she got out to pour all the various drugs into the nearest puddle. Watching them dissolve away in the water.

"do you wish to walk the way or for me to take you there?"

"I'd like to walk, but there's not enough time before Erik gets back."

"do you have to go back? You do wish to leave him, right? You can stay here, with me." making another attempt to have her stay.

"... i can't. ... It has to be something I do on my own." swallowing down the nervous lump in her throat. She wasn't sure if she wanted to leave Erik anymore. Yet a part of her in this moment almost accepted pens offer to stay.

"why?" part of her words being off to him.

"i don't want to rely on others to get me out of my problems." fidgeting the end of her jacket sleeve smooth.

"it's how you all beat me so long ago. I was only bills problem wasn't

I? None of the rest of you had to get involved. You all helped each other to loosen my grip on Derry for a time. Wouldn't you say having help is better?" taking a gentle hold of Beverly's hand.

"... i guess." holding the hand back. "but things are really different now. Everything is when you're an adult." shutting her eyes in the transitioning blackness of the world. Appearing back to her sales spot on the empty corner.

"see you later, pen." releasing the nice hand hold.

"see you later, darling." disappearing before Beverly could ask him on the strange new name of affection.

"darling?!" looking back where the clown would have been. A light blush across her face at the new name.

"yes?" Beverly's heart jumping out of her chest at Erik's voice.

"i-i uh got all the money ... again." nervously speaking to cover herself.

"give it." holding his hand out for the cash. Counting it out when she gave it to him. A smile crossing his face at the large amount. "good job babe. Got enough to pay off the new car." gesturing for her to follow him.

"you got a new car?"

"of course I did. Need a car for the pharmacy business. Although it's a piece of junk and can't carry all of us. I parked it over here by that street light." explaining as they walked down the street up to a small grey car set to seat 4 people. Covered in dents, spotted by rusted areas, and a missing front bumper.

"he makes it sound like he spent a fortune. He probably got this from the junkyard for 25 bucks." thinking as she scanned over the look of the vehicle. Following Eriks lead of getting into the car. Not paying much attention to the ride as they drove down the streets. Alarmed only after he head the opposite way home.

"um, where are we going?"

"we're heading to the bar. Me and the guys have a lot to talk about with all that's been going on. Especially all the stuff involving you."

"oh." shrinking down in her chair over what that could mean. Going over in her head at the possibilities. "he's going to a bar for some drinks. Must not be that bad. When he does drink he'll probably forget whatever it is any way. ... hopefully."

the drive there was awkwardly quiet. The few words passing between them was when they parked in front of the bar. Erik telling her to get out to head inside behind him. Erik entered to warm greetings welcoming him by all his friends. Beverly hesitating to go in further when she was shot with the usual bitter glares. An especially aggressive one by Victoria with a mess of colored hair. Hiding the grey appearing to have failed horribly.

"go do whatever, but try not to leave the bar early. That okay babe?" Erik sounded like he was asking, but Beverly knew better. It was an order that she had to follow, or else.

"yes, honey." there was that awkward feeling again when saying that affectionate name. Erik walked off with the boys leaving Laura and Victoria alone with Beverly.

"hey bevy." Victoria sneered. Purposely agitating Beverly with that nickname she hated so much. "aww, what's wrong? Don't want to talk? Not gonna curse us with the men around?" pushing Beverly's buttons further.

"... how'd your day at the salon go?" Beverly's sharp comment heating Victoria's anger to a high boil.

"you fucking witch! You deserve to be burned alive!" Victoria stood ready to kick off a fist fight between them.

"hey stop fightin. Everythins figerd out. Now, now clam dune." Erik slurred up to them. Spilling a bit of a freshly opened beer in his hand.

Beverly rolled her eyes with a sigh at Erik's drunken slurring. "geeze, did he chug down a six pack in the 10 minutes we've been here?" remaining silent as Erik slurred on.

"start, start the party. Celebrate start now." spilling even more of the beer in hand as he swung it around dramatically. "whooh!" shouting before chugging the last bit of beer from the bottle.

"celebrating? Celebrating what?" she tried asking Erik.

Getting only a slurred confusing answer when he turned to walk off. "leafin berries!"

"I'll ask later then." sighing to herself. Walking off to be alone in a corner of the bar. Aiming to avoid Victoria as much as she could. Getting a glass of water she carefully watched being brought to her. She wasn't about to let a repeat of the rave incident again.

Taking sips of her drink the entire time while everyone else got shit face drunk. Watching Erik making a fool of himself by singing horribly off tune. Darius hanging himself over the counter sick enough to vomit his guts out. Victoria and Laura laughing hysterically over lame jokes they butchered upon telling.

It was hours later that they all finally left only due to the bar closing for the night. Beverly being required to help Erik even get out the door with his stumbling. Turning a blind eye to the others stumbling over themselves inside.

"i drive, I drive." Erik stumbled to the drivers side.

"Erik I really don't think that's a good idea." heart stopping in her chest at the image of Erik swerving all over the road.

"i got, got a surpris, I drive, drive surprise." getting into the drivers seat without listening to another word from Beverly.

"Christ Erik. You can't drive!" rubbing her head of the on setting pain.

"i can drive. Drive ... set in seat. Go get surplus."

"if I don't go he's going to drive alone. ... I better not fucking die because of this." thinking with a hesitant seat into the car. Watching fearfully as Erik messed around with the car buttons. Locking down her seat belt as tight as possible. The car backing up and over a street curb. Rushing forward off down the street with Beverly doing her

best to keep the driving straight by adjusting the wheel. Erik not noticing the slightest that a third hand was turning the wheel.

Beverly suffering multiple mini heart attacks as they drove by the quarry with cliff edges right next to the road. Screeching against the cliffs many metal railings to prevent cars from flying off. Breathing out the air she was holding as they slowed down into a small open gravelly dirt area.

"weer here!" happily announcing as he somehow was able to park the car. "surpriss!"

"oh Erik, you *really* shouldn't have." faking as much enthusiasm as she could being at the popular make out point.

"knew you like it. Havint non done much in privote. Ainta right babe? Gonna selv – celebrate alllll night!" speaking of how little their sex life had been for a while.

"yeeeah, guess not." sighing at the "big surprise". Flinching away at the tight hug from him bringing her close for disgusting sloppy kisses around her neck. Tolerating the mostly unwanted affection like all the other times. She put up with it as if it were a regular chore. Thinking of it that way made it more bearable along with keeping the peace instead of another fist fight.

Erik stopping his actions at the bright flashes of red and blue lights. "aww fuck." he cursed. Both sitting separate in their chairs in waiting. Holding still as if they couldn't be seen. Erik cursing at the sight of an officer walking up. Tapping on Erik window waiting for him to roll it down to speak.

"i need you to step out of the car for me sir." the officer ordered with a blaring flashlight shining into the car.

"fuuuuck." Erik mumbled with a partial stumble out of the car. Beverly looking through the windows as Erik was walked to a police car. Facing forward again to stare out at the city lights far off. A sickened knot twisting up in the pit of her stomach.

"fuck, I better not be arrested. I really don't want to spend all night

bailing out Erik either." sitting there anxiously for the officer to return. "This dirt area was private property owned by whatever company that ran the quarry. Used to get a 1000 dollar fine if caught up here. At least that's what it was when we were in high school. Could be more now ... or less ... if the company no longer exists." glancing back toward where the police lights were shining up on the trees. "a possible 1000 dollar fine and Erik in jail for public drunkenness. Could this night get any worse?!"

flinching at a loud tap on the window. Surprised to see the officer standing by the window so suddenly. Having not heard any footsteps on the half gravel road. Taking in a deep breath while rolling down the window to speak.

"hiya Bev." greeted by the clown bending down to her face level. Face still done up like the clown, but everything else in a police uniform.

"holy fuck, its you!" the knot in her stomach disappearing.

"aww, not happy to see me?" his voice faking sadness.

"no, not after the heart attack you gave me!" looking up at him when he opened the car door. Getting a full view of his ridiculous disguise.

"oh, I scared my poor Beverly?" teasing as a smile grew on his face.

"i am definitely not scared of what looks to be some hired stripper. who forgot to take part of his other costume off before coming. ... What'd you do with Erik?"

"nothing. He's locked in a rust bucket fake police car far out of sight. I thought I'd be best to give him time to sober up." half stepping into the car to pull back the seat lever. Adjusting Beverly's chair back into a better position.

"pen I really don't think you can fit." seeing how hunched over the whole front seat he was. His back against the roof, knees bent at the sides of her seat, with his boots still touching the car floor in front.

"i fit all the other times." closing the door with a chuckle.

"that's not what I meant!" blushing by his comment. Entertained by

him fidgeting around to somewhat settle comfortably. Kissed by him to settle her fully back into the chair. Giving himself some more space to settle in. Snapping the buttons on her clothes free to give kisses along her exposed collar bone.

Her doing the same to help strip him down. Freeing his pants of the fake police belt followed by a shy look away when seeing the crease scar like line. Giggling at him trying again to find a more comfortable position in the tiny car for the second time.

"Did that male have to buy the smallest car in all of Derry?!" growling with a shove up of his shoulders into the roof. A loud screech noise sounding at the metal bending upwards.

"hey, Don't do that! I'll have to explain that later!" pulling him back down by the loose shirt hanging off him. Ready to scold him more about it when a skin crawling sensation had her voice go quiet. Her lower half having something such as many vines winding across her skin.

Looking down had her gasp in shock. The crease fully opening to A black hole starting from between his legs up all the way to under his rib cage. Coiling the walls of the hollow hole spreading out from it were multiple long sleek black tendrils. The winding things being smooth on her skin similar to flat snake scales.

Out of surprised reaction she pushed up away from them. Being quickly pulled back down by the multiple limbs wrapped around her already. Frozen in the mass continuing to entangle her even more.

Pausing her racing mind to soak in the details of everything. The first was that she wasn't hurt. Second she wasn't threatened in any way.

"Nothing hurts, he won't hurt me." Thinking to herself to relax. Being more in shock rather than in pure fear. Tightly grabbing the hand he brought near to rub her face as a comfort to what little fear she did have.

"You wanted to see it, didn't you?" lowering to whisper through heated breath by her face. Gently rubbing the other side of her face affectionately. Pulling away when she nodded against his hand.

She was interested, but greatly surprised by the sudden show.

"I did say next time." Calming herself to the entanglement that continued. Question how long these things were wrapping around her waist in a few loops. Others tightly wrapping over her thighs down along her legs. Keeping them spread, but close against his hips. Reminding her a bit of when he tied her down with threading.

The next strange sensation had her sucking in a surprised gasp. Something large covered in a slick coating rubbing up along her entrance. Gliding past to glide the way up her chest. Beverly momentarily frozen in the large members presence. Quickly examining the other worldly organ hovering closely above her chest.

A black dark purple color turning into a dark red at it's tip. Covered in dull backwards facing hooks of various sizes. The bottom covered in layered scales looking similarly as sharp with backwards points. The head a forward facing point edged by three points facing the rest of it toward the base. The whole member becoming incredibly thicker along it's never ending length. stretching from the dark hole next to the many other black tendrils.

"it won't hurt." Thinking with a hesitant hand reaching up to touch the long member hovering over her. Figuring out quickly that the barbs weren't hard at all or any other part of it. Grabbing with a firmer hold had it squishing down in hand. The backwards "barbs" twisted around her hand as a bunch of mini tendrils. Coming alive from their stiffened position to wriggle in random directions at the touch. The soft smooth "scales" flaring out in a rounder shape to twitch against her palm in shifting waves.

Those things aren't what bothered her the most. it was mainly the ever growing size covered in the thick slime now grossly oozing over hand. Spreading over her arm as the long member wrapped up along it playfully.

"Gross, Gross, Gross" her mind repeated. Relieved for a moment as the slime oozing member backed away when reaching her shoulder. Happier when the slime left behind evaporated instantly without any leftover feeling of its presence. the member retreating back down to slide up against her entrance causing her to shiver.

"How much is he going to put in?!" Her mind startled by the worrying thought.

She could maybe handle the first 6 inches, but it became a lot thicker with each inch after. Along with the fact it seemed as never ending as the smaller tendrils. It twisted around her arm with an extra two feet stretching between her and him. Showing off a good four feet by that.

The black tendrils tightened their wrappings on her. Stressing her into grabbing onto one of pens arms as a sort of comfort. Her reaction had him going slack on continuing.

"Want me to pull back?" She heard him ask above in concern. Feeling the tendrils loosen their grip following the larger members retraction from between her legs.

Beverly certainly did not want him to stop. "No!" exclaiming urgently as she sat up to quickly grab the large coiling thing. Shivering in mixed disgusted arousal when feeling it twitch in her hand that was covered in a fresh coat of slime. "its nerves, i've never taken one ...like ... *this*." Letting go with a shake of her hand to quickly evaporate the slime. "go slow and not too deep." relaxing back again.

"ugh, eww." Beverly thought, having never ever wanting to touch that certain organ. Especially one coated in thick slug slime. Her grossed out thoughts pushed away by the black tendrils tightening back around her.

The large member sliding back up against her. Spreading little slime across her thighs going forward to press slowly into her entrance. The cold slime hitting her first before being taken over by the long organ squirming deeper into her. Her body tightening up in pleasure followed by more as the members under scales flared to press outwards. Twitching around in waves of shifting patterns. The smaller tendrils exploring her soft walls in gentle rubbings. The long member squirming deeper without pulling out a single inch. No need to thrust when it was already doing so much massaging on the way in. deeper and deeper it pushed to pause momentarily at fresh sweet spots Beverly had never felt touched before.

Eventually worrying that it would start pressing far too deep, causing

pain. Legs twitching to tighten together on slowing his deepening. Difficult to do when each inch helped more on the building pleasure. Reaching a certain point the whole length twisted inside her into a tight curl, allowing more to enter yet not go deeper. the slime helping to glide more in against itself on a tight pulsing coil. Expanding against her tightened walls then shrinking back in a repeating motion of waves.

The pleasure of it all inside her rubbing in multiple ways driving her insane. Her body wanted a break, yet starved for more. Her fidgeting body helped kept in control by the black tendrils entangling her body close. It had to have been a new record when her first orgasm arrived. Followed by a second, third, and fourth instantly. exhausting by her never ending pleasure she was internally relieved it would be over soon. knowing Pen loved going for only 4 rounds. Under all the pleasure she never noticed how close Pennywise had moved nor his changing demeanor.

His body currently laid tightly against Beverly in pinning her body below him. Drool dripping from his sharpening teeth. Swallowing mouthfuls of the building liquid down. Extended claws shredding through the back leather of the seat. Beverly's body was throwing off an unending supply of that burning delicious sweet scent. This time it was so much more intoxicating made worse by the small enclosed space.

This scent had his body wanting more he wanted to go deeper, much deeper. inner instinct telling him he had a goal to reach in this heated female while he had the chance. obeying these new urges directing him he twisted deeper. Rewarded with Beverly releasing orgasms a few more times along the way. Loving the the noises she made while squirming underneath him in pleasure.

Hearing her let out a hiss of pain he looked down to see her wincing at the further deepening. Something telling him to distract her before she wants him out.

He lowered himself to give small bites along her neck. Drawing blood off multiple new marks he quickly healed by thick drooling tongue licks. The repeated twinges of pain distracting her away from the lower one.

"p-pen , uhmmm -" she tried correcting him on the biting. Interrupted by an uncontrollable moan brought from her. Hands grabbing desperately at the shirt loosely hanging off his shoulders. Panting across his skin in quivering breaths. Letting out a screaming moan upon her 6th release.

Reaching the end of his goal Pennywise let out a massive roar on the surge of energy rushed down his body. Going limp above Beverly, who did the same, out of exhaustion. The warped tendrils loosening from around her.

Beverly took a while to catch her breath far too exhausted to do anything else. When some energy was mustered up she rested her arms loosely around his neck. Enjoying the closeness of him laying on her while she could before they had to separate. Shifting at a uncomfortable new warmth around her lower stomach that had appeared at some point. Usually it took drinking down a fresh cup of hot coffee or eating soup to get the same feeling.

She ignored the strangeness, shrugging it off as being because he hadn't pulled out yet. "He always was really warm. Makes sense his actual parts would be the same."

after a bit more time to gather even more energy she could talk again. "alright, time to go." receiving no verbal answer though the tendrils tightened up at the mention of going. "pen?" speaking his name after a gentle rub over his chest. A deep growling response coming from him.

He didn't want her to leave. Something inside him was saying not to separate from her. This was the worst time to separate, his instinctual core warned. His core burning wildly to repeat what they did. The same instinctual burning telling him to hide her away. Kill that invading male so he wouldn't have to abandon her to the competition.

Beverly tightened her legs as he flexed inside her again. She shivered out a moan with arms hugging his chest for support. Mind telling her this had to stop, but it felt way too good. Letting him go on for another 5 minutes until she really needed him to stop. Otherwise they'd be doing another 6 rounds she was far too exhausted to do.

"pen, please, we really have to stop now." hearing him let out another growl along his motions slowing to a stop.

Working on gathering himself together, somewhat literally as the black tendrils retreated into the hollow black hole. Begrudgingly retracting himself from her to finalize the separation. Drooling more at the scent she gave off from that last bit of pleasure caused by the action.

Swallowing the mouthful in the time it took his clothes to reappear on his body. Holding in a second growl at needing to go free the ratty male. Managing to squeeze back out of the tight car onto the gravel dirt area. Hitting the top of the car to sound a loud pop of metal pushing back into place.

"night darling." roughly saying his goodbyes while Beverly was busy getting redressed. Leaving quickly to avoid being confronted about the name. He used to hear the word so commonly for affection between couples many years ago. Nowadays it seemed to no longer exist, so he was going to claim it as his to use.

Beverly shot a glare in the direction he left. "using that name again. We're going to have a talk about that tomorrow." mumbling to herself. Working to look like she didn't have the best sex of her life a second ago. Straightening out her clothes, adjusting her chair forward, smoothing out her hair into place, praying that Erik doesn't notice the clawed up chair leather.

Noticing in the car door mirror multiple new marks along her neck. Taking a closer look by pulling her shirt collar down. Glaring at the chain of fresh scars circling at her neck. From a distance it looked almost like an odd necklace.

"guess we'll have a talk about that too." fixing her shirt back to hide the marks as much as she could. Turning her head toward the sound of footsteps.

Erik yanking the door open to slam it shut behind him. "god damned cops!"

"he sounds pretty sober." Beverly thought as she sat quietly in her

seat.

"that asshole kept us ere for an hour! I real-really need a cig now!" opening a cigarette carton to find it empty. Crushing it in hand with a toss out his open window. Still not sounding completely sober with his slurred words.

"so do I." she mumbled. Thinking about if only Erik knew the great reason why. "uh, maybe I should drive. In case that cop pulls us over again down the road."

"yeah, you right babe. Drive home so we, we uh, get some sleep. so exho- exhaust - tired after today." stepping out to switch seats with Beverly.

Her thoughts laughing at him."you think *you're* exhausted." her body ready to sleep on whatever it could right now.

"we going to make more sales?" asking with a starting up of the car. Anxiety about him driving no longer a concern for her.

"sales closed. We gonna lay low a while. Get things next few days. Big set up!" explaining as he leaned back into the chair.

"set up for what?"

"for the same thing we were partyin. ... Nobody told you?"

"we're leaving Derry."

Manon

:3

Yami Wesker

bet you'll read this one even more. ;3

Guest

thank you. ;w;

Chiryome

glad you gave it a chance. :3

i think everyone likes the special bits and thank you. ;u;

16. The parting

"we're leaving Derry."

"we're leaving Derry."

"we're leaving Derry."

one week. one week ago Erik gave her the news that cut her off from everything. She was stuck with Erik, indoors, doing chores like before. Having been unable to see Pennywise since that night a while ago. That night flashed by so fast, yet it repeated so often in her head as if she was still there. Driving them back to the apartment on the dark forest road way.

"yeah, this town has so much freaky shit going down. Me'n the guys decided that it was besh to head back to York. We got a- a- big farm-pharmacy here, but we had more customers in the city." Erik explained on the way back. Slurring words here and there. "ya happy babe?" smiling at Beverly

"yeah." remembering the sunken hollow feeling she felt at that moment.

"yeah." mumbling the answer to herself.

"yeah, what?" Erik voice broke her from the past thought.

"yeah, to a work list I thought of." making something up on the spot. Her gaze turned toward the ground to avoid Eriks judging one.

"you've been acting super weird for the past few days. Are you sick or something?"

"maybe. Cold weather must be hitting me." honestly feeling a little truth in her sentence. All the worrying that had built up was weighing on her heavily.

She had decided to leave Derry with Erik, that part was settled. He had been acting nicer to her since she started making money for him. He was only mean because of all the stress he was under. Like she

always said it was.

But What was she to do about Pennywise? She would surely have to tell him she was leaving ... with Erik. Or would she? She could hide indoors up to the big moving day then leave without even saying goodbye.

"maybe it's best that way." the knot in her stomach feeling worse at the thought.

Snapping from her thoughts again by Erik speaking. "I'll snag some cold medicine at the store then. Pack some more stuff in the meantime. The longer we stay here keeping low the more money we lose before moving day." he half mumbled with a swipe of the apartment keys off the counter. The morning after that one night Erik had been shaken by the "police" encounter. Telling everybody to lay low, stop selling the drugs. Save the money up to move everything for the long haul to new York.

Beverley couldn't manage to give an answer as he left. Staring toward the door Erik went through for her gaze to slowly turn around the half empty apartment. All the important things sealed away in moving boxes.

"I'll start packing then. ... Gets my mind free of this annoyance for a while." mumbling to herself over that remaining heated feeling. It had been sticking with her for too long now. When she was with Pennywise in the car she assumed it was him being overly warm while *inside*. Currently she could only assume that it wasn't really any heat. "has to be agitation from rough play. That whole 30 minutes disappeared in that car. Half the bites on my neck I don't even remember getting. If I didn't feel those I must not have felt any other pain." hand feeling over the mass rings of dipping scars. Following them up around to the bigger scarred bite over her shoulder. Bringing her hand down to tap the counter a couple times. Breathing in for the energy to go start packing.

Far off under the abandoned Neibolt house Pennywise was resting in the nest he had recently worked on again. Since that one night he had been acting differently.

He had not been on a hunt for days. His time split between waiting outside for Beverly or inside around the fading scent of Beverly in the nest. In some way of distracting himself he fixed up the nest a lot more. Creating more walls to form multiple round rooms. Doing his best attempt at decorating by hanging up some of the prettier blankets. Making wall curtains in a simple way. Thinking in the back of his mind that with the place being more organized it would attract Beverly to stay.

He wasn't the only one to see his new behavior as odd. It scared Henry into moving out to his own place. Mentioning that seeing the other stand around, blankly staring, zoned out for hours was too concerning to be around.

Despite the work he put into the newly decorated nest he wasn't happy with it. It didn't seem good enough, he never felt this way before, he used to be confident on everything. What could be causing this change in him?

"no chance to even show it off. She hasn't left that house. The male must be locking her indoors again. Keeping her separated from me, but he can't do that forever. I can still see her when ever I want. ... but she told me not to. She doesn't like it when I enter the apartment." laying there across the blankets talking to himself. Waiting for her was no longer working. this ache in his chest ever burning furiously while Beverly was away from him. Constantly urging him to get closer, to see her, speak with her, *touch her*. Swallowing down his drool right as it started dripping from his jaws.

"maybe that pathetic male did something to her." swallowing at the idea. "go in to check on her. ... she cant get angry at that." readying to rush up to the surface into her apartment. Stopping at the image of Beverly shouting at him that he broke the rules given. When he visited the outside of her apartment earlier he could smell her scent escaping the front door. Lovely violets without any lingering scent of old blood like usual. She had to be okay with the lack of blood in the air.

"Seems she won't be going anywhere today. I could try to fix up the nest a little more." Thinking to himself while rising to stand. "What more can i do? When she comes out i could set up another food

display. She was not much interest in the last display of food. She barely ate any of it, but even humans made fancy food displays. I must have done it wrong. I can make a better one in fancy lighting like what those other humans do."

"...why am i working so hard for her? ... I don't work for anything. What is this infection doing to me!" Roaring up at the nest ceiling. "... Infatuation..." He growled out the word Beverly once said. Mulling over the words meaning. A minor interest over someone that would die. Except it wasn't dying, so what was the more serious version? "... Love?... I don't- love. ... I destroy, i eat, i paralyze others in fear!"

"Love is just a human thing. Something passed from that damned turtle. He always blabbed on about it!" Clawing into the blankets he laid across. At the sound of tearing fabric he calmed himself. Followed by a mild panic at messing up the nest he speedily worked to fix.

"what am i doing? ... Love ... Is that all it is? Can i get rid of it? ... I could if Bev-" his body reacting horribly to the thought of her dying. Same as the thought of her ever leaving. He wanted to have her and not as just a cure for boredom. "is this what love is? This un-killable thing giving urges to protect. To exist for something else? How compromising to a creatures own survival.

Ridiculous this thing, why does it exist?

Hm, it did keep Beverly alive. It was not pack mentality that spared Beverly all those years ago. The good of the group would have been to abandon her or leave bill to my hunger.

If I cannot get rid of it I will have to accept it." not being fond of accepting something the turtle preached so much about. However, it meant a closer bond with Beverly that warmed his chest.

Where to start on this new plunge into love? First he had to confess it to himself.

" ... do i? Is this feeling true?" fear giving hesitation. " ... I love her." A comforting warmth off of the confession calming him

"... Yes, i do." repeating the warmth giving admittance. To him that was a bigger obstacle then it really was. An even bigger one coming forward he needed to face. Confessing to Beverly how he felt. It had to be perfect same as everything else.

" humans did those confessions on the fancy meal presentations." Combining two ideas. It needed to be timed perfectly to when she left the house. Not very good to present day old food if he set the presentation before the proper time.

" i have to talk her into slipping away. I'll have to break the rules ..." Knowing he had to speak with her. That male was keeping her away making it impossible for them a chance at meeting.

" I'll go in the night while hes sleeping. She'll be free to talk inside without needing to leave immediately. She'll think of a way to sneak out from under him." Thinking excitedly over his plan, especially the fact he was going to see her again.

"What to get?" Switching to how he was to form his special presentation. "The warehouses could have all the things i need." Standing to his feet on a quest for various items.

Back in the apartment Beverly looked over things in various boxes lined up on the counter. She tried to ignore the heated warmth inside her, but it was becoming too much after suffering so long.

"why can't this damn agitation just leave already?! It's been a week and should have gotten at least a little better by now!" tapping the counter rapidly. "this is ridiculous. The bathroom better have something to medicate this." walking down the hall into the small room. Searching through the few cabinets for anything useful. Coming across a couple bottles of headache pills, but nothing more. "what did he even do to me?" questioning again what happened that night. "... it was different. First time he used his real parts. Heh, I say that as if the rest were simply toys ... **oh.**" closing her eyes to the conclusion her brain connected with.

why the night was different and why she had this remaining warmth in her core. The parts he used in the past weren't real. So in a way they were toys up until now. His blood defied gravity, wouldn't be

surprising to her if other certain body fluids did the same. His real parts were definitely working at the end of that round.

"taking a hot bath will make it easier to clean out." starting up a hot bath. "god, can't believe I didn't think of it earlier. I guess its because it never happened before." Gathering fresh clothes in a pile on top of a few towels. Ready to begin her hot bath after setting everything off to the side when ready to leave.

"As if things weren't going weird enough" thinking of how she was to do this. Spending a good chunk of the day working to clean herself. Discovering the little interesting fact that the warm fluid was a bright blue color. Admiring the bright color in the short time it stayed in existence out of her body. Evaporating away in the hot water she soaked under.

Meanwhile Pennywise spent well over the day decorating the presentation. Setting up furniture, lights, how the food would look when he got that. "There, now to set up the ... day- gathering-meeting- ... Daaaate?" Flipping through the human vocab of what the proper word was. "What time is it? Is it still today?" Going up to the surface after long having lost track of time.

"The night has come. Time to take my chance." Looking up from the road drain toward the starry sky. Crawling up onto the road to cross the cold snowy tar. Approaching the door he caught the scent of the other rats lingering. Gritting his sharp teeth together at the discovery. He had to be even more cautious about this meeting.

Twisting his body down to walk easier on all fours in front of the door. Giving the large hardwood entrance a small push. A satisfying click of it unlocking into a slow creek open to him. low to the ground, hidden by darkness, he stalked across the living room.

Peeking around the large couch in spying on the rats sprawled about the place. All sleeping on the many couches surrounded by empty beer bottles. A small smile stretching on his face at the sight, however Keeping his stalking steps quiet. Approaching the bedroom quieter than anything. A mild fear of being discovered too early buzzing the back of his skull.

Giving a small push upon that door was met with the same results. Opening enough for him to slip his body in. Cracking small amounts of his limbs to stand up straight. the door behind him closing on the short click of the knob.

Walking up to Beverly's bed in large smooth strides. The golden glow of his eyes glaring toward the sleeping form of Erik Softening to look over Beverly sleeping on her own bed. Her separated from Erik tempted him to pull another trick right under the males nose.

Beverly was asleep in her bed when her body felt something was off. She remaining laying with eyes shut in pretend rest. Listening for any strange noises. "Probably just trey stumbling to the bathroom." Remembering everyone was sleeping in the living room after another drinking party.

Tensing up at a weight moving over her. Opening her eyes expecting it to be Erik wanting to have fun. at the sight of Eriks form still in his bed she jolted up about to scream. Stopped by a hand covering her mouth. Shutting her eyes out of fear when who ever pushed her back down in such little effort.

"Beverly." She opened her eyes to Pennywise hovering over her. He removed his soft gloved hand from her when she saw it was only him.

"What are you doing here?!" Whispering to him as she gave a quick glance toward Erik Checking to be sure he was unaware of another person suddenly in his room.

"I came to see you." Replying in a soft voice. Remaining crouched over her laying form. Moving back a bit when she sat up.

"You can't be here! You're not allowed!" Reminding him.

His voice turning even softer this time at being scolded. "I wanted to see you. You stopped visiting." A twinge hitting Beverly's heart seeing him so sad or maybe it was just her feeling guilt. She could have honestly visited him at any time. Erik was more tolerant of her going out for a few minutes. As long as it was for a task such as buying beer.

Beverly sat in silence thinking to herself on if "does he know? Did he over hear Erik talking about the move?" Swallowing a nervous lump in her throat.

"I-i haven't been able to." Working to look as honest as possible to keep him from catching her lies. "You shouldn't be here." Turning the conversation away from why she didn't visit.

"I want to talk to you." Unintentionally making her more anxious.

"Pen, this isn't a good place to talk. I - ... I'll visit later. Okay?" Hoping it would satisfy him enough to leave soon.

"Can it be tomorrow? At the nest?" Asking as soon as the words left her mouth.

"Umm, Yeah, I'll visit afternoon. Okay?" her voice almost mumbling. Swallowing thickly at him staring down at her. "Does he think i am lying?" She wondered under his unblinking stare.

"May i rest with you?"

"Rest- rest here?! With Erik only 5 feet away?!" Exclaiming the first words before correcting her volume.

"Yes. He hasn't woken yet. I'll leave before he does, i promise." He sounded so passive to her. Maybe even somewhat worried about her rejecting the idea.

"Why?" She thought. He never was this careful on asking to stay before. She should tell him to go and yet she really wanted him to stay. It felt nice that he visited even after being told not to. "One last night hanging out together before the news couldn't be too bad, right?"

"... Okay, but don't do anything else. Sleep only." Making sure he heard her clear. Adjusting herself to lay back down she waited for him to do the same. Covering them both in a thin blanket that normally didn't keep the cold away. Having him under the covers laying over her feeling much more cozy.

It wasn't only his warmth comforting her. His mere presence swept

her anxieties away. Ones she didn't even think would ever go away. She always felt the same every night a anxious tenseness. Ready for something to happen if she tried to sleep. She always took is as normal since that's how her childhood went expanding into her adult life. This tenseness, prepared to run, ready to fight when ever going to sleep. Fearing that when the sleep was disturbed she would have to fight. The feeling momentarily hidden away in sleep.

Shifting her arms out from under the covers she hugged around his neck. Burying her face into him in another way to be closer. His arms shifting to hug around her. Moving his face besides hers to block her vision of Erik. His chest burning the painful ache away while he rested with her. He never wanted to leave this moment.

Time seeming to pass almost instantly while he enjoyed the time. Sadly watching the curtains brighten under the morning sunlight. He would have to leave soon before Erik would wake.

Startled by the sudden loud noise of an alarm clock. Growling at the inanimate object for disturbing his peace. Shifted back by Beverly pressing him away with one hand as the other lunged out to beat it into silence. Taking deeps breaths to calm herself after another glance toward Erik confirming he was still asleep. Resting back down for a moment to rub her face of the last bit of exhaustion upon waking.

Thinking it was time for him to go he rose up. Ready to move off of her when Beverly stopped him.

Taking a hold of his arm. "Wait, come on." pulling for him to follow. Without a word he did as was told. Sneaking along with her to the hallway door. Standing by as she carefully peeked out for anyone looking their way.

"Come on." Gesturing him to follow further with a quiet walk to the bathroom. He stopped outside the door. Seeing him do so she gestured for him to come in.

"You want me to enter the bathroom?" Questioning if that's what she wanted. He knew how important that space was to her. How she never wanted him to enter it, that was one of the other rules he shouldn't break.

"Yes! Come on!" Gesturing to him again in a more urgent manor.
"Before someone sees!"

Hearing that he slipped into the bathroom. Carefully standing by while Beverly locked the door. walking back around him to start a shower. Rushing to strip herself in front of him.

"Take your clothes off and jump into the shower!" Rushing her words out as well.

"Why? Despite living under the earth i promise you i stay clean."
Continuing to enjoy her disrobing.

"It's not for that!" Laughing about what he said. "You can stay longer if we hide in the shower a little while." Starting to strip him.

"Can we do more then hide?" Stripping himself the rest of the way with a snap of his collar.

"no, we need to stay really quiet." Chuckling as she lightly tugged him into the shower. Standing next to him under the falling water. Holding in more laughter at seeing him standing over the high faucet.

"Maybe a bath would be better?" Asking up to him. Switching the water flow for a bath to be made. Directing him in how to lay down in the tub. Laying herself down on top, her back against his chest. Most of him still not under water, but still the better option.

Relaxing back into him for a time enjoying the moment. It possibly being one of the last few moments with him. Wondering what he wanted to meet about later"I bet it's to convince me to visit more. Planning another bet to snag me when i say i can't." Thinking of what the topic could be. "How should i tell him? ... Could i even go through with it?" Questioning herself in thought.

Freezing up by hearing the not too far bedroom door open.

"Shit, i didn't make his breakfast." Mumbling out the thought on accident. Jumping at Erik banging on the door. Needing to quickly hush Pennywise from his defensive growling.

"What are you doing in there?" Erik shouted from outside the door.

although not sounding mad, yet.

"Bathing." Answering barely above a whisper.

"Get out! I need to get in!" He snapped outside the door.

"Okay." Passively answering his command.

"Time to split." Whispering to the large male she was bathing with.

"See you later then, darling." He spoke slowly as he watched her leave the bath. Disappearing before she could glare at him for the nickname, as usual.

"Our talk about that is not going to happen. Should we even talk later? If i pack fast enough and convince Erik to leave today i wouldn't have to." Swallowing over the developing sickness in her stomach.

After getting dried, with a fresh set of clothes, she went right up to Erik "Honey, if i get everything packed today, can we leave today?" Using the little courage she managed to muster up in speaking.

"Depends on how late you finish. I aint driving anywhere when it gets dark. Be my fuckin luck we run into the one moose roaming around this damned place." He answered. Still sounding half asleep while drinking a canned beer.

"I'll get it done by afternoon. Can we leave after?"

"Yeah fine, get it done. I am taking a shower. Make sure you get my breakfast ready too. Same with lunch, i won't be driving while starved either." Grumbling on his way to the bathroom.

"Yes, honey." Speaking happily as a weight lifted off her. Bolting off to make Erik's food. Not taking time to make herself something so she could get straight to packing.

Doing so carefully around Erik to not bother him. Using the duct tape as quiet as possible. Trying not to let the bubble wrap crinkle too much. Erik didn't like all the noise she was making, but didn't bother with her. She was indeed making the time to have everything packed

so he had no complaints.

Making her last rush around the apartment for anything left behind. Double checking before telling Erik she was finished. Only leaving the bigger furniture pieces unable to be packed.

"Okay." He mumbled the reply while texting on his flip phone. Seeing his disinterest she worried about him having changed his mind.

"Are-we leaving soon?" Anxiously asking.

"Yeah, me and the guys have to finish up some things. We'll snag a truck afterwards." He half mumbled, still texting.

"Will we be able to leave by afternoon?" Asking for a more specific answer. Treading carefully to not agitate him on all the questions.

"Eh, maybe somewhere around afternoon-ish. Like 3:00 or something." The time given was a punch to the gut for Beverly. All this work yet she still had to face the clown in a few minutes.

She would have to go or risk him hunting her down to talk again. She really didn't want to break the news while Erik was so close.

"E-Erik can I go out?" Immediately she was given a suspicious look from him.

"Why?!" He demanded to know.

"Get more food. For the trip, it's a long way to New York. ... Only 10 minutes to the shop and back." Working to reassure him she wouldn't be long.

"... Only 10 minutes." Glaring with a head tilting gesture for her to go. She nodded to him before rushing out the door. Heading for the river pipe to head towards the clown's nest.

Still questioning herself on what to say. How he was going to react to the news. What if he didn't take her seriously? What if he tried getting her into some lifetime bet. Could she refuse one ... **would** she refuse one?

"No, i **have** to. If i outright tell him i am serious he'll get angry. He'll storm off to ignore me. Then i can leave, without trouble, out of Derry." Thinking it over. Following some loose script of what to say for the big news. What to say to his reactions in the aftermath.

She went down river, through the drainage tunnels, surprised half way by Pennywise happily greeting her.

"you made it here! Follow me, i have a surprise!" Excitedly announcing to her before she could really talk.

"Pen i-" was all she managed to get out as he encouraged her deeper into his large den. Staying quiet for the time being so that he could show whatever he had.

"i don't want gifts." she reminded him. He made a surprise that had to be some sort of a gift. It didn't matter what it would turn out to be she would still reject it.

"it's not a gift, you'll see." directing her up to a doorway at the back of the orange lit wagon. The usually opened siding was shut, another noticeable detail was the nest opening being gone. Closed off by more layers of webbing hiding the space away.

With a small creek he opened the backstage door for her. Revealing the new nest opening of it being attached to the other open doorway of the wagons front.

"I made the front different. To make it easier for you to come and go without my help." He explained, gesturing her to continue deeper.

Taking a deep breath to calm her nerves she walked onward. "I have a feeling this won't be ending well. At least there's an open escape path." Thinking as they walked. Further into the nest Beverly could see a bright blue glow lighting up the new tunnels. Turning a corner had her seeing blue Christmas lights lighting along the tunnels ceiling.

"Lights? Is this what you wanted to show me." Looking around had her seeing much more decorating then before. Nice blankets carefully arranged along the walls. Random shiny ornaments embedded into

the wall webbing. Beverly wondered where it all came from as Christmas was still a little over a month away.

"There's more, keep going." Gently moving her forward.

Beverly's worrying worsening from that. "More?! What more could there be?!" Questioning in thought. Her questions all answered at their arrival at the nests core. More Christmas lights strung around a nicely crafted wooden table. Laid across it was a large feast resembling one thanksgiving dinner off a magazine cover down to the fake holly berry branches scattered around.

Massive roasted turkey on a wooden carving board. Big various bowls of different vegetables. Mashed potatoes, stuffing, a few different pies and a silver gravy boat filled to the brim.

She was left standing there stunned over it. It wasn't like the last buffet he made at the hotel. Confused as to why he put in all his effort into this. To show off or simply more gifts to win her over with?

"Do you like it?" Eagerly asking for an answer.

"I uh, it's great, but i can't stay to eat." Answering in an awkward mumble. Turning to face him to give him the news.

"... I am going to be leaving Derry today ... With Erik. I came to say goodbye."

Pausing at his serious expression holding unblinking eyes intently staring down on her.

Anxiously swallowing a lump in her throat. "i should leave." Hesitating on what else she should say. When she was about to speak he ended up saying something first. Something catching Beverly completely off guard.

"I love you." He quickly stated. The sudden confession causing her to laugh.

"What? Don't say that." Chuckling awkwardly. At first she thought he was only repeating sayings out of whatever holiday magazine he

read.

"Why not? Did i do something wrong? Is the food arranged wrong? Am i supposed to wait for a time? I can do it again to make it perfect." Anxiously asking her. His reaction having this feel less of a attempt to just make her stay to something more serious.

"No, we've been over this. We can't."

"Why?! I love you!"

"Stop saying that!" She snapped. "You can't!"

"But i do! I love you! Please don't leave!" He painfully spoke.

"You're not allowed to say that! Stop saying it!" Glaring up at him. Needing to turn away momentarily to stop the rising tears.

"What did i do wrong?" His voice asking so delicately yet it felt like a knife in Beverly's chest.

" a lot of things that can't be forgiven. You tried to kill me, the guys, ... What happened with bills brother Georgie. All the countless other kids over how many centuries. ... That doesn't go away.You're not human, it wont work. ...

I don't ever want to see you again." Managing to get the last sentence out before the tears fell.

This wasn't how it was suppose to go. He wasn't supposed to be sad and her angry. "i have to go." Ending their meeting with her leave. Pennywise making no attempts to stop her. Watching her leave his sight for the last time without a word said.

"Was i too late? What went wrong?" Asking himself. Looking over the display he took hours to make as perfect as possible. "She's leaving with that male." Despair filled him the most over that knowledge. Claws threatening to shred through his gloves at the imagery of her stuck under that male. " i can't let that happen. She doesn't have to be with me, but I won't let him keep her trapped any longer! I'll need to work fast before she can leave." Pulling himself together for more work to be done.

Beverly had run the entire way to the store. Catching up the time she was suppose to have lost getting here in the first place. Hiding in a back corner near some loud produce fridges to drown her low crying. Wiping away the flowing tears as fast as they came.

"Why am i crying? Who am i so angry at?" Wiping away more tears with her sleeve at the thought. "Am i mad at myself for doing that? Should i have stayed? He was so sad, i didn't think he could get like that." His confusion hitting her the hardest. How was she supposed to reject him? Tell him he was a horrible monster for what he did in the past. That despite all he did he deserved to be alone.

"Fuck, stop crying." Scolding herself. She had to buy stuff to rush back to Erik with. Grabbing chips, candy, and sodas randomly to get the store trip over with.

Rushing back fast enough to make it "on time". Fixing herself up one last time before entering.

"Erik? I am back." She announced from the kitchen. Having not seen Erik's presence anywhere.

"He said he was doing last minute stuff with the guys." Brushing off him not being around. Stopping when she saw a note on the apartment fridge.

"Needed to help talk the guys with the truck dealers on a sale. Meet us at the dealers, babe, so you can drive back one of the trucks we'll be getting." Signed by Erik with a sloppily written address below. After taking a few minutes deciphering it she walked the way there.

Not liking the look of the rundown shopping area. Lined with closed shops or rundown ones full of sketchy groups loitering by the doors. Cautiously watching her surroundings as she was becoming the popular thing to stare at.

Letting out a deep breath when spotting the truck dealership up ahead. Spotting Erik yelling with everybody else toward the 3 truck dealers who looked unintimidated by Erik's loud group. Seeing Beverly, Erik rushed over to her.

"Here's the keys to one truck! Hurry and drive it outta here! We tricked some rookie sap into giving us 3 trucks for the price of one, but the owners are catching on to the error." Explaining quickly as he put keys into Beverly's hand. Shoving her out of view before the truckers spotted her.

Beverly rolled her eyes walking around the back of the building. Looking at the key number to match with the correct numbered truck. Stepping over massive potholes taking over the large lot. Happy to be driving out of this sketchy part of town.

"10, 11, 12, 13 -" she counted out. Giving too much attention to the trucks to notice a strange man following her around the trucks. Weaving around the vehicles with looks around for any others who would interfere with what he was about to do.

Surprising her was a pair of arms grabbing a hold of her. the strange man covering her mouth as he dragged her fighting between two large trucks.

the end. :D

just kidding, there will be more. ;3

Guest:

you're in luck, i was finishing this chapter today. XD

Guest #2:

i would say the similarity is coincidence and the fact young Beverly is still growing and will possibly change as the years pass. rounded faces also give a false softness look that feel more trust worthy for drawing in prey. an overly scrawny clown looking like slender man wouldn't bee too approachable in a child's eyes.

going off the movie) the blue eyes wernt a regular thing, they were just to make Georgie less scared to approach so he could catch a meal. no point wearing blue eyes when Beverly knows full well what he is and has seen his "real" eye color. i also like to think of his eyes like windows, they just "leak" out his real form of blaring sunlight on

a small scale.

Chiryome

hes only satisfied when she is. 'u'

17. Exhaustion

Beverly kicked wildly to fight herself free. Scratching at the mans arms covered in a thick leather coat.

"Bev! Bev! Beverly, it's me!" She heard the man holding her shout out between their fighting. Noticing an obvious voice pitch change from a normal deepness to the high sounding clowns. Having stopped her struggling he released his loosened grip off her. Setting her back down on the cracked pavement. Smiling down at her when she got a full look at him.

"Pen?" Speaking confused about his massive appearance change. He looked so human, aside from his strange 7 ft height.

He cleared his throat to announce in a soothing deep voice. "i am Robert Grey." smiling proudly. His bright red hair remaining in a neatly slicked back new look. His yellow eyes now a blue steel grey. Wearing a tight dark vest over a white shirt mostly hidden under a dark brown leather duster coat bearing a high collar. Dark pants leading down to black shiny boots. His whole outfit giving a sense of old fashion from ages ago.

"what are you doing?" the only question Beverly could think clearly of. On guard about what he was planning mixing to confusion. His large smile dropped to a neutral expression. Speaking more serious on his explained intentions.

"i do love you Beverly. I don't want you leaving and I will do whatever it takes to convince you to stay. I ask that you give me a chance to show I can be human." walking up close to kneel before her on both his knees. Hugging her up against him to rest his forehead against her chest. "please, i'll do whatever you ask. I'll even get a human job to work at. Please let me show you." Lowering himself to beg for her acceptance. Something he once said he would never do for any human.

Beverly's voice was caught in her throat. Carefully thinking her options over. Stay with Pennywise or leave with Erik. Wanting herself to make one decision she wouldn't regret in her adult life.

Brushing a hand through his soft hair turning into a hug around his neck.

"okay." hugging him tightly for comfort on the stressful decision. Shaking from the thought of Erik discovering this. The fear pushed down by a passionate kiss from "Robert". Hugging him even tighter as she was picked up off the ground. Being carried away from the sketchy lot and Erik. Deciding she wasn't going to be coming back she threw the truck keys far off over pens shoulder. Hiding her face in between his neck and tall coat collar. Working on calming herself down off the anxiety.

After a while of walking across the town still being carried. She began to wonder exactly where they were going. They weren't heading toward the nest having passed the river drainage pipe a while ago.

"i can walk you know." she joked down toward the one carrying her.

"and let you get away? I think not." joking back, not aiming to set her down till they reached the destination.

"oh, is this a kidnapping now?" continuing the jokes.

"let's call it an act of homesteading." chuckling along with her.

The further they walked the more Beverly recognized the surroundings. "this is on the way to the Neibolt house." turning her attention to the surrounding abandoned neighborhood for why they would be here.

Not wanting Beverly to see the surprise early he set her down at the street corner. "close your eyes." he instructed her.

"more surprises?" getting a confirming nod from him. Shutting her eyes for him to continue leading her along.

"no peeking." helping her walk down the unsteady concrete pathway. Stopping in front of the Neibolt house. "okay, you can look now."

squinting her eyes to adjust against the bright sunlight. Stunned to see a vast difference from what the Neibolt house used to be.

"wow, you actually fixed it up." gazing over all the re-freshened details on the ancient house.

The once decaying weed riddled yard covered in litter was now covered in fresh green grass. The fresh grass parted by a pathway of white stone square walkway. The houses edging lined with tall bright yellow sun flowers. The falling rotten fencing a new iron one standing straight, covered in a rust free coat of smooth black paint. The old dead tree covered in leafy greenery no one had ever seen on it in over 80 years.

The rotten outer house paneling infested with various molds changed to fresh panels coated in a light grey paint. The edging of fixed clear glass windows outlined in bright white paint. The black shingled roof replaced with new shingles of a dark blue coloring.

The lot of the house being expanded upon to take over the two empty lots at its sides. Expanding the same length behind the house to make a huge yard. The concrete sidewalk turning smooth up until it reached the end of the houses property. Changing back to its weed infested cracked apart form.

"shall we go in?" holding his arm out in gesture for her to go first. Following behind in her slow walk up to the bright hardwood door.

Turning the silver knob with a slow push of the door. Looking around had her gain the same amazement of its transformation on the inside. Clean fresh rooms in new bright paint fully restored from its rotten collapse. Windows brightening the large extravagant rooms in warm sunlight.

"he looked at a few magazines for this." thinking while looking over the fancy hand carved furniture that would usually cost a fortune. However one detail stuck out that really confirmed that Pennywise had arranged the furniture himself. All the furniture in each room tended to be clustered toward the middle instead of half attached to the walls.

"is it good?" he asked.

Beverly fining his anxious asking really cute. "it's really amazing. I

think that I should decorate next time though." walking around a grouping of centered furniture.

"i thought so." agreeing on the furniture arrangement. He worked to make it as nice as possible, but even he knew some things weren't quite fitting as well as they should. He also had very limited time to get the whole lot restored.

It was his ultimate last attempt to attract Beverly back. At first he was planning on slaughtering Erik to simply free her of him. He knew she would have despised him for that. Deciding to hold off on that desperate action to try one more thing. He had to be more human, meaning he needed more human things. Soft bedding in an underground nest wasn't a human environment. Needing to get something pretty above the earth in the bright sun humans loved to bask in.

studying multiple books full of photos of above ground dwellings. Replicating as best he could with what seemed to match.

"do you like the house? I can get a different one. This one seemed the best as it was alone away from other eyes." asking her further opinion.

"its fine. I love it." she turned to hug him. Wearing a big happy smile on her face. Him happily hugging her back until she began crying into his vest.

"are you okay? Did I do something wrong?" fearfully asking to fix whatever he did to upset her. She let out a small choked laugh.

"no, I am okay. I am just really happy. I haven't felt this way in forever." sniffing with her tears quickly wiped away. Chuckling when pen stepped in to help clear them for her.

"where'd you get this look?" changing the subject to help stop herself from crying further.

"this i-... Robert was Pennywise long before I was." hesitating on telling her the truth. Robert was one of his past prey. wanting to avoid digging that up he kept it short and simple.

"ah. So what should I call you now? Bob the clown?" joking while exploring the house further.

"call me whatever you want." happily tagging along.

"I'll stick with pen. Grey sounds nice to though." wandering into the nice new bedrooms. Finishing her exploration of the house she walked out to the expanded yard. The house property expanded to fully take over 6 whole lots. Thinking how ironic it was he clustered items to save room then had grabbed far more yard space then needed.

"anything you want to add? Want a pool, or a third floor?" asking more questions. When fixing up the house he had grabbed all the land he could, within reason. He wasn't fond of seeing other dens so close to encroaching on his territory. To fix that he got rid of them to take over for his own. Letting the further off abandoned houses survive his territorial claiming.

"it's fine pen." reassuring him. The peaceful quiet of the outside interrupted by her growling stomach. The day was almost over and she hadn't gotten a single bite to eat.

"i can cook something for you." jumping at the opportunity to do something the human way instead of conjuring.

"you can cook?" raising a brow skeptically.

"i can ... learn it." speaking confidently at first, then realizing he had to figure out the stove.

"if you're sure." being sure this was going to be fun to watch. Seeing right away his confused studying of the stove top with all the varying knobs to the multiple cook rings.

Debating on how much she should help him. "he's never cooked a day in his life. He must want to learn on his own, but maybe a few hints wouldn't hurt." seeing him fiddle every knob to be met with confusion at no fire, only a clicking noise.

"turn a knob till it clicks. The clicking ignites a fire after a few times." directing him. Him picking up on it quickly after that. Leaving the

small flame to grab a pot from a cupboard. Filling it up halfway with water to set on the stove for boiling.

"seems he knows a little bit of cooking." thinking on his gathering of items. "or maybe not." observing him now blankly staring down into the water pot.

"what are you going to put it?" asking him. Holding in a giggle at the most confused expression written on his face.

Having never cooked in all of his time on earth also meant absolutely no recipes in mind. Going off of what he observed humans doing. They used pots of water then threw piles of multiple mixed things in. the items he had no idea of what they were. The second problem being he stocked the kitchen full of cooking tools, but no food. Needing to go fetch that now, but admitting he forgot something so important was negligent in caring for his mates survival. He couldn't admit to her about forgetting something so important.

"why don't we instead work on something simpler? Cooking takes a while to get the hang of that even most adult humans can't do it." stepping in to turn off the stove. "lets try making a sandwich. It doesn't need any cooking." with pen still giving a look of a deer caught in headlights she stepped further into directing.

"we can walk together to the shop for the stuff we need." holding her hand out for him to take. Taking her hand into a gentle hold they started their walk out the door.

Reaching a block down the road Beverly's anxiety had picked up. Holding pens hand overly tight wasn't the first sign to him that something was wrong. She was afraid of something the further they went toward town.

"whats wrong?" stopping them from going further.

"i was thinking that Erik ... might be ... looking for me." nervously confessing.

"do you want to wait in the house while I go fetch?" offer with a close holding of her. Feeling her nod against him. A weight off her

shoulders that pen understood her worry. Walking with him back to the house. Making a shopping list of the things needed to make it easy for him to get alone. Kissing him goodbye at the door way.

Meanwhile she stayed behind to relax in the new house. It felt like she was finally home someplace peaceful. No fears of someone coming to harm her in here. No forced chore duty to do as someone breathes down your neck. She could sit down and breath without harassment. Enjoying that this was turning out to be the best decision of her life.

A month and a half later ...

Beverly had adapted living with "Robert Grey" smoother than she thought she would. Enjoying each others company while helping pen act more human. Realizing that instead of teaching him the usual way he was highly adaptive when given a book on the subject. Cooking became a breeze for him when Beverly got a cook book set paired with a recipe card filled box. He was cooking like he had been doing it for 50 years now.

When she was a more settled in the home she worked on the reorganizing on the furniture. Something Pen happily took as her nesting down. Helping whatever she was working to do in the house. Together they had decided what was best to stay toward the human path and what to allow in slipping by. Cleaning the house, cooking, and making money for bills were to be done normally. While fixing the house and managing the yard were done the quicker way.

Pen did notice however that while Beverly was content to stay in the new nest she was too afraid to leave it. Not even stepping outside onto the front porch. A topic he had been working on with her to overcome.

Unbeknownst to them this peaceful day would come crashing down over the thing Beverly feared would happen.

Pen was up far before Beverly on this bright morning. He never slept, but did relax by Beverly the entire time she slept. Taking the time to carefully get up without disturbing her. Smoothly going down the steps to start cooking her a large breakfast. Making her a hot meal of

pancakes next to a side of bacon. By the time he was plating everything he heard Beverly coming down stairs.

"breakfast is ready." smiling as he set down her plate in front of her at the table. Beverly smiling back at him and the plate given. Looking over the perfect fluffy pancakes next to the bacon taking over the plate. He still tended to go overboard on the meat serving.

"we're to go shopping today?" asking with a sit down across from her. Having a plate with only bacon piled onto it. They both tried to feed him other foods for a few weeks. Unfortunately anything other than something deep fried or meat would make him violently ill. The meat itself offering any nutritional value remained to be seen. When asked pen would say it did not give him energy his normal diet gave.

Beverly sighed out a "yeah." not liking the idea of going outside, but she had to. "cant become a unhealthy hermit." dipping a slice of bacon into some syrup.

Her fear of Erik still looking for her trapping her inside. Pen had convinced her to leave to the store a few times. Only agreeing to it if he came alongside her. They had the luck of Erik only lurking on his old drug route. Easy to avoid, yet it meant he was still staying for the long haul in Derry.

"I'll be by you the whole way. What do we need?" taking a bite out of a thick stack of bacon in hand.

"the usual. Juice, milk, butter, a ton of meat, some vegetables. We wanted to try soups with you this week, right?" having him reply with a nod. Both were working to find some sort of middle ground on his eating. With the plain meats failing, Beverly was losing confidence that anything would work. Then what were they to do? Have her help him find more "acceptable" foods?

The two of them finished up their meals to leave with grocery list in hand. Fearfully she held onto his hand as if her life depended on it. Not wanting to have a moment of them being separated from each others sight.

"darling, everything will be alright." comforting her with a gentle rub

to her arm. "what should we grab first?" directing her thoughts elsewhere.

"cereals I guess." mumbling up to him as she stepped forward to head down an aisle. Scanning over the multiple boxes before stopping at one brand in particular. Humming over the different flavors on the shelf.

"bevy?!" hearing her cursed nickname exclaimed she whipped around to face the speaker. Thankful that it wasn't Erik, but could be just as bad.

"where you been little witch?" Victoria sneered. Backed up by Lorna mimicking her. Beverly didn't get a word out when pen stepped between them. Blocking the view from each other with his massive size.

"oooh, is this your new handsome man? Careful sweetie, she's suppose to be taken, but I am not." flirting with him in front of Beverly without a care.

Beverly could hear the building growl in his chest. Taking a hold of his hand again to pull him back. "you don't have the energy for this!" reminding him. Something else that had been sitting un-discussed about on their plate.

The day he fixed the house spent far too much energy for him. He worked to hide it, but she could see how sluggish he was getting. He didn't have the energy to fight or cover up the presence of one. They could actually get in trouble this time with Derry police.

He turned away from the annoying rats to comfort Beverly. Walking away with her empty handed as Victoria shouted more insults.

"dump that whore on the corner before she leaves you too! I hope she's giving you a discount to sleep with her!" they heard her shouting from inside as they walked through the parking lot.

When passing between two cars Beverly stopped to grab her racing chest. ribs feeling crushed to prevent any air flow. Shivering with tears flooding down her face. Racing heart slowed by pen pulling her

into a tight hug. Settling them both down to hide between the cars. Her settled into his lap to be surrounded inside his coat.

"he knows, he knows! He's going to find out now!" she repeated in panic. Knowing Erik had a history of finding her, it being only a matter of time.

"he can't do anything. I won't let him do anything, alright?" wiping away all her tears. Sitting in place until she was calmed down. The two returning home where she immediately headed for the bathroom. Locking herself in to cry alone inside the large tub. Pen waited patiently for her to come out working on other things to allow her space. Hearing her go silent, after a few hours, he gently tapped the door.

"what?" her tone still releasing a sniffle.

"may I come in?" almost speaking in whisper to the door. Hearing a yes from her he entered quietly. Stepping over to her curled up in the empty bathtub. Tapping her shoulder for her to shift over for him to settle down behind her. Settled between his legs for a warm embrace melting away the fear caused shivering.

"it'll be alright darling. Do you want me to do something?" asking her a question he had already asked before.

"no, we should stay away from Erik. You also can't afford the energy to waste on him. He'll leave ... eventually." resting her head back into him. A loud knock on the front door disturbing them both.

"you stay here, I'll answer it." patting her back as he headed out of the room.

"what moron could possibly invading our space?" thought with a growl at the silhouette annoyingly banging still on the front door. Pen opening it to be met with a smug Victoria and Lorna standing on his porch.

"so this place is where she's run off to. Well, can't blame a girl for running after a rich dude." Victoria joked with Lorna.

"what do you want?" he asked, hiding his hand clawing into the door

edging to hold back his anger.

"wanted to talk with you sweetie. You deserve a lot better than that red headed slut. I'll be happy to be your girl and i am sure I know better tricks in bed." winking at him with a sensual bite of her lip.

"get off my land before I projectile vomit all over my new porch." growling on the last remaining thread of patience he had.

"aww come on, what has she told you about us? I bet she never told you about how she purposefully wrecked my hair. Or how she was walking with one of my friends and broke his arm for no reason. Now he's gotta wear a cast because of her!" she ranted.

"oh, **I know** she didn't do those things. Now, get the fuck off my property you whore." grinning with a satisfying slam of the door in Victorias shocked face. Returning up the stairs to the bathroom where Beverly relaxed.

"who was it?" sitting up in the tub from leaning back.

"sales person who wouldn't take a no." lying to avoid stressing out Beverly more than she already was.

"ugh, out of all the businesses to die here, why couldn't they have?" leaning back to relax in the tub.

"are you feeling well enough to have lunch?" chuckling at her remark.

"yeah, something light tho."

"sandwiches, like on our first day here?"

"sounds perfect." she smiled. The two heading downstairs to the kitchen. While they prepared sandwiches someone outside was watching from afar through their window.

"what are we doing now?" Lorna looked to the furious Victoria. Standing there glaring at the happy couple with crossed arms of disapproval.

"i am going to tell Erik. No way i am letting her have this rich party.

Erik will take care of them both when he comes back. Come on, let's get going before I get sick from this!" stomping off to enact her grievous actions.

Beverly with pen had spent the rest of the day talking. Debating on what to do about her fear of Erik. Then switching on the debate on pens feeding issue leading into his hibernation issue. As the talks went on it seemed some of their issues were impossible to fix. That they could only prepare for when the time came.

"you know we'll have to fix this male problem if it does get to a point I must sleep. I am not going to leave while you're still threatened by his presence. I can scare him away, out of Derry, instead of killing him." offering a solution. Biting into a hot pizza slice off one of the few pizzas they ordered for dinner. Something easy to eat in between discussing issues.

"I guess, but that will take so much of your energy. It's not just Erik, it's also the rest of his pack you need to scare away too. Otherwise he'll get angry, get the courage to reenter with everybody in tow. This needs to be tackled differently, a more government involvement would be best. Think you can attract more police to live in Derry?" eating a slice of her own.

"you think more cops will manage to scare the rats off?"

"maybe not, new York had them at every corner, but that didn't scare him. Worth a shot though on saving all the energy you can."

"attracting such a crowd could take more time then we can afford. Scaring him will take energy, but he'll fuck off if he knows what's good for him and the other rats." earning a laugh from Beverly.

"i think you'll be sure to have him learn his lesson either way." chuckling on taking a sip of soda.

Upon a banging at the door the two stopped their eating. A confused look passing between the two.

"it's almost 10PM! Who could that possibly be?!" Beverly set her pizza slice down to answer the door.

Opening it to the expectation shed see some drug addict looking for money. Or possibly a drunkard trying to get into the wrong house after stumbling around the streets. Her backbone on confronting the dinner disturber all lost at the sight of Erik staring her down in the doorway.

"you sleezed off *here*?" Eriks tone heavy in outraged disapproval. "after all the shit I did. Paying rent for you. Buying you anything you needed. For you to up and leave for some rich bastard that doesn't care for you?!" talking down to her with no signs of holding back. All Beverly could do was stand there helplessly. Body shaking in a panic under the stressful situation. Flinching at every little movement Erik did in preparation of the first punch.

"get to the car! We'll be taking about this more back home." he pointed back to the small car surrounded by his pack of friends. Beverly noticing a particularly smug Victoria standing by it.

Beverly didn't dare argue with a step forward to do as she was told. Startled back by pens hand shooting out in front of her. Smashing hard enough into the door edging that chips of broken wood flew off.

She looked up at him, mouth open, ready to say it was fine for her to go. The expression he gave her silenced her right down. His silver grey eyes now rings of fiery yellow bearing down into her very soul. The last time she saw him so angry was when they were all fighting for their lives in childhood against him.

"stay. in. the. House." pen commanded in a deep animalistic growl. His aura in that moment scared her back into the house. He regretted it only slightly as this whole thing had gone too far for him to tolerate. There was no way he was going to back down to let her be taken away like a lost pet who ran away. He was ending this tonight.

"who do you think you are shes mine!-" Erik began ranting when pen shot his glare toward him. Stumbling over his next sentence turning into gibberish when pen stepped past the doorway. Towering over the small lanky male with his intimidating size of 7 ft of fit bulking muscle.

"get off my land." hissing down at the male. Staring down Erik while

he tried puffing out his chest to act tough.

"not without my girl!" after clearing his throat he managed not to stutter.

"listen carefully rot!" calling all of Erik attention while wanting his mouth shut. "i am sick of you being in *MY* town acting like you own the place. If it weren't for some grace of mercy asking me not to. I would have hung you by your dick off a tall tree. If you don't leave I'll make your remaining time here insufferable." speaking down in the up most dead serious of tones. Hearing Beverly approach from behind he whipped his head around to momentarily face her. His serious look telling her that no matter what she said it would not affect his decision. Quieting her down again to retreat back into the house. Worrying over what was about to go down with Erik refusing to budge.

"i am not leaving without whats mine! I aint intimidated by some silver spoon fed snob! I was raised on the streets and know how to fight! Right here, right now, I'll kick your ass easy!" Erik challenged. Pointing toward the empty street lit by a single yellowing street lamp.

"**fine!**" pen growled. Shutting the door behind him followed by a click of the lock magically shutting. Similar clicks sounding out through the house at every window locking. Keeping Beverly protected alone inside the house. She rushed up stairs to the large windows facing the street. Watching pen follow Erik out into the street. Surrounded by the gang to form a loose fighting circle cheering Erik on.

Beverly swallowing at the knot forming in her stomach at the sight. Pen didn't handle fighting groups well, as she knew from experience. Erik was also known for cheating when backed into a corner. None of this was going to end well.

Inside the loosely spread ring of Erik friends, pen was standing tall as he was forced to listen as Erik ranted on, boasting about how strong he was.

"i don't have time for this! Get on with it while you're still young!" pen snapped.

"i ain't getting any older, but these idiots sure are!" pen sighed in thought.

"pfft, what's wrong? Gotta go take your nap soon?" Erik taunted. Receiving hoots and hollers from the small crowd. Getting further chants of "punch him." from everyone. Cheered on by the group he happily obliged in making a show of the punch. Winding his arm back to smash it into pen's stomach. Multiple crunches as if a bag of chips was crushed released from the hand.

A squeak of pain sounding out with a tear coming to his eye. Punching the tall inhuman pen felt like he had punched a solid concrete pillar. The small male looked up in surprise at the unfazed male wearing a large grin from ear to ear. He didn't even have time to register pen raising his arm. Giving a hard slap to the male that sounded off a disgusting pop.

The chanting group had fallen silent at the sound. Watching Erik taking a knee onto the uneven tar road in a massive amount of pain. Holding both his hands on the very thing that had dislocated free with the pop, his jaw.

Tears welling up in his eyes with silent crying. Trying to speak was far too painful to attempt. This was just the start of what pen wanted to do. He was going to make the small rat pay for every scar and punch he committed on Beverly.

Taking one confident step forward he lifted a leg high into the air. Smashing it down onto Erik's leg to snap it in half like a twig. A hefty kick to the ribs following to knock all the air out of him. Picking his crumpled hide off the road to fling him across the road in such little effort. At this point Erik's friends were all panicking. This wasn't how this fight was supposed to be going on their side. Shouting at pen to stop as he walked over to continue his torturous joy on Erik.

Beverly was still watching this all go down from the large upper windows. Half of her saying this was horrible, while the other half cheered pen on in her thoughts. Intently watching the practically one-sided match with morbid excitement over each attack brought upon Erik.

Picking up Erik again his idea to toss him high into a tree was cut short by trey attempting to tackle him. Failing in his attempt against pens solid stature. Unintentionally drawing pens full rage on the male whose arm he had once broken. Rage building at all the thoughts of how Erik friends had also caused Beverly such pain.

All of treys arm took healing up was ruined with a single smack from pen. Re-breaking treys still casted arm, knocking the wind out of him, being sent flying into the air to slam a good amount of distance away down the road. The three remaining of Erik friends Darius, Victoria, and Lorna gasping in shock. Pens rage turning onto them next.

Forced away by a shock of pain hitting his side from a loud bang not too far. His enraged sight turning toward the beaten Erik sitting up on the grass with a gun out. Somehow also fixing his jaw back into place in the meantime he was left alone.

"why you stupid little-" unable to finish the sentence when another bullet hit his shoulder. Seeing that trey had also gotten up, gun in hand. The pain of two gunshots he was now dealing with forced him into shedding off the disguise of Robert Grey. Building up his rage at this retaliation from the rats he shot a death glare to Erik. The broken human shocked by the sudden reappearance of the clown who caused him past misery.

Letting out a furious roar Pennywise appeared by Erik in the blink of an eye. Grabbing his snapped leg to whip him around in the air. Tossing him smack into trey too late as he got another shot off into the raging clown. Erik remaining crumpled over trey with trey sitting up getting gun up at the ready for another shot.

Beverly was indoors freaking out at the turn of the fight. Rushing to get the window open as a simple plan barely formed to stop his fight.

"hey! The cops are coming!" she shouted down to the fighting group. Eriks group ditching their beef with pen to scramble back into the car. Leaving pen taking a knee in the street suffering multiple bullet wounds. Seeing the gang burn rubber away from the house she rushed downstairs. Grabbing a first aid out of the kitchen to rush up to the front door. Shakily unlocking it to run out into the empty street. Pen being nowhere in sight had her yelling out his name into

the cold night air.

Stopping at the sight of something flickering under the streetlamp. A speckle of his blood floating at the lights edging. Approaching closer she saw a whole trail of the dark liquid floating down toward a water drain in front of their house.

Chiryome

poor pen indeed. :D

Guest

thank you. :3

18. Burning bridges

"shit, he fled down!" Thinking in a rush back inside. Heading down the basement stairs to the large stone well still hidden there. Looking down the deep space to judge its distance. Gathering up multiple blankets to tie into one long rope to climb down.

Making her way through the tunnels as fast as she could. Anxiously counting all the minutes it took her to reach the middle. Not hesitating to rush through the nest entrance of the wagon doors.

"pen?!" calling his name with a scan over the vast blankets. Spotting him, or at least his floating blood in the far back.

"pen?!" calling to him again for some response. Worry momentarily eased by him letting out a growl. At least he was responding.

Approaching closer she saw him laying curled, blood oozing clouds of floating blood. Part of his shoulder clothing missing around one said wound. Seeing him bite at the wound to gnaw the bullet out like a wild wounded animal. Having her leap in to stop him injuring himself more.

"don't do that!" not caring that she got between his angry jaws of jagged teeth and a gaping wound geysering out blood. Ignoring the low protesting growl escaping him. Snapping open the first aid kit to take some gauze into her hand. Blocking the large wound he had been gnawing over. When the blood slowed enough she took the time using a super long pair of tweezers to wiggle the bullet free.

"take off your shirt. I need to see the other wounds to care for them." telling him what to do as she finished up bandaging the first.

"i am fine." Growling out the grumble.

"no, you're not! What you did was stupid! Erik and his group are armed drug dealers! You could have been killed over your pride!" giving a slap on his good shoulder. Not even hard enough to leave a mark. Hearing another grumbling growl from him. Keeping still as Beverly stripped him of his upper costume. Her first aid helping to

speed up his healing. The wounds closing in incredible time after being treated. Relieved at him turning out fine after 3 gunshot wounds helped only on basic first aid applied. Hugging him right as some tears escaped her eyes. Having unknowingly held them in during this whole time since Erik was at the front door. Breaking down into crying in pens arms. Burying her face into his neck while regathering herself to stop crying.

Her distress startling him into comforting her. Hugging her close to carefully wipe away her falling tears.

"i love you." she sniffled. Kissing him on the lips that he returned. "thank you."

The fight to protect her had him jolted. Her kisses worked toward a rush he was feeling from almost killing a male rival. Glowing with pride over his mate he so successfully defended from an aggressive intruder. The praise she was raining down on him in loving thanks triggering the next natural step. Resetting his stance as the top male and her one'n only mate.

Taking the lead in kissing her down into the bedding. Kissing to her neck to lick over the same spots. Heading lower to nip at her collar bone swapping between more licks.

Beverly relaxed back under the tender care she knew was leading to something. Joyfully letting him do whatever he wanted. This was the first time they'd be together since ditching Erik. A weight missing from before of the fear of being caught. No worries about needing to rush off afterwards or hide evidence of their recent play. Simply enjoying all the thrill in the moment.

Giggling at him stripping the clothes from her legs. Shivering excitedly to the following licks along her exposed thighs. Soft gloved hands Rubbing her legs into opening wide to hungrily devour her. Licking far deeper then he had before. A detail Beverly noticed, but said nothing about it. Melting into the bedding under the deep licking that was beginning to last forever.

She didn't think it was possible to get so sore, yet pleased from one action after so long. The first 5 minutes was amazing. The next

following 10 were less so. Then after almost half an hour she needed him to switch to something else.

"uh, pen ..." her voice waveringly speaking. Grabbing his attention to move away from the current action.

Fully satisfied with his work in preparation for the next move he we rose up. Crawling over her to give a gentle pull at her side. Directing her into turning onto her stomach. Kissing along the soft pale skin of her back rarely exposed to him. Slipping off her shirt to quickly undo her bra that she helped him remove. Shivering to the lick he drew longingly over the back of her neck. His breath heating the skin he buried his face against.

Her body shivering to the feeling of those black tendrils gliding over her skin. Tensing up at the large slick rod pressing into her. Tension dropping to the long press forward into her. Rubbing her sweet spots to draw her into an even more relaxed state. Nipping into her neck upon getting a certain deepness.

Time flying by with the pleasure passing between the two. Continuing well over the next day on their fun. At some point they had gone to bed. Beverly waking confused as to what day it was.

"damn." mumbling surprised as she woke herself. "what day is it? I already saw morning pass a while ago. Ugh, cant even move still so exhausted." stretching as best she could on the little energy gained. Smiling at the resting form of pen beside her.

"when I can walk again we should go shopping. Buy a cake to celebrate, hmm?" expecting him to answer, yet nothing came. "did you hear me?" asking again. His form still resting without a response to her. He never slept like her, so he had to be awake. "hey, do you want cake or not?" she shook him to gain his attention. Still no reaction out of him.

"ignoring me?" she wondered. "why tho?" sitting up to glare over him.

Seeing something on her chest out of the corner of her eye she looked down. Almost having a heart attack by a massive scar over her heart in the shape of a spiraling galaxy. Stretching multiple spiraling arms

6 inches off its deep center. Furious at finding the cause of his ignoring her she punched him hard in the chest. Ignoring the pain in her hand now to shout him down.

"what did you do?!" roaring down at him. Him looking around confused as if lost on where he was for a moment. Looking more confused at noticing Beverly was furious about something. "what is this?!" pointing to the massive scar on her chest. He looked down to where she pointed. Taken aback by the scars sudden appearance. Studying it over for a moment then grew a small smile at her.

"it's the bonded mark." he spoke proudly.

"what?! Why'd you carve this?!" not understanding what he was talking about.

"i didn't carve it. It happens, I've been told about it, but have never seen one. I didn't even believe they were real."

"whats it do?! Whys it here?!" she stressed over the large mark.

"it bonds us together as mates. You accepted me as your mate and so it appeared." explaining to her calmly.

"what?! No, I-i cant, I am not ready. I cant jump in like this i-" she panicked over this coming way too fast. There was still so much for them to talk over to work out. She didn't feel comfortable accepting such a big title with him before things were buried for good. Feeling a low burn at the mark she paused her panicked talking to look. The mark disintegrating back toward its middle then finally going completely without evidence of it ever being there.

"what happened?!" stressing at what it had just done. Looking back at him to nervously swallow at him looking hurt.

"... you rejected me. ... it went away." his tone sorrowful at what he witnessed.

"oh I didn't mean to ..." feeling incredible guilt at her unintentional action. She wouldn't have minded keeping it. It was only the whole implication behind it that scared her. Being like a sudden wedding proposal when they'd only officially been together

for a month now. "i am really sorry." she apologized.

he comforted her in a hug in a gentle voice. "don't apologize, it's alright. It can always come back."

"... do you want to go shopping? Since I don't have to worry about Erik now. We can get cake." sheepishly asking him after giving him an emotional blow to the gut. He chuckled, giving a kiss on her cheek.

"sure." agreeing. Gathering up all their clothes to get redressed. Helping her get up on all her sore muscles. "maybe a hot bath first." he offered, receiving a nod from her.

After a hot relaxing bath Beverly was stretching in her new clothing to release any left over tension in her muscles. Giggling at the pair of arms hugging her from behind.

"ready to go darling?" escorting her from the house all the way to the store. On the way there Beverly noticed peculiar things happening around her. People appeared more twitchy then normal, mainly while talking. Catching hooks in their speech if they mentioned a lie. Watching other twitches show off how nervous or confident they were. The whole situation was disturbing her, made worse once inside surrounded by people. Bombarded by all these strong smells of food. She could smell precisely what apples were the freshest on the shelf it was so strong.

"whats wrong?" he asked her.

"i-i don't know." answering confused. Everyone was twitchy, except for him. Realizing that he also smelt wonderfully of cotton candy. "everybody's really twitchy. I don't know how to describe it exactly."

"twitchy? Am I twitchy?"

"no, everything smells different too. Like everything's stronger. ... do you think the mark could have done this?" asking up to him.

"yes, I feel it did. I've noticed changes as well. I actually believe i fell asleep at one point. Was fully asleep when you woke me. I was worried that i had possibly gone into hibernation. Yet it was so

different being in that state. Sure gave me an energy boost though." smiling down at her.

"do you know what else it could have done? What do you know about it?" questioning him curiously.

"uh, I was told that "the mark bonds two together. Crossing fates, lining their lives, passing each strengths to the other. The connection *can smfrn*-" mumbling off into silence.

"what? What's the last part?" asking him to clarify.

"the connection can *sometimes, something, something*." he mumbled off again.

"huh?"

"when I was told, ... I may have. Not. Paid. ... Any attention." mumbling that out too guiltily.

"you didn't pay attention when told about it?!"

"no, I didn't think it'd ever be a use to me!" he exclaimed, sounding guilty about it. "It was all ramblings of getting along with others to create peace, love, and blah blah. I didn't care for any of it at the time."

"that leaves us to figure it out. The marks gone too, do you think this will wear off?"

"not sure, guess we'll find out together." smiling in leading her along to shop.

Meanwhile far off at Derry hospital Erik was seated in a hospital bed surrounded by his friends loitering around the room.

"someone go out and get me some real damn food!" shoving away the hospital food tray away. Unable to leave while being treated for a broken leg, swollen jaw, and a grouping of fractured ribs. Trey also being treated with a newly made cast on his double snapped arm.

"that fucking clown is gonna pay. The whole damn mob is going to

pay in this shitty town!"

"we're still going after Beverly?" Darius asked.

"of course we fucking are! No way I am letting the shitty mob here own her! It's all that damn clowns fault! He's the one in charge! As soon as were set out of this hospital we'll go steal Beverly back. Book it out of the town with her. No way they'll track us across multiple states." Erik grumbled while uncomfortably shifting around in bed. "It'll be one big "fuck you" to him getting property stolen in *his town*." Mocking the last words in Roberts voice.

3 months later...

Pen had made great strides in becoming human. Attracting factories back to Derry while earning a high wage job in a single stride. Working as the head of a large materials factory. One that made certain cuts of iron or wood for house building. The new factory in turn attracting more people for jobs.

Shops having returned to life with the flow. Particularly the diner Beverly was rehired at. She wanted something to help get her out of the house. The Waitressing job without Erik harassing her was a breeze. The manager having hired her right back after Bev said the "family emergency" had ended.

Lately Beverly had been struck with a stomach illness. Her manager forcing her home to avoid barfing in front of eaters. Pen constantly getting her soup after his work day. Hovering around to make sure she was alright.

"Are you sure you want to go to work today?" He asked the sickened Beverly chugging a dose of cold medicine on the couch.

"Yessss. I can't miss too many days. I've already been gone a week and can't afford anymore time. This flu isn't getting any better either. We may have to go visit the doctor for this." Rubbing a headache away.

" you think it's that serious? Should i be staying home?" Worrying for her health. "You really don't *need* to go. I can sweep everything away

until you're better."

"No, don't do that! It's probably just a stubborn flu. Any doctor i see will just tell me to suck it up, go home and rest it off." Standing to her feet to huff out some air. "We are a normal family and not everything should be solved with manipulation of the whole town." Settling that fact.

"If you're sure darling. Please, take it easy." Waving her goodbye from the door. Leaving for work earlier then she did.

" yeah yeah." Jokingly waving him off. Rushing to the bathroom afterwards to release all contents in her stomach.

"Dammit, i just took that!" Shouting at the medicine swirling in the bowl. "Medicine never did anything anyway." Going from her spot by the toilet to clean herself up at the sink again. Heading downstairs to be off for her work.

Checking in with her boss who allowed her to stay this shift. Dressing in uniform to head the counter. An easy job she simply had to sit and check people in. A few new waitresses being hired to handle the tables orders.

Not too long into the job with Beverly feeling sick to her stomach again. "Not now dammit! Go away!" Thinking against the illness. The idea failing as she needed to subtly rush to the bathroom to puke her guts out. Cleaning up at the sink to return before anybody noticed. Then trying her best to not look miserably sick back at the counter.

"Maybe pen was right. This isn't a good idea." Debating now if she wanted to push thru the day.

"Well, well, well, the witch of Derry is back here. Poisoning the foods of innocent town folk." She turn to glare at Victoria mocking her from the door.

"What do you want?!" Beverly snapped. Ever since the fight with Erik she promised herself not to be pushed around anymore. "Why are you still even here?!" Adding on to her last statement.

"You thought your rich friend scared Erik off? Heh, no way. We're

still around doing business. Why not give me a big discount like good old times." Smirking the demand at Beverly

"I ain't serving you shit. Go fly off you harpy!" Insulting Victoria to her face felt so good.

"What did you say to me redhead slut?! You better apologize before i go tell Erik!" Victoria throwing insults right back.

"i don't give a flying fuck what you tell Erik! Scram you vulturous hag!" Beverly shoos her off with a hand.

"Your gonna regret those words!" Victoria snarled to head around the counter. Grabbing a hold of Beverly's collar to attempt some punches. Failing miserably in her fighting tactics like back on the river. Things knocked over as Beverly pinned Victoria down in a short scuffle.

"Hey! What are you doing?!" Beverly's manager shouted. Having been called to action by other staff members.

"She tried to fight me!" Pushing Victoria away to gain space.

"No i didn't! Why would i randomly attack someone in a diner! **Her** on the other hand i know is mentally unstable! You need to fire her before she kills someone!" Victoria spouted on how horrible Beverly was.

Beverly in the end had the upper hand as staff told the manager what had happened. Victoria quickly being thrown out without a second thought. She stood outside the door cursing while flipping the place off. Continuing the actions even while walking off.

"Beverly, you should go home." Her manager mentioned softly.

"What, why?! It wasn't my fault!" She defended herself.

"i know, but you look really awful. Do you need to possibly see a doctor? Or call someone to pick you up?" Speaking the gentlest they could. The staff seeing Beverly much paler than when she came in. surrounded by concerned eyes watching her.

"... No. Resting works just fine." Hesitating on going. In the end she

could feel how crappy she looked. Sighing with a walk to the back to change out of uniform to head back home early. Her manager was right, especially after that fight. Something in her stomach was badly jostled in that rumble. Feeling far worse than before.

Walking back home holding her stomach in pain. Once inside she went straight up to bed. Crawling into the floating bedding pen made. Burying herself under the multiple blankets for comforting warmth. The only thing that seemed to bring relief from the painful illness.

"I could call pen on his lunch break to zip me over some hot soup." Thinking it over. " usually it gets better by then too." Wincing at her pained stomach. Groaning at a knock at the door.

"What ever salesman that is he better have soup!" Trudging out of bed to answer the door. Far too distracted by the illness to notice the knocking being impatient. Repeatedly hitting the door as if police were ready to ram the door down if gone unanswered.

No time to react when Erik and his friends busted in. Tying her down and gagging her. "Lets go! Get her in the car before anybody sees!" Erik rushed them. Beverly doing her best to struggle against everything. Shoved into the back seat with little care between Trey and Darius. Erik in the front with Lorna driving.

They barely got down the road when all the jostling had Beverly vomit onto the car floor.

"Oh fucking dammit!" Trey blurted out at the sight. Everyone in the back seat sitting far away from Beverly like she had the plague. Coming to the realization she was horribly sick.

"Suck it up! Like you guys haven't seen vomit before. Clean it up back there!" Erik tossing a handful of fast food napkins on the back seat. Everyone in the back reluctantly cleaning up the mess.

"You bastards had to grab me while i am getting over the flu?" She groaned sickly.

"... I have some salty crackers in my pocket. They could help your

stomach" Darius offered. After Beverly nodded he brought out a few silver foil packets. Most likely free crackers given out at baseball games. Ripping them open to slip out the saltine crackers for her. Holding them for her to eat while restrained.

Eating one at a time she slowly recovered. Her stomach settling down for the time being.

Thinking on how she was going to get out of this. "If Erik leaves me alone with these two I'll get my chance to bolt. Trey rather not touch me and Darius won't do jack." Examining carefully the directions of where they were driving. Calming down at knowing they weren't heading straight out of Derry. "at least I won't have to jump from the car."

Far off in one of the factories, Pen known as "grey" was at work. Patrolling the work lines for errors. Talking over a few orders when he was called to the front desk. "Mr. Grey, there's a lady here to see you." One worker passed on the message.

"Beverly?" His mind worried. Who else could it be suddenly visiting him. Working to not look panicked as he rushed for the front desk. His worry dropping to fury at Victoria standing there holding a delighted smile toward him.

"*What?!*" Was all grey could *politely* say under his rage.

"I thought we should get to know each other handsome. I understand how you cant talk in front of that witch without getting in trouble. Here we got better privacy. Do you have a office with a big desk we can talk at?" Victoria winked as she invaded his space flirtatiously.

"*Leave, now.* I find you repulsive! Rather wishing on devouring my own arm then bed your hagged hide!" Throwing insults through gritted teeth.

"Hmpf, you're loss honey, but I would reconsider. I forgot to mention Beverly's probably with Erik now anyway."

"**WHAT?!**" Roaring the word.

"Oh yeah, Erik probably picked her up. Leaving this dumb ass town."

Gloating the victory at her rejector.

"**WHERE?!**" He roared again.

"I am not telling you!" Smirking in a turn to leave.

"**TELL ME OR-**" demanding from her when she interrupted.

"Or else what? You'll hurt me in front of all these people? While my friends skip town to where other police not under you're mob control are? Think smart about your decisions sweety!" Speaking overly sweet in smugness.

It was true. Pen had little energy to hide something from groups. However he could pull other strings within control. Watching her leave with a growing smirk stretching across his face.

In the few minutes it took her to reach the end of the parking lot she had drastically changed. Bits of hair falling from her head. Skin turning wrinkly into sagging. Her confident smooth walking slowing down to being a painful shuffle.

"what?! What's happened?!" Victorias voice coming out like a scraggly old women's.

"soo madam, what may I ask brings you here? Wandering around our factory? Does your son work here or did you wander away from the old folks home?" grey walked up behind her. Laughing at the sight of Victoria's instant 90 year aging.

"what did you do to me you bastard?!"

"ohh, not very polite for an old women. To think I was going to walk you across the road." mocking as the biggest smile twisted on his face."wheres Beverly?" turning serious.

"i ain't old! Like id tell you, ya bastard! You better fix this you fucker!"

"Or else what? You'll hurt me in front of all these people?" repeating her words back in mocking.

"I'll knock your teeth out!" making a move toward him turning into a disastrous fall onto the tarred lot. A snap of multiple fragile bones heard when she did. Her screams of pain gathering a crowd. People asking what happened.

"this asshole did something to me." weakly pointing at grey.

"i didn't touch her. She was wandering the parking lot and I believe she's suffering from something. I've already called police to help her back to where ever she wandered from." making an excuse that was quickly believed by everyone. His story helped by Victoria spouting rants of how she wasn't old. That "he and the witch put a curse on me! They deserve to suffer for what they did to me!"

the police arrived with an ambulance to pick her up. After asking her questions with no proper answers given they pushed her into the ambulances back.

The world around Victoria seemed to slow a moment. Grey approaching with glowing amber eyes over a large smile of jagged teeth. His tall muscled stature blocking the sunlight to darken the whole back of the truck. Her calls for help were unheard by anyone near by. Stunned as grey leaned over her helpless injured body.

"age before beauty, *sweetie*. Enjoy your newfound body trapped in an old folks home." waving lightly to her. Laughing on his walk away with not a soul seeming to noticed what he had said.

While everybody was distracted by the ambulance leaving he took his chance to vanish urgently back home. Calling Beverly in each room looking for her. Looking over the front door he discovered was wrapped around the door knob. A delicate push had the door swinging open from the broken knob unable to shut.

"how dare they!" he snarled. Greatly regretting his choice to leave for work. What she had was more urgent than the flu, but he didn't want to tell her yet. He shouldn't have left her alone in her condition.

Stepping out onto the porch to twist his face in disgust at the smell of the male rats scent still lingering. Following the strong scents to the street where it became much lighter. "took a car." thinking as he

followed the scent trail. His lack of energy meaning he couldn't track the faster away across town. He had no idea of any of their whereabouts. Banking on the hopes that they didn't leave Derry already.

Making it only a few blocks into his tracking when snow started to fall. Blanketing the streets along with the small amount of scent trail he had.

"fucking!" cursing up at the snow falling. His chance at finding Beverly at all disappearing around him. All the more frustrating that he was so limited by his low energy. Knowing he usually had the power to sweep this weather away in the blink of an eye.

In a frustrated rage he clawed a nearby power pole. Taking a chunk out of it to spread across the road. Walking on in a random chosen direction to keep looking. Banking on the fact that he never slept, but they eventually would. They eventually would need shelter from the snow as well. This change in weather slowly turning into his favor as it heavily choked the roads from being driveable. Locking up the traffic to driving everybody in doors where they couldn't seem him wandering.

He was fully willing to hunt them down all night if he had to. Anger building up to the point he wasn't going to give any mercy this time. The time of being nice was over, despite what Beverly would say to stop him. Letting the anger grow into a burning rage that physically melted the snow around him. Clearing his path no matter where he went.

Guest:

here ya go. :3

Chiryome:

poor everyone ... except Erik.

Valkyrie Summers:

now will everyone else be?

19. Fallout

Beverly sat on a rotten crate with the worst stomach ache. Holding onto a large bucket to vomit into. Having been using it for many hours keeping everybody away. Trey sitting on a rotten beaten couch near a can fire. Trey standing not too far out of concern for Beverly's getting worse. Erik working around to pack up as much of his pharmacy as possible.

"Are you okay?" Darius whispered to her. Wanting to avoid Erik wrath on either of them for talking.

"I don't know. This flus been sticking with me for over a month now. It's getting worse to the point i could need a doctor." Confessing to him through her pain.

"... You were with that guy for how long?" Asking abruptly.

Hesitating on telling him she asked "why?"

" it's been at least 3 months, right? ... Do you feel sicker after certain foods? Any cravings in between feeling sick?"

The word of cravings catching her full attention now. "*Why?!*" Snapping at him unintentionally.

"... I had a sister who got the same kind of sickness... It wasn't the flu, she was pregnant. You were with that dude for a while and now you're sick. It's morning sickness, that's when it's the worst feeling, right?" Whispering to her carefully. Checking Erik position from the corner of his eye.

Freaking out in her mind she sat there without a word. "Shit, that's why pen was so freaked out. He must have known. Heh, He was even the one to fix me." Thinking back to that one night he paid extra attention between her legs. This made her situation much more serious.

"Don't tell Erik" Whispering to Darius

"I won't." He answered without hesitation. Looking away when

Beverly barfed into the trash can.

"You can be fucking quiet while sick!" Erik snapped toward her. "Trey go lock her in a bathroom. I don't want to hear her anymore! She's gonna make us all sick. Lorna do you know where Victoria is?!" Turning his rage onto others.

"I don't know. She wanted to go off alone and asked me to drop her off in town." Lorna answered abnormally quiet. No longer feeling safe around Erik without Victoria calming him with praises..

"Ugh, fucking women. Too stupid to do anything." Talking to himself.

"Go out and find her dammit! I need her to help pack shit!" Shouting at Lorna She didn't argue against the chance to bolt from his presence.

Beverly seeing her own chance to escape. Pennywise listened through the pipes. She could call him up through them. Following passively to where they lead, or actually pointed, for her to go. Bringing her to a depressing dead end of a small half demolished bathroom. Everything clogged with cement, rubble, and dirt mixed litter. No way she could talk through them for him to hear her.

Looking back at the door locking behind her. Leaving her inside the jail cell like room with a cracked mirror nearby. She had to think of another way for him to find her.

"Probably no other working pipes around here. Everything's so rusted or broken. ..." Thinking, debating, banking on pen finding her with such little energy to track. "Mark bonds two together. Crossing fates, lining their lives." Repeating pen's words.

"I have to accept him." Taking a deep breath. "I love him. He's done so much for me. Saved my life, protected me, healed me that now has me - he's not like how he used to be. He's different, he's different, he's different." Repeating to herself so that any doubts rising about him in the past would be struck down.

Looking down at a warmth building at her chest. Tears brought to her eyes at seeing the forming bond mark. Not realizing how much

she actually wanted it back since last time. "Now to wait" sniffing while wiping tears away with her sleeve.

Far off in the night darkened forest, penny was anxiously scouring every place he could think of. Desperate to the point he may be willing to ask that lazy turtle if he knew anything.

Freezing in his tracks at a warm pull forming in his chest. Angry for a split second that the turtle was spying on him. Dropping that the moment he realized it was the bond. Beverly had accepted him. Handing him a direct line of knowledge to find her.

Sprinting off in her direction turning into full on gliding from tree to tree in his true form.

Snarling at finding one of the rats. The friend of that disgusting girl who tried to bed him that day. Driving off down the road alone. A quick smash of his tail crushed the whole front of the car. Sending Lorna flying through the windshield across the tar road. Coming to a stop in a broken heap, but not dead.

Disgusted at the smell of fear off her when seeing him. Her body paralyzed by the multiple broken bones.

"You were willing to suffocate my darling. Lets see how you handle it." Massive jaws opening to crush down on her. Shredding holes throughout her chest. Not even a scream was able to break out of her popped lungs. Twisting his body back down the road with the girl slowly suffocating in his jaws.

Erik, Darius, and they were busy packing their supplies when a girl screaming was heard outside.

"What was that?" Questioned trey.

"Sounded like Lorna" Answered Darius

"Her and Victoria are messing around. Or they ran into a junkie i bet. Darius go check on them and tell whatever customer it is to beat it. Pharmacy here is closing down." Erik huffed, with a shove of drug baggies into a box.

"okay." Darius nervously nodded. Taking up a flashlight to see outside the decrepit building.

Shuffling carefully in the dark forest on crunching snow. Making the forest all the more quiet. Navigation being a bigger pain as the sticking up roots were hidden. Tripping now and again between calls of either Lorna or Victorias name.

"Victoria?!" Darius shouted into the night. No answer coming raised the hairs on the back of his neck. Something was very wrong. The feeling of being watched convincing him to finally pull out his small Swiss army knife.

Stopping in his tracks at the sound of multiple whispering voices. Growing into a chorus of children's voices whispering out a children's song.

"If you go down into the woods today." They sang along in chorus. Darius panicking with his flash light shining across everything to find any hidden child with no luck. The singing approaching closer the louder it got.

"You're sure of a big surprise." The sing along continued.

"Knock it off!" Darius shouted fearfully. Despite his pleas it continued on in taunting him.

"If you go down in the woods today. You'd better go in disguise." The children's voices that started singing happily turned more ominous. Voices twisting into hissing growls. "For the teddy bears are having their-" Darius turned to face a large figure.

"Picnic!" The mass roared down at him.

Shining his flashlight upwards into the face of a massive, ragged, fur less purple teddy bear. Jaws open wide filled with crooked sharp knitting needles. Massive clawed paws raised to tear down into him.

He swung the knife right into the bear's stomach. Catching it off guard allowing him to run.

"Dammit." The large stuff bear groaned while yanking the knife out.

Following the terrified prey back to the hideouts front door.

Darius burst through the door without taking a moment to breath as he pushed a rusted metal cabinet in front of the door.

"What the hell happened?!" Erik asked at the sight of him.

" there's a bear outside!" Darius panted for air.

"it's probably what scared the girls." Erik spoke calmly.

"We need to get out of here! That thing followed me with children's voices following it!" Darius words spoken out speedily.

" you been smoking? We're fine, it's only a dumb bear." Erik rolled his eyes.

"No, you don't understand it-!" Darius being interrupted by him flinching by a bash against the door. All going silent to the door bashing a few more time. Knocking the large metal cabinet over a few inches.

"It'll give up soon, wait a moment." Erik talked in his best staying calm voice. Finding himself right when the bashing did stop. "See, told you-" the sound of glass shattering drawing their attention in another direction.

"... Trey, go check that out. Darius, go fetch Beverly. I am sick of this twilight zone town! We're bolting, right now!" He ordered. The group nervously looking at one another before splitting off.

Trey walking as quietly as possible. Keeping his flashlight low to the ground. Avoiding the possibility of attracting the supposed bears attention if shined forward.

Further and further into the darkened halls until he heard the sound.

Shifting glass across concrete floor. Sounding like the bear had gotten some embedded in it's skin. A light flickering on around the corner revealing the silhouette of not a bear but a cat. The shadow growing into a towering height. Breathing out a growl that sounded far deeper then some little house cat. The flicking light dying as the forms final

approach to the corner.

Treys low pointed light highlighting a large black paw. Then another paw dripping blood through the cracks of broken reflecting mirrors it was made up of. Shining the light upwards shining across more black fur. Exposing the face of a large black cat twisting to face him to the sound of glass crackling.

The look of the large black cat twisted between bloody matted fur, exposed muscle turning to half a body of broken mirrors. A bright shine in it's lone glass eye cracking to light the #13.

The cat hissed out a gurgle followed by a mouthful of blood oozing out it's jaws.

old tales referring to bad luck. Black cats to broken mirrors attached to the dreaded #13. all of it crossing his path locking trey in place to pure fear.

Trey wasn't able to take a single step away when the large broken cat lunged at him. Reflex caused trey to pull out his gun with a single fire only grazing the cats cheek. Splinters of mirror flying off making trey even more sick upon breaking a mirror himself. His hesitation from the shock missing to react to the claws hooking into his only good hand.

Carving the appendage to have a deep split down it's middle. The gun, his only means of defense, flying off into the unknown. Treys shock was broken by the immense pain. Fleeing away from the sound of the glass cat crackling behind him right at his heels. Dropping a heavy trail of blood down the halls off his hand.

Down the other half of the building, Darius knocked on the bathroom door. Wincing to the sound of Beverly vomiting.

"what?" Beverly sickly asked. Sounding worse than before. Darius hesitantly opening the door.

"there's a freaky bear attacking the building. Erik wants me to bring you back so we can try to leave." mumbling unhappily. More worried over Beverly's condition at this point over Eriks plans.

"perfect." Beverly thought with a close of her eyes to think of what to do next. She needed to somehow meet up with pen while avoiding Erik at all cost. Surely it was him attacking the building. Without argument she went with Darius. Receiving help by him to walk sickly down the halls. Arriving back in the central room he helped her sit on the couch. Erik standing off by the hall tray went down, anxiety written all over his face. His gun being out worrying Beverly on how safe pen would be. She wanted to escape Erik to meet up with pen alone without either being harmed. To get out, shed need an accomplice for help.

"Darius, I need you to get me out of here, away from Erik." she looked to him desperately. speaking in the lowest whisper possible.

"i don't think-" starting in a scared whisper over the matter.

"please, you **know** why I am sick. You **know** what Erik **will** do when he finds out. It's not something a girl can hide. You're the only one who can help me get out to someplace safe." pleading to him through the sickness.

Everyone in the room jumping to the loud sound of a gunshot within the building, followed by tray letting out a painful scream from down the halls. It was the final push needed for Darius to nod in agreement.

Erik stumbling away from a door tray ran through. Slamming the door shut behind him to lean against the wall in exhaustion. Pale, shivering, wheezing for air, and his t shirt around his sleeve soaked in blood from his split hand.

"what happened?!" Erik asked.

"b-b-b c-cat. Cat" raising a shivering hand to point at the door. Shivering out minimal words to communicate his fear.

"cat?! You got fucked over by a little cat?!" Erik raged over him. Choking on his words by the door splintering by a large cat crashing through the top half. Hooking its curved claws into trays chest to a loud thunk. Tearing through the skin to peel the lump of muscle in its grip. A single yank tearing half his chest away to reveal the

underlying rib bones. Organs falling through the torn open hole to pile at the floor.

Erik, gagged at the sight. Fleeing from the broken doorway the cat had disappeared from, meat in hand. Running to hide behind Beverly and Darius staring in shock. Watching trey take his last remaining wheeze of air before passing painfully in a bloody mess of his own organs.

"go get his keys!" he shoved Darius forward toward the dead trey. Beverly sucked in a nervous breath. She did not want Darius being harmed because of Erik. Aside from being her helper in escaping, he didn't deserve such a torturous death she was sure pen was aiming to cause Eriks gang.

"no!" Beverly stood up in protest. Regretting it when her head swirled dizzily.

"no?!" Erik snapped at her. Shooting her the glare she knew all to well that told her to back down or else.

"were leaving!" shouting at him without an ounce of fear. Adrenalin mixing with pride at how she was standing up to Erik on her own.

A knot in her gut causing a wince."ssshit." hissed out of frustration in her mind. Recognizing something else was going on now. Darius was appearing overly twitchy. The bonds mark effects taking hold again since after the originals disappearance a week after it had worn off. This was not a good time to see someone twitch as a terrified rabbit would while sick. The movement having her look away to swallow the building spit in her mouth readying for the vomit to rise. Getting only a glimpse of Eriks aggressive posturing switching between twitches of fear.

"none of you are going anywhere without me! Now go get the damn keys!" shoving sick Beverly into Darius needing to catch her from falling. Flicking out a knife scarring Darius into cooperating better with him. Separating Beverly from Erik as best he could while forced forward. Leaving Beverly in the space between Erik to the door for her safety.

"let me get it!" offering urgently to protect Darius against his knowledge. Stomach knotting when he refused to let her near the dangerous door. Swallowing down the vomit rising when he snagged the keys without pen making an appearance.

"give them to me!" she demanded the keys from Darius. Snagging them from him as he got out a word.

Seeing this had made Erik furious. "why did you give them to her?! Give them to me!" he snarled first to Darius, then to Beverly.

"no! Were leaving **without** you!" she growled back.

"god dammit you bitch you'll be the death of me!" furiously rushing to tackle her. Slamming himself into her to wrestle the keys away. Beverly holding her ground hard helped by her own building flame of fury. Socking Erik square in the face giving off a satisfying crunch under her knuckles. His nose bleeding profusely from the break.

The wound temporarily stopping him before he swung right back. The two fighting viciously like wild dogs while Darius stood off to the side, confused on what to do. Beverly eventually getting the upper hand, beating Erik down to the floor. Punching his face repeatedly in releasing all those pent up years of receiving her own beat downs he didn't relent on. Even when she begged him to. Even when she was on the verge of dying, he never stopped. Now, neither would she.

Yet, she had no choice at the lashing of a massive pain upon her.

Erik had sliced open from her lower stomach all the way up her side. Her body paralyzed to a numb weakness washing over. Shoved off without remorse by a beaten bloody Erik.

"dumb bitch." Erik spat down to her once up on his feet. "pick her up." he ordered Darius.

"why don't we leave her?" Darius spoke up. Finding the idea giving her a better chance of living then Erik dragging her along.

"NO!" he roared over Darius. "she needs to learn a lesson! That bastard clown needs to learn a lesson! I won't let anyone beat me! Not her, not this town, no one! Pick her up before I leave you dead

like trey!" shouting Darius into submission.

Darius as gently as he could, helping her up. Letting her lean entirely on him for support. Beverly focusing on holding her bleeding side being the only thing she could do on her own. Not doing too well at that either with only her hand working to keep the large laceration from flooding out blood. Drenching through all her layers of clothes in seconds below the wound. Flowing down along her side down along her leg.

Walking slowly for Beverly's sake Darius was shouted at the entire way by Erik. Reaching his car met with surprised shock. Atop his car was Lorna and Victorias car smashed down onto it. Closer inspection showing mashed between the two was the crushed body of Lorna. Erik going into a full on freak out at seeing his car un-drive able. Forced to rely on walking through the dark woods of horrors hunting them.

The two forced to be dragged along swallowing a lump in their throats at the sight of Erik pulling out his gun. Clawing into Beverly's arm to yank her over by him.

"go somewhere else!" Erik snapped at Darius going to grab Beverly back.

"but she-" interrupted by Erik shooting off his gun toward him. Blasting a hole by his feet into the dirt.

"fuck off! If you get eaten maybe it won't follow us!" threatening Darius with the gun. Darius looking at Beverly helplessly with little options to choose. He looked down to turn off in the opposite direction. Erik forcing Beverly on wards to weakly walk on her own ahead of him.

Beverly could barely think in her worsening condition. Bleeding out, horribly sick, now something deep down twisting painfully. Stopping to lean against a tree having Erik shout all sorts of abusive insults. Threatening her to get up or be shot dead right there. A deep guttural growl from the darkness yanking Eriks attention away long enough for Beverly to surprise him with a kick between the legs. rushing off into the dark as Erik dropped to his knees in agony.

Not making it far after when Beverly saw the idea as a horrible mistake causing more major blood loss.

"Beverly!" her name called at first being ignored. Stopping at the bright light of shining large eyes. A quick examination had her bolting to Pennywise appearing as his large monstrous insect like form. Running to him into the safe circle of his coiled body. collapsing to settle against his body ready to fall asleep knowing she was now safe. Mind screaming at her not to as a rush of adrenaline forced her more awake than ever to stay alive.

"hospital?" pen quickly asked her. Seeing her body in such horrid condition. Her body heat low the same as when he pulled her from the road side so long ago. Ready to scoop her up when she replied with a weak head nod. Attention hooked by Erik running up to them in search of Beverly. Freezing at the sight of the monstrous towering insect locking its burning gaze down on him.

A deep hissing breath lighting up the large creatures jaws bright as a fiery furnace. Pen wanted the human to suffer so many tortures, but he had Beverly to rush off for. If he wanted to do something it had to be quick in this very moment.

Roaring out in a lunge of wide jaws open toward Erik. Purposely snapping onto the already broken leg first. Seeing the gun, he shook him by the leg violently in the air. Mangling the leg long after the gun went flying from Eriks loosened grasp.

Flicking his head up to drop Erik further down into his jaws. biting down to feel every bone in Eriks body mash. Feeling the sensation of his teeth splintering the bones to pieces as Erik screamed out the entire time until his voice was lost after. Mashing him further up his body with careful pressure around his chest. Pen wanted the male to suffer without dying too soon from an important organ being crushed. Mashing his bones down up to his collar bone.

Stopping there he threw his head back to end Eriks existence down his throat glowing bright as a bonfire. Trapping him to the void of a burning prison for eternity. Finishing off the male he heard another rat approaching.

"Beverly?!" Darius ran up unknowing to the situation after hearing Eriks massive screaming. Beverly perking up in realization of it being Darius. Heart skipping a beat at pen lunging for him.

"don't!" he shouted. Pen managing to pull himself back enough that he didn't crush Darius under his clawed hand as someone would a raw egg. Pinning him down painfully instead into the cold muddy snow.

"don't hurt him! He tried to help! Let him go!" Beverly got out by her surprise with how she was feeling.

Pen looked at her, then back down at Darius. Debating whether after all that's happened if the male deserved living. Coming to the conclusion that he had no time to cause another agonizing death. If she said the rat helped her, hed grant mercy only once in thanks.

"leave Derry by morning, or I'll come for you." he hissed down. Removing his hand from pinning the terrified male nodding up to him. Paying little attention when the male ran off as he carefully picked up Beverly. Rushing off to the hospital through the doors as Robert. Nervously handing over Beverly to the doctors rushing her off for emergency care.

She laid still barely conscious after all the blood loss. Only catching glimpses of things happening around her. One moment she was taken from front desk, now in operating room. Doctors gathering things, now she was going through surgery. Unable to feel anything in the meanwhile. The color of everything disappearing to black and white with a darkness growing at the edges of her vision. Ready to close her eyes when a hand rested above her bond mark.

Feeling an energy spreading out into her from the touch. The black vision of her eyes receding back to clear. Looking up to see pen, in his clown look, leaning over her head. One hand going to the mark and the other gently rubbing her cheek. Gently smiling down at her as he kept her alive at death's door. She smiled back up at him weakly. Bring a hand up to rest over the one on her chest. No one else in the operating room noticing him or her strange actions.

A bittersweet moment that she would be okay by the end of the

surgery, but not everything. Erik landed his knife blow on the most important thing. One last payback, from beyond his grave.

... 15 years later. The year 2016, April 6th.

Many things had changed in Derry over the years. Newer factory's settled to bring back life into the little town. Shops opening back after fresh owners moved in. schools filled back with children. The only thing that hadn't changed was Beverly.

Despite 15 years passing she had not aged at all past her 27th birthday long ago in 2002. working her way up the ladder in the diner. Eventually buying it for herself to own she loved the place so much. Making a nice profit as all the family's returned to Derry.

Pen, aka grey, had little trouble adapting once the children started swarming the schools again. His time in the almost dead Derry having his addiction withdrawals long having past. Keeping himself preoccupied at the multiple factories he ran. Spending time with his lovely Beverly when he wasn't.

Beverly was shopping in town. Mainly waiting for pen to show up over actually shopping. Watching people talk with others. The marks affects something she had grown used to in everyday life. The twitchy body language making conversation between others incredibly entertaining. Telling when someone was lying, flirting, or about to do something stupid. already locking onto some teenage kid acting nervously skittish. A shoplifter not so subtly shove a big bag of chips into his bag. Making all sorts of crinkling bag noises.

Laughing to herself when the kid fled out the door. Being reminded of helping the guys steal handfuls of supplies once. They all had the same looks of being prepared to get caught and go to jail. Looking around again for anything else interesting before sensing pen nearby. Watching the door for him to come in.

"hello darling." he greeted warmly.

"hello. Thought of any dinner ideas since this morning? We still haven't thought of what to do for the big meal day."

"pork roast? I thought we already settled pizza for the big day?" following behind as Beverly went over to the meats area.

"i would rather cook something, but pizza won't be too bad I guess." turning to request a raw cut of pork roast at the butcher.

"i am sure it'll be fine. I also have big news to tell after a new worker joined today."

"that new architect dude? How'd the deal go with him?" knowing pen had been expecting the architect to drive down for supply deals. It was the best way for the factories to make money by being the biggest supplier on a perfect track record of no errors or wrong orders. Pen made sure of that on the supplies prepared.

"mhmm, and yes, but that's not the big news." teasing the surprise.

"you going to tell?" impatient over what the big news could be. Placing various items into their cart to stock up on back home. Moving onto the fresh produce section.

"once home I will. You'll find it a bit shocking."

"me?" asking confused as to why she'd be shocked involving his work. "something to do with the diner?"

"no, it's nothing business related." settling one fact. Confusing Beverly all the more while grabbing fresh potatoes.

"well, help me grab fruit so you can share the big news quicker." the two sharing a chuckle. Beverly focusing on grabbing vegetables while pen handled the fruit. His diet still hadn't changed from when they first met.

He couldn't live off regular meats, although could still eat them just fine. Same with the sweeter fruits to super junk foods. Thankfully before the town started healing they figured out a less hostile feeding method in Derry.

While returning to their van along with a cart full of fresh grocery's Beverly paused. Spotting a man looking down at his cell phone in front of the place. A face that gave her deja vu, yet not recognizing

from where.

"you alright?" pen asked next to her.

"yeah, I think I recognize that guy. But I am not sure." thinking hard on if he was possibly one of Eriks old friends. Maybe even a possibly customer she had to sell to. Yet the man certainly didn't look anything like a druggie.

Brown hair slightly graying with a clean cut shave being the same. thin, average height. Very clean along with being well dressed. Holding one of the newest iphones in hand showing he probably made great money.

"that man?" pen gestured to him.

"yes." answering annoyed. Still working to recognize him with no luck.

Pen leaned down to whisper in her ear.

" that's Bill Denbrough."

20. Reunion

the recognition of the stranger being Bill hitting her like a ton of bricks. Fleeing off to hide inside their car to prevent Bill from ever spotting her. Pen finding the reaction amusing as he took the time loading up the grocery's.

"why is he here?! Hurry up, we have to get out of here before he spots us!" Beverly spoke down from the front seat.

"you mean before he spots *you*. He has no idea who I am."

"that doesn't matter! What if he recognizes me and starts asking questions?! Like the fact I haven't aged like he has!" stressing low in the seat.

"you've only aged more gracefully." his joke getting a glare from the front. "i guess I should tell you the big news now then. Ben Hanscom is also here as my new architect deal." smirking at her.

"what?! Why didn't you tell me earlier?!" snapping.

"because I knew you'd react like this out here. Ben I only found out a few days before his arrival after seeing his name in email for the meeting. Bills arrival was honestly a sudden surprise to me. He must of only shown up minutes ago in Derry." attempting to calm Beverly as he shut the car trunk.

"ugh, why are they here? Ben I can safely assume for the deal, but Bill? Seemed like the last place he'd want to come to is Derry." speaking to herself in the car as pen dropped off the empty cart. Asking him the same thing upon his return.

"it *has* been a full 27 years." pen mentioned. Beverly going quiet to look down at her hand. Looking over a small scar at its middle. The blood pact her and the guys made to return when it did in 27 years.

"fuck. Are any of the other guys here?" anxiety spiking.

"none that I can tell. I also don't see them anywhere on Derrys outskirts."

"shit, what to do." speaking bitterly to herself. Part of her was terrified about her and pen being discovered, but she missed the guys terribly. It was somewhat exciting to see them after 10 long years.

"do you wish to speak with them?"

"you'd let me speak with them?" mildly confused as to why he'd let her talk with the guys who were full on planning to kill him.

"i won't hold you from it. They make you happy, don't they? If you wish to run around in your old pack, I will not mind." encouraging her to choose what she wanted.

Beverly let out a sigh before answering. "no, there's nothing I could say. Its better I avoid them for all our sake." staying hidden low in the car seat until they were out of the shopping parking lot. Returning home to do their normal everyday schedule. Pen leaving the house for his actual dinner to return hours later for the meal Beverly made. Eating at the table together before heading off to bed. Beverly anxiously staying up by the awake pen.

He usually fell a sleep for a few hours after she did. Getting up in the middle of the night feeling refreshed. Another bonding effect they found extremely useful that cured his need to hibernate.

"you alright?" asking her.

"yeah. Thinking of what I should do. They're probably looking for you." speaking her thoughts.

"so? Even if they do go down they won't find me there."

"yes, but then what? How long will they stay in Derry? A few months then leave? What if they actually move back here? I can't avoid them if they do that."

"actually Ben might be moving nearby. Those kinds of deals usually do. Especially with Derry being a building development goldmine with its growth."

"perfect." sarcastically stating to the ceiling.

"yes, I know. You should get at least a few hours sleep before work tomorrow." hugging her close against his chest. Feeling her take a deep breath of his sweet scent.

"eh, I could always chug the free coffee at the diner." the two of them chuckling. Curling up together to finally rest for the night.

The morning went as usual. Pen leaving for work first then Beverly after drinking a bunch of coffee. Her nightly sleep not being as refreshing as it usually was. Arriving to her diner in uniform to head the main counter. Switching with waitresses to head the front desk or take orders at the long serving booth closest to the kitchen window.

Everyone greeting her happily after arriving. Speaking to a few regulars that came in for an early breakfast. Filling out orders to later serve out. She felt a natural handling people in the place. Finding herself having some down time to doodle on napkins. Alongside running the diner she was trying to get back into the fashion business. Something Eric tore away from her, but pen was happily fixing. Convincing more business to make their HQ here in Derry. Especially big fashion lines that he conveniently tempted into scouting Derry for new fashion makers.

However this came as a surprise that Beverly wasn't prepared for. She had to make an entirely new portfolio and resume to show before even thinking of trying out for a position. Requesting pen to hold off until she was prepared.

While doodling she heard another customer talking at the front desk. Not thinking much of it as she carefully packed the fashion doodles away. Ready to take the new customers order when she turned around to greet them.

Heart shooting into her throat at the face before er. It was Bill.

She suddenly turned away thinking of running to the back for someone else to handle him. Yet that would be far too attention catching. besides all ready catching his attention as the only front waitress.

"heey, how can I help you?" she warmly greeted him with a shove of

her nerves to the side.

"coffee and a stack of pancakes."

"with blueberries?" Kicking herself for asking him oddly. She knew Bill loved blueberry's with his pancakes. Mind trying to calm herself as any waitress could have asked if he wanted fruit on them.

"or any sides?" asking that next to semi cover herself.

"blueberry's are fine, thanks." the specific question going over his head as far as she could tell. Then he started to stare at her. Body fidgeting on confusion mixed frustration the longer he stared.

"could I leave to the back? Fuck, no, I sent amber on her break and can't cover for another 10 minutes. Maybe Tim can if I switch front desk with him." thinking extremely fast while facing away from Bill as much as she could.

"you really look like someone I used to know." Bill spoke up to her when she got near again to drop off his food.

"oh?" speaking short and to the point.

"yeah. We both actually used to live in this town as kids. Then lost touch years ago."

"why did you come back?" her question bordering on rude.

"uh, friendly meet up. Keeping a promise to come back." he half mumbled. Speaking back up for his next sentence. "do you know a Beverly marsh?"

"no. staring is rude you know." acting more rudely to him. She didn't want to be, but really needed Bill to leave before he figures it is her.

"sorry, you just really look like her." shrinking his staring gaze away a little. Going silent for only a second before trying to talk a conversation again. "Me and all my other friends have really missed her. None of us have been able to connect with her since she went her separate way. We always talk about when we hung out together as kids. How she was pretty tough and took no shit." continuing on to

tell stories about her she remembered well. Keeping herself facing away the entire time. Smiling over the fond memories of them hanging out.

"i remember one time we went to the old quarry lake. Daring each other to jump off a cliff edge, but everyone was too scared to do it. She showed up and jumped without a second thought. Eddie was so surprised he shouted what the fuck."

"Richie said that-" cutting herself off far too late.

"it is you!" Bill shouted confidently at her. "i knew it!" having intentionally walked her right into the admittance.

Beverly's mind screaming. "goddammit Bill!" turning around to face him.

"yeah, its me." giving herself up.

"how long have you been in Derry? You look great after so long. Why didn't you want to talk?" he excitedly asked.

"oh, many years now. Guess I age more gracefully." using pens excuse, which sounded like the worst thing to use. "I really couldn't think of what to say really after ..." her voice going quiet. Bills own excitement dying down.

"why'd you come back?"

" Erik dragged me."

Bill turning uncomfortable at that news. "anything new in your life? I see your working at the diner now." changing the subject.

"i own the place actually. Have had it for years now. I am also married now." hesitating on mentioning the last bit of info.

"oh." his comfortableness returning.

"not to Erik." she clarified.

"oohh." bills discomfort disappearing instantly. "so who's the guy?"

"... Robert Grey." hesitating on answering that.

"oh, hey! Does he run a bunch of factories? Ben's here too doing a deal between that guy and his business. Did you know Ben's here?" his excitement returning.

"yeeessss. Grey mentioned his name during dinner yesterday. Are all the guys coming to Derry?"

"definitely. Eddie and Richie are still flying over. Mike I'll be seeing later with Stanley not too far on the road behind him." happily telling her the news. Beverly hiding her displeasure at the answer.

"how long will all of you be sticking around?" asking in a tone of fake excitement.

"as long as we need too ... you know why we're here, right?" he turned more serious.

"i guessed. I do have to tell you though that in all my years here I haven't seen h- *IT*."

"we must all be early then. Ben did calculate *IT* waking around 27-30 year mark. We all talked it over and agreed to move here. We'll be fully prepared when the clown shows his face."

"yes!" Beverly gave her best fake enthusiastic reaction.

"can you come meet with all of us to catch up?"

"yeesss. if I can slip away from work."

"yes! It'll be like old times! We'll be meeting at the Chinese diner in two days. You can bring your husband too, if you want. He might have to be involved in all of this. We'll all be there to back up the weird explanations." happily writing the address and time on a napkin for her to save the date.

"ooooh, he'll definitely be involved, but i am not so sure bringing him to the restaurant would be a good idea. I'll need to talk to him about all this." swallowing nervously down at the written on napkin.

"i actually gotta go now. Ben's helping me move into my house. The place was easier to shop for then I thought and suddenly was moving here overnight after only 15 minutes of house hunting."

"Derry has been expanding quite well. Do you want me to heat up your food before you go?" offering in gesture to his stack of pancakes with one lone triangle taken out of them. Setting down his Bill next to a takeout tray.

"nah, I'll heat them up later. Heh, maybe I'll drag Ben back here for lunch to talk some more." taking out cash to place on the table along with a huge tip.

"see ya Bev!" he waved goodbye, take out tray in hand.

"bye!" she waved back. Once out of sight she breathed out a breath of air she had been nervously holding. Switching with another waitress to go relax in the back office.

"great, I have to meet up and pretend I am totally willing to murder my husband." thinking in her office chair. Questioning herself on if she should call pen or not. Finding herself not needing to when he called her. Another perk of their bond is knowing how each other was and where they were.

"hey." she answered. All the energy drained from her.

"you alright?" concerned more off her tone.

"yes, Bill found out. He'll probably tell Ben soon. Then I am suppose to meet them all for lunch in a few days."

"do you not want to go?"

"i **do**, but I shouldn't. The whole point is to discuss *you*. I don't want to pretend the whole afternoon that I am planning to kill you." stressing to him the situation.

"go along with it. Like I said earlier, they won't find me. We both know that. After a while they'll give up the hunt."

"i guess, but they also want to involve you too. Asked me to bring

you to the lunch meet up."

"heh, would be exciting to exchange versions of our past."

"you wish. I told him I'd ease you into the weird stuff."

"is there anything you want me to do?"

"no, there's nothing you can do."

"very well, I'll see you for dinner." the two saying their goodbyes before hanging up.

The next day Beverly was alone at home. Deciding to take the day to avoid another meeting with Bill so soon. Asking herself "should I see the guys? Should I tell them? How long could I play this lie along of *IT* not being here?"

tired of anxiously pacing around the house she stepped outside onto the front porch. Taking a single breath of air in when she heard bills voice.

"what are you doing here?!" turning her head to see him standing in surprise.

"what are you doing here?!" repeating him with her own shock.

"i was watching the Neibolt house to see how we could break in. do you work there?" assuming Beverly to be a part time made or caretaker of the house for the actual owners.

"no ... I live here."

"you live in *there*? Why?"

Beverly shrugged. "it was the only house available at the time." which was partially true when pen fixed it up. "why were you planning to break in?" asking the important question.

"i didn't expect it to be a livable home when I came. We were planning to go down the old well. Is it even still there?"

"it is." deciding to play along with the guys plans. Maybe if they saw *IT* wasn't here, they would all calm down for a while.

"is- isn't it a bit nerve wracking to have that entrance in your basement?"

"it used to be, but like I said. *IT* hasn't ever been seen."

"not yet at least. Still, this is really great news. Won't have to break in now and it'll be easier to set stuff up."

now this was stepping over the line of playing along. "set up what stuff?"

"traps, some place to do emergency first aid. Some sort of armory storage."

"no." Beverly stated.

"no? Why not?" he asked confused.

"i am not setting up a war zone in my house." stating her stance on the matter.

"but we have to! Where else are we gonna do it? It would be the most convenient to set up in your house right at the entrance to *IT*'s home."

"and keep that all there for how long? My answer is no! I haven't seen any sign of *IT* returning and I will not turn my house upside down for something not coming." being aggressive on saying no. she never wanted anyone to treat her like a doormat.

"we have to get ready for when it does return. Beverly, this is super important! We have to -"

" **no!**" snapping at him. "end of discussion and truly I don't want to get involved with any of this! I have important things to think about now, like my husband. I am sorry." staring at Bill for his reaction. Reading on him were emotions switching between anger, frustration, confusion, and sadness.

"okay, I can't force you to. Please think it over though."

"okay." not much liking the answer she decided to throw at him. Urged to state an absolute no again.

"you want to come see Stan and mike?"

"no, this is all overwhelming right now. I'll see everyone on the lunch date. Okay?"

"okay, want to trade phone numbers?"

"fine with me." the two trading their phones to enter their numbers.

"I'll call later, alright?" making sure Beverly was okay with it.

"that's fine as long as it's not around dinner." nodding in confirmation. Bill nodding in return as he left down the block.

Playing along no longer seeming like an option. Bill was all for preparing for war while Beverly just wanted a short trip down below to show nothing was there. Telling herself "shouldn't be surprised." on bills history for facing *IT* in the first place. His obsession got them hurt a few times as kids. She couldn't drag this out and would have to separate from them again. Thinking more on what she was to do while stepping back into the house.

Pen returning home to go find Beverly after ignoring a few calls. Knowing her distress he went right to the bathroom. Finding her sitting in the empty tub. Approaching with A container of soup in hand hoping it would lift her mood.

"Bill knows we live here now. Wants to set up a whole armory here. I don't think I can go along with them like this." not even needing to ask as she told him what was wrong. Accepting the container of soup to slowly eat in the tub. Groaning at her phone ringing off in her pocket.

"him or work?"

"him, he's called me a few times. Tomorrow I'll tell him I am not getting involved with this. If he doesn't like it, then we cant hang out together anymore."

"Going to ignore him till then?"

"I don't know what else to do."

Meanwhile Bill stood staring concerned at his phone screen. Waiting at a hotel parking lot for Stan and Mike to arrive.

"Still nothing?" Ben asked. Sitting on a large rock in the hotel's front garden patch.

"No, and I am getting worried." Bill replied. Packing his phone back into his pocket.

"About what?"

"She's been acting really strange, almost secretive. Anything I ask she doesn't seem to want to answer. She didn't like finding me at her house."

"Would you? I mean we haven't seen her in like 17-ish years and you expect her to still act like she's still in LA before Erik whisked her away. Being with any one like that asshole tends to change people."

"Yeah. ... You think Robert could be doing this? Like he's treating her as Erik did?"

"Maybe? Mr Grey is known to be obsessively controlling at work. Then again he wouldn't have a spotless product record if he didn't."

"Should we all go visit her at the Neibolt house?"

"No, that would end in disaster. We all knew how Erik treated her when she snuck around him. Mr Grey could be worse. You should probably drop the calls too."

"Are we going to stand around and let her get beat like the last time? We all thought she was dead until yesterday."

"You want us to kidnap her for an intervention instead?"

"Anything at this point. I don't want her disappearing like last time."

"I don't either, but we have to be careful about this. Wait till all the guys get here first."

"Looks like mike and Stan are here."

"Seems they got Richie and Eddie too." Ben pointed.

"Huh?" Bill looked to where he pointed. "i thought you guys were flying here?" Speaking to Eddie and Richie as they left Stan's car.

" we were, but genius over here-" Eddie pointed at Richie " selected the wrong airport to land at. We were almost stranded, but we called Stanley who was about to pass the place."

"Hey, i first suggested us to come in a limo. Full treatment luxury alllll the way to Derry baby! But you said noooo." Richie dramatically reenacting the conversation they had.

"I aint driving an expensive as hell limo across the whole united states! To Derry, of all places, known for disasters!"

"Your over dramatizing eds. It ain't the **whole** united states. Only the middle bits!"

Stanley jumped in. "Ugh, might as well be with you in the same vehicle"

"don't call me that!" Eddie snapped over the nickname.

"Sure thing ... Spageddie!" Richie teased before dodging a thrown, half empty, water bottle from Eddie

"You better hope the clown gets you first!" Eddie shouted over the car he was unpacking. Handing Stanley some boxes.

"Will you two knock it off. Geeze, it's like you two are still kids." Mike gave a chuckle over their antics.

"Yeah! Stop before he arrests ya for disturbing the peace!" Richie taking up a few moving boxes.

"The only one disturbing the peace is *you* rich." Mike rolled his eyes.

Bills happiness at seeing the guys dying at Ben's expression. Gesturing for him to tell the big news about Beverly. Bill looking back toward the group cleared his throat to speak.

"Guys, i-i uh, got big news." He nervously got out.

"Someone die already?" Richie darkly joked.

"Beverly's here." Bill stated out. Everyone froze in their tracks. Richie completely dropping the box he was carry with a crash upon its landing.

"How is she?" Stan broke the silence first.

"She seems okay, but it's hard to talk with her. She doesn't want to be that involved either." Bill explained.

"Can't blame her for not wanting to. We did make the promise as kids." Mike shifted the box in hand.

" after doing things that people would usually get therapy for." Stan added on. "or thrown in an asylum."

"Why can't she get traumatized like the rest of us? Stanley had a heart attack over the phone when we told him and he's still here." Richie gestured to Stan as he passed by.

"It wasn't a heart attack! I fainted!" Stanley rolled his eyes.

"Close enough." Richie waved off. Picking up the same box he dropped.

"We can't force her, but the other thing is she's actually living in the Neibolt house." Bill added.

"Why would anyone want to live in that mold infested place?" Eddie carried a box up to their temporary place.

"It looks super nice now. New sidewalk and everything." Bill said while taking up a box to carry. "She's also married to Ben's new materials supply."

Mimicking a pastor voice Richie preached out. "Hallelujah! the heretic Erik hath been cast out!"

"Bill thinks Mr Greys doing the same thing tho. Beverly's acting all secretive like when with Erik" Ben shouted up to there apartment from taking a box out of the car.

"Our last time together didn't exactly go well. Remember that never ending rant she gave all of us." Stanley breathed out down along the stairs

"Can't blame her for that when Erik was brainwashing her. He always hated us and probably said all that to Bev while she was locked away in their place." Eddie following right behind.

"I guess. What are we going to do about it now then?" Asked Stan to Bill passing by.

"Ben threw out a kidnapping suggestion." Bill joking with a look back toward him.

"I wasn't serious! We can either fight the clown or go to jail. Not both!" Ben joked back.

"Waitaminute, Bevs living in the Neibolt house?! Is the well even still there?! Why is she living there. I'D rather live on the streets than that murder house." Richie questioned.

"She said it was the only place to buy at the time. Says the wells still there too. All short answers she didn't even really want to give." Bill answered.

"That's strange. May as well invite a murder into your house." Stanley commented.

"Maybe Ben's supplier got the house? He certainly doesn't know about *IT* does he?" Eddie chimed in.

"Not by how Bev talked about him." Bill stepping down the stairs for another box.

"Not surprising. Wed be seen as loons if we went spouting off about

shape shifting space clowns." Mike helping to organize the boxes inside.

"I haven't even told my own wife. If she calls were all on a religious recruitment. It was the only reason she thought i fainted."

"Gotcha! Tell Stan the man's wife he's travelin for the almighty!" Richie pulled furniture pieces off the car.

"Hopefully she won't call **you** first." Stan's expression looking horrified at the thought of Richie answering.

The group kept on conversing while unpacking the cars. Finishing everything up by nightfall in time for them to get a full night's rest.

The next morning Beverley was again at home. This time being her regular scheduled day off. Pacing around the house to stop after a few hours. Waiting anxiously at the diner table. Her phone set in the middle as if it were a cursed object to study. It rang with the caller id showing bills name.

"Time to say it." Beverly hesitantly picked it up. "Hey Bill." She greeted.

"Hey, you didn't pick up yesterday. You okay?"

"It's stress getting to me is all."

"Oh. So, uh, turns out everybody arrived yesterday. Think you can meet at the restaurant today? We'll keep it the other day if you can't."

"I- sure, okay. Right now, right?" Thinking it over.

"Yes, see you there then!" Bill answered happily.

"I'll be right over." Both hanging up after saying their bye. "Oh please let this go well." Begging whatever in the universe was listening.

Arriving at the restaurant nervously. Finding the table easily as Richie was performing one of his acts like always. Soon as she stepped into view Richie dropped his act to tackle her into a hug.

"Bev, holy shit you are here! Look at you too! Found the fountain of youth and haven't told us?" Joking as he held her face in examination.

"I just age better than you grandpa!" Joking right back to lightly punch his arm.

"No disrespecting your elders young lady!"

"I am older than you!" Everybody laughing along to the jokes passed. Everyone trading hugs with her. Happy to see her again after so long.

"How's it going Bev?" Ben asked first of the group.

"Doing fine. Heard you made a deal with my husband."

"Yep, will be settling the rest of my business here on that. Derry sure seems to be growing nowadays."

"You bet. A lot sure has changed around here."

"Heard you are living in that old crack house." Richie jumped in.

"Heh, totally forgot you used to call it that." Chuckling over it. "Yeah i live in that place now. Totally fixed the place up like it's brand new. Also own the lots immediately surrounding it. Will never have a neighbor again."

"Lucky! Maybe you're husband can convince eds to get us a mansion." Richie earning a scoff from Eddie

"A mansion wouldn't last an hour in your care. You'd leave a boiling pot of ramen to burn down the house."

"Guys we need to get serious about this. Remember this isn't a vacation. We need to deal with *IT*." Bill spoke up now to turn the conversation.

"I told you, *IT*'s not here!" Beverly spoke through gritted teeth.

"Yet." Bill repeated. "We really need your help Bev. You know how important it is for all of us to face *IT*. To keep all the future kids of

Derry safe. We can't just ignore this parasite." He pleaded the importance of their gathering.

"I am not getting involved. You won't find *IT*. He's not here and won't be showing up. You all are wasting your time. It was nice seeing you all, but maybe it's best we stay away from each other." She stood from her seat. Ignoring Bill calling for her as she left.

" " *IT* won't be showing up?" Whats she mean by that?" Eddie asked Ben while Bill chased Beverly to the parking lot.

"She's been living here for years. Maybe she knows more than us?" Ben shrugged.

Beverly even after reaching her car ignored Bill still.

"Beverly please! You can't bail on us! What if the clown comes after you when he does return? Or your husband? Then what?" He panted after running after her.

"Drop it Bill. Do what you want. Live in Derry, go down into the drainage system, harass random clowns at the fair. Don't get me involved. Don't break into my house either. The drainage pipe by the river shore is still around if you want an entry. Bye Bill." Wrapping up the conversation to drive home.

Leaving Bill to return inside alone. Everyone looking to him for any answers. Watching him sit back down at his chair.

"I don't know what, but Beverly knows something. She seems far too sure of *IT* being gone." Bill finally spoke.

"If she is, why do we need to know? Sounds like our problem is solved." Stanley looked from Bill over to the others for agreement.

"She could be in trouble. Did she fight *IT* herself and won? Maybe she somehow made a deal. *IT* tried pulling the same thing when we cornered it the last time." Mike injected.

"One of us needs to talk with her in private." Richie set the idea on the table.

"Has to be Bill by this point." Eddie set Bill up. **"Only Bill."** He clarified.

"I agree. You have to talk with her tomorrow somehow." Mike spoke.

"You all sure? She's really not happy with me right now." Bill looked for confirmation.

"All of us are still moving into our new places. Ben's also stuck settling the rest of his business here. That leaves you with only the free time to talk." Mike explained. Bill nodding his head in understanding.

"Alright, I'll call tomorrow. Maybe she'll listen more if i am not banging at her door."

the group talking over their meals on how best to approach the talk with her. What to do if certain situations turned out to be the case.

The night for both sides was fruitless on sleep. Beverly being up earlier then pen in all their time together. Writing stuff down on a notepad to plan today's big dinner. She was hell Bent on today not being ruined by all this mess. Drawing doodles around the list when out of ideas to write.

"maybe pizza would be a good idea. I won't have to worry so much of it being made." sighing as she set the pen down on the note pad. Looking outside to see the dark sky brightening. As expected pen arrived down stairs.

"you sleep at all?" asking as he passed by her.

"no." tapping the notepad surrounded by separated papers covered in doodles.

"you want waffles with coffee?" asking her as he brought out a cooking pan.

"yes." her exhaustion seeping through on the word.

Hours later she was alone in the house. Having taken the big day off as planned. Taking the time to look over a few delivery pizza menus

they had collected up over the years. Pausing what she was doing when the phone rang. Curiously looking toward the living room clock to see it showing 8:45.

"who would be calling this early? Not even the telemarketers are awake." thinking as she answered the next ring. "hello?"

"Beverly, its Bill." a knot twisting in her stomach. Not at all happy to be hearing him. "we need to talk." he started.

"no, I am done talking." tone showing her displeasure.

"you know why *IT* isn't coming back. Why?" he shot straight to the point. Beverly being taken aback by the confrontation.

"it doesn't matter. He's never coming back and no more children are being eaten. You all wasted your time coming here and should move back to your old homes."

"why?! What happened?! Do you need us to-" he was cut off.

"NO! It doesn't matter, drop it!"

"we all want to know! What's going on?! Tell us why!"

"I MARRIED HIM!" she roared into the phone. Pissed at herself now for saying that. Breathing out her anger through heavy breaths. Both on either side of the line quiet for a moment. Bill finally sputtering out a few sounds of confusion to come up with something to say.

"ah ... I ... w ...a ... married?!" was what he finally got to.

"yes, I married Pennywise. Drop it, leave us alone, and don't talk to me again." flat out repeating herself.

"you married *IT*?! W-w-why?! We're coming-" he mildly stuttered when Beverly interrupted again.

"NO! I am perfectly fine. I don't need any of the guys to come save me. I want *all* of you to go away!" shouting into the phone before slamming it down.

Bill on the other side of the line didn't know what to feel. How could she possibly marry *IT*. The one who hunted all of them and killed who knows how many children. Was she a hostage of a deal they made together. Was she brainwashed into thinking *IT* was a perfect husband. He felt sick over thinking of what *IT* could be forcing her to do for him. He had to go out to talk with her immediately. Forgetting in his rush to tell any of the guys along with leaving his phone on his coffee table.

Making to the middle of the town where, while driving past, spotted her standing out in the small field.

She was calming herself as she stood out in the open grass. Waiting for 9 o'clock to roll around. Taking in deep breaths of the mornings cool air. This wasn't the time to be angry about anything. Except for one person hell Bent on getting answers making it difficult.

"Beverly!" whipping her head around baring the strongest death glare toward an angry Bill shouting her name. She did not want him to talk with him anymore on the subject. especially not out in this public park surrounded by a crowd of people now starring.

"we need to talk!no more dodging!" he confronted her.

"*Bill, this is **NOT** the place or time to talk!*" growling through gritted teeth in holding all her furious anger.

"bullshit! I cant talk to you otherwise! Tell me what the hell is going on! You're seriously married to *IT*?! Why?! Is it some sort of deal you were forced into?! We can all help you if you -" he ranted. The sudden happy shout of a little voice breaking the argument by yanking Beverly's attention away.

A young child about 7 years old running up to hug Beverly. Bright blue eyes, red curly hair like hers, blue jeans, green t shirt and wearing over it a blue denim jacket. Stunning Bill into silence at the discovery of her having a child.

"hey kiddo. Have fun at camp?" asking the small child she picked up into her arms. Shoving down her anger and fear of what bills reaction was going to change to.

"it was cool! We got to see lizards and bugs and-" the kid went on.

"uh, l-let's save it for home, for your dad." she quickly quieted the child down to scurry off with him away from Bill. Leaving him standing there still standing in shock.

Not only was it Beverly's child, it could be *IT's* child. What was he to do about that? Could he kill a child? Maybe, if it was showing signs of hunting others around its age. How much of it was Beverly or *IT* would decide the child's survival in his mind.

only one chapter left. will be posted sometime on Monday. ;u;/

Valkyrie Summers:

nothin, the question is what was bill gonna do to pen. XD

21. Final words

Half an hour after the park incident Beverly was home taking the fresh delivered pizzas to the dining table. Barely placing them down when her small child tried opening one of the steaming boxes.

"no, Todd. We need to wait for your dad." setting aside the two large sodas next to the paper plates.

"aww, but he always gets home late. The pizza will be cold by then." he whined with a sad look up to his mother.

"not today, he's coming home early. He'll be here in a couple minutes. You can have some soda till then if you want." ruffling his hair playfully.

"fiine, I'll wait!" the child huffed dramatically at the table. Perking up at the sound of the front door opening.

"daddy!" running up into his father's arms.

"hey-ya toffee." pen greeted Todd in his nickname. Picking him up to carry back to the dinner table.

"haven't grabbed a slice yet?" he asked looking to Todd, but also in general toward Beverly as well.

"nope, we were waiting for you to have family dinner. Todd also wants to talk all about his camping trip." Beverly always made it a point to have family dinners be a regular thing. Making sure Todd experienced all the nice things parents did with their children. All the same experiences she never got while she was young. No family dinners, a parent picking her up like it was more of a chore, no security or any happy parent memories to cherish from her past.

"oh, oh, dad! I got to see a bunch of lizards and I almost caught one!" Todd excitedly told from his seat.

"aww, my little hunter. Hunt anything else on your wild travels?" setting a plate of pizza in front of the small boy. Pouring a cup of soda for him next.

"we saw a bunch of deer, but we couldn't get near them tho. So we just watched till we went down the trail we were on. Then we got to swim around in a river with a bunch of little fishes! Max got pinched by a lobster looking thing between the large rocks."

"crawdad?" Beverly threw out while sitting down by her plate.

"yeah, that! Are those in the river here?" sipping his glass of soda.

"sure are." she bit down into her slice.

"here toffee, your favorite. don't eat any till after you're pizza." pen set down a clear tied bag filled with square chunks. Getting a gasp of happiness and grabby hands at the package.

"oooh coconut toffee!" the child squeaked happily at the candy bag.

"you should have waited to give him that. Now his pizza will never get eaten." Beverly joked.

"eh, more leftovers for us." pen joked on a bite of pizza.

Meanwhile at the apartment of Richie and Eddie. Bill had called an emergency meeting of all the losers. When they all got there Bill was still far too stunned to speak about what he had learned. Sitting hunched over in a couch head in his hands eyes closed. The rest of the losers sitting around him in a circle for whatever he wanted to tell.

"you woke us all out of bed and we've all been waiting here for 10 minutes now. When are you planning to tell us?" Ben spoke to Bill, who did not react.

"hey, this hotel has an emergency defibrillator kit, doesn't it? Maybe that will wake him from his coma." Richie joked. Finally Bill stirred from his catatonic state to make an attempt of speaking. Opening his mouth, only to close it again. Doing this a few times and at the most letting out a heavy breath of air he was holding.

"god dammit Bill, this is worse than your stutter! Spit it out already!" shouted Richie.

"she married *IT*." he finally spoke out. "... she has a kid." he finished. Now everyone was stunned into silence.

"... she fucked the clown?" Richie broke the silence.

"Richie!" Eddie snapped.

"what?! It's true isn't it?!"

"what now?" asked Stan.

"talk with her? Not much we can do." Mike breathed out stressfully.

"that's been going well so far." Stan sarcastically spoke.

"is she okay? Was it some sort of deal or- ..." Ben asked, going quiet at the implication of something serious Beverly may have been forced through.

"i-i don't know. She says she's fine. Doesn't want to talk to any of us anymore. Really pissed toward me now. I don't even know what to do with the kid in the picture. What if it's exactly like the clown? Hunting kids like *IT* does?"

"was it acting weird?" Stan asked about the child.

"i was barely around it for a minute before Beverly whisked it away. It looked like any normal kid from what I saw. She looked happy to see him."

"hey, Beverly's married to that Mr grey dude, right? Sooo is the clown him?" Eddie sat straight up at the conclusion he made.

"i cant be working for the clown, no way!" Ben exclaimed.

"are you so sure?" Eddie asked with a raised brow.

"uh, no, but he's never done anything sketchy. No ones suddenly disappeared or suffered from some freak accident. Are we sure the kid belongs to *IT* anyway? *IT* should only be waking right about now. Did Beverly marry him within like a year early from the 27th mark?" Ben argued.

"only way to find out is to ask." Mike shrugged.

"she doesn't want to talk!" Bill huffed.

"you got a better idea? We break into her house to confront possibly *IT* that's in disguise? Kidnap her child that may not even belong to *IT*? Or should we let this all go?" Mike tossed out.

"what if she's actually happy? I mean, a marriage is a little different from a deal. Why would she call it that?" Eddie questioned.

"maybe it gives better perks? hes is a shapeshifter, on the honeymoon he must have had a **HUge**-"

"Richie!" everyone shouted him down from finishing his sentence.

"has the turtle said anything about this?" Ben asked Mike.

"no, he's been quiet since we decided to head back to Derry. Maybe that's a sign to say everything's alright? I don't think he'd suddenly stop talking otherwise." Mike answered.

"Can we really let that thing live tho? Even if the problem of *IT* has been solved? Even after a murderer has changed they still go to prison for their crimes." Stan spoke specifically toward Bill who went through a dreaded loss of his younger brother to *IT*.

"... Lets see what Beverly has to say. I really don't think she'll talk to me again. Someone else will have to." Bill sighed.

"We'll all go this time." Mike finished. Everything decided upon for their next move.

Back at the Neibolt house Todd was sound asleep for the night. Beverly hiding in the bathroom, leaning against pen sitting behind her.

"You think Bill will try anything?" Asking down to her.

"About Todd? No, Bill doesn't have the heart to hurt a kid. I am more worried about you." Kissing his cheek.

"Nothing they can do if i choose not to fight. I would be a normal person being harassed by loons."

"Yeah, but i also don't want Todd in the middle of this mess."

"He'll be fine darling." Kissing the top of her head.

"I bet a mil Bill will give me another call tomorrow. Or a whole nother shouting match."

"You want me to stick around?"

"No, better if you don't. Bill i don't believe will hold himself from punching you."

"You should get as much sleep for tomorrow's fight then." Joking to her.

"Ugh, how can i sleep? I'll need to hibernate for 20 years at this rate." Joking back with a tight hug around him.

The next day Beverly was back to work in the diner. Waitressing the front booth again. Tensing at bills voice speaking behind her.

"Bev." She heard him say. Looking toward him with dagger eyes.

"Bill, i am not afraid to call the cops on you." Warning him in a whisper.

"Don't, please. I- we all came to talk."

"We?!" Looking around to the front to see all the guys standing outside. Her aggravated glare making them all turn away. Except for Richie, who forced Eddie to over excitedly wave toward her. Shooting her glare back at Bill.

"What did you tell them?!" Keeping her voice hush from yelling inside the place.

"The same thing you said. You married ... *IT*. That you also have a kid." He mumbled. Clearing his throat under the new burning dagger eyes. Worrying over the safety of her child summoning forth the

angry grizzly momma bear inside her.

"Get in my back office, **now**." Deeply growling toward him with a point of the direction he was to walk.

Inside she took a deep inhale along with locking the office door.

"What do you want to talk about?!" Getting right to the point.

"Um, a-are you- were you forced-" he had trouble asking. Trying to avoid causing her any possible trauma if it were true.

"**NO!** And don't you dare ask that again! It was all purely consensual." Shooting those thoughts right down.

"Why did you get together? Is it some sort of deal?" He asked next. Beverly's locked on him glare breaking to look at the door. Unlocking it to yank open. Revealing the rest of the guys caught spying at the door.

"Get in!" She ordered. All of them nervously shuffling into the small office. Beverly taking one last look outside for anybody else eavesdropping. Maybe expecting a worker looking confused to see a sudden group of 6 guys squeeze into her office.

Seeing no one else she slammed the door shut. Locking it back up again to keep from being interrupted.

"You all want to hear the story of why we're together?!" Snapping at them. The guys giving her quiet quick head nods. Following that she told a, as quick as she could, summary for the next 10 minutes.

That she had been homeless by Eriks side before they both headed to Derry despite her being against the idea. How she was shocked that Pennywise felt her the best to court. Saving her life on multiple occasions. How all those life threatening issues were all done by Erik at the time. How pen was the only happy thing in her life between the abuse Erik or his friends tortured her with.

How Pennywise gave all sorts of gifts. Saved her from the rave party disaster along with help by henry. Erik deciding to leave Derry in tow with her. Pen jumping into begging her to stay with him at the

Neibolt house he fixed up just for her. The fallout between Eriks gang, pen, and her. How they had been together up to now.

"He gave you lobster? Can i marry him next?" Richie asked, followed by a yelp as Eddie gave him a swift elbow to the ribs.

"Who's he eating now then?" Bill asked suspiciously.

"Prison inmates." She answered.

"Derry has a prison now?" Asked Ben

"Max security with a death row alley. Instead of missing children we got fliers warning of "escaped" prisoners." Clarifying further.

"Where is it?" Ben asked.

"If you go to the airport you can just see the watchtower tops above the treeline. havint any of you looked around Derry? Lots of stuff has changed around here. Practically all the old businesses have been replaced." looking at all their confused faces or shaking heads.

" the theater, replaced by a new company. the market, replaced with a new big chain store. Train yard completely dead. Blocks and blocks of houses demolished to be replaced. All our childhood homes are replaced by now. More apartments, more streets expanded. Derrys grown quite a lot since all the factories settled here. Attracting by the truck load new workers flowing in with their families. Two new schools had to open within a week for the sudden increase of kids." mentioning all the big changes.

"How do you know he's not devouring a few kids here or there?" Bill followed up on his earlier question.

"The bonding mark helps me know. I know where he is and he knows where i am. We know how each other's feelings or how our health is." Answering easily.

"Is your son like him?" Bill asked next.

"So far he's only been taking after me. Eats and acts normally. Blood drips like the rest of us when he gets a scrape. Teachers say he's

making friends and the usual development markers." Pausing with a sad look to the side. "Todd actually wasn't our first. During the fallout with Erik, we got into a fight that ended with my side shredded open by his knife. Neither pen nor the doctors were able to save it after so much blood loss." Ending on that.

"that bastards lucky the clown got him first. We wouldn't have been so nice if we had ran into him now." Eddie grumbled.

"would have loved to see him get a taste of his own medicine tho. Clowns got a gold star from me for good behavior." Richie added.

"Can we see him?" Bill pushed. Everyone nervously looking to one another, having not discussed that yet. Bills growing anger around the subject not going unnoticed either.

"Um, i am not sure that's a good idea Bill." Beverly anxious about how that meeting would go. Not being too concerned about the others, but bill on the other hand. He was angry and may have no control over himself. Starting a full on brawl against pen that could seriously harm himself or throw everyone in jail for getting involved to help.

"We'll have to meet him at some point. We will be living here, at least for a while. Best to get it all over with." Mike tossed up.

"Okay... But not here. We'll all meet at the park when we get off on our lunch breaks. "You've already met him for work Ben So you'll recognize him right away."

"He is Mr Grey?!" Ben questioned. the suspicion of it being him finally confirmed.

"Yes. That's him. Now all of you gotta go. I still have work and this is probably freaking out my staff enough as it is."

"How do we even know if he's trustworthy? What if all that mark stuff is all a trick he made? What if he's only gotten better at hiding his meals?!" Bill asked skeptically. Not trusting *IT* to have changed despite Beverly's story between the two of them.

"I don't know what else i can do to convince you Bill. I will warn you

however, that if you attempt something i won't stand by. I also won't force pen to either. So please, don't do anything stupid at the meet up." Letting all the guys walk out. Closing herself off alone in the office to regather herself. Mentally calling pen to the office for a talk.

"Yes darling?" Answering her call behind her.

"They want to meet you." Saying as she knocked her forehead against the door.

"Me? Are you sure?"

"Yes. I don't know what they'll do or ask. We'll be meeting in the park so none of them, mainly Bill, can't try anything."

"How'd they all react?"

"As good as they could have, i guess? Bill is still the most skeptical. I am afraid he'll keep trying to convince the others this isn't a good thing either." Walking over to sit in the desks main chair.

"what should we expect from bill?"

"i have no idea. A full on brawl? Attacking you with scissors from his pocket? A gun? I can see he has been holding back his anger. The others are all more for solving the issue the best way they can."

"Is it only my general existence that worries them? Or only a fear of me repeating past actions?" Asking with a sit down in a chair across from her.

"Actions i guess. If they ever come to accept that you've changed then they might not be so worried to have you around."

"do you want them around Beverly?"

"yes, why ask that?" worried at the questions intention.

"to be sure. I could always push them out of Derry, unharmed, if you didn't. You really want them to stay? Then maybe i can offer something that can benefit us all." His words catching Beverly's full attention.

Later that day Beverly waited anxiously by pen in the parks center.

"There here." he gestured a shoulder shrug toward their direction with a head tilt. Letting Beverly be the one to look at them over him staring.

"here we go." Beverly breathed out quietly.

The guys walking over in a steady slow pace. Unknowingly being as nervous as Beverly was as they approached.

"uh, was the clown always that tall?" Eddie asked.

"Holy shit that massive hulk is Mr grey. Why didn't you warn us he was a hundred feet tall?" Richie jokes toward Ben as they all approached.

"I never thought his height would ever be that important for us to know." Ben replied.

" good thing we ain't fighting. i can see it now, Bill punching his knee caps while me and eds grab a couple planes to face him. Mikes working on gathering up his mountain climbing gear and Ben's building a mahogany ladder for him and Stan."

"We kicked his ass as kids didn't we? We were shorter then and still beat him." Bill huffed.

"Yeah, shorter by like 5 inches. that hasn't changed since then." Stan huffed back.

"Shh!" Mike hushed them as they got closer.

Both sides standing quiet in front of another. Everyone avoiding eye contact in silent debate of what to do. Pen becoming the first to speak of them all.

"You have questions?" Throwing the question out into the open to gather further conversation. Bill being the bold one to outright ask one.

"Do you understand at all how i feel after you took Georgie away?"

his question making everybody on edge to where it could lead.

"Yes, since having my own blood born. I know that whatever i may say now wont change the past. Neither bring you much peace. The only thing i feel that i can offer is a vow to never eat innocents again." Pen spoke calmly towards the increasingly more angered Bill.

"How do we know you'll keep that?! What if one day you get bored of playing nice?!" The guys stepping in to hold Bill back by an arm. Pulling him back from his aggressive steps forward.

"i can arrange you all to stay in Derry, forever." He stated to them all.

"What are you talking about?!" Bill snapped. Beverly stepping in having him calm back down again.

"He can reverse your aging then stop it for you. Like with what happened to me after i turned 27. I really haven't aged a day since then."

"yes, but i can only do so within the limits of Derry. If you leave, the aging will start up again." Pen added.

"Why offer that?" Bill questioned.

"If you worry so much about me ever changing. Then stay to keep watch, forever. Beverly will be happy to have you back around as well. This can keep the whole situation peaceful for us all."

the guys looked to each other in silent debate.

"how exactly does it work?" Ben asked. None of them willing to jump into a deal with the devil before reading the fine print.

"if you say yes I will revert each of you one at a time in the coming days. I don't have the energy to do so all at once. You'll be set back physically to 27, like Beverly is now. After you're all changed, it'll be easy to maintain from there. As long as you stay within my control in Derry limits." pen explained.

"so if we say yes, we'll be trapped here?" Eddie questioned.

"no, you can freely come and go. However, past the city limits your aging will continue normally minute by minute from your regressed 27 age. I can continue reversing it, but not constantly between short intervals of time." he explained further.

"does the youth come from anywhere else?" bill glared.

"only long gone inmates."

the group again looked to one another. All of them slowly announcing their answers one after another. Stanley ending up to be the only objector of immortality.

"my wife back home wouldn't believe any of this. I also worked hard to head onto greener pastures by the end of everything. I prefer it this way." he explained to the group asking why. They did not press any further, accepting his wishes.

The group decided that bill could go first in the line up of age revision. Then Ben, Eddie, Richie, and finally mike. Bill explaining he had to go first as If something went horribly wrong, they would have a chance to move in on pen. Bill being far too tempting as an easy kill on the one who tortured pennywise into almost starving.

"our lunch break is ending. We have to head back now if there's nothing else to ask." Beverly informed. Mildly happy that this stressful meeting was ending. Yet also happy that it happened and went so well.

"no." most of them answered, except for bill.

"can we talk a bit more." asking Beverly specifically. "right now, in the diner?" being more of a demand than a question.

"okay bill, but keep your voice down or I'll kick you out. You boys wanna eat? On the house if you do." hoping to bribe the rest of the guys in coming. Knowing they could help control bill if he got too upset during the talk.

At the tempting offer of food the guys happily followed along. Beverly waving pen goodbye as they all went.

Back at the diner, Beverly sat them all down at the front booth. Taking up their orders before settling down for the real talk bill wanted.

"how does he treat you?" bill questioned. Beverly growing annoyed at this.

"fine, bill. He lets me do whatever I want." answering him. The rest of the guys sipping drinks to avoid possibly talking.

"what about leaving Derry? Ever done that?"

"yes, along with Henry to go on long trips."

"why bring Henry? Does he force you to in case you may run?"

"no! Its for security." snapping at him.

"*his* security?" bill followed up.

"no. *our* security. I don't have to bring Henry if I don't want to, but it helps both of us."

"how?!" bill continued the long chain of questions.

"pen cant see or know whats happening outside of Derry. He also cannot leave it. If I go someplace far and something happens. He won't know until it's been far too long since i've called. Or if he does find out, he can't come to sign any hospital forms or make the important decisions by my hospital bed. So we use Henry as our extension. But, now that you're all here, maybe we can expand that so we won't have so much worry about it." explaining the situation of why she needed a travel companion.

"how'd you get the diner?" Eddie asked to turn the end of their topic toward a happier note.

"place looks a hell of a lot better since we were kids." Richie added.

"pretty much worked up the ladder till I made the manager role. Then the owner passed and the place was up for sale by the bank. Scooped the place up within days. Helps me get out of the house mostly, but I

am working on hopping back into the fashion jobs. Need to set up a resume after I arrange myself a portfolio." happily talking about her time in the place.

"what if you ever want to leave him?" bills question souring the mood.

"i seriously doubt he'll stop me if I want to." she answered flatly.

"what will you tell your kid? Does he know about *IT*?"

"for now he mainly knows his father as Grey, and that he dresses as a clown on Halloween. In time we plan to tell him more about what his father really is. Most likely we won't tell him everything, we don't feel a need to. I prefer none of you telling him certain details either. At least not until he's much older." she told with a look to them all.

"any more questions, bill?"

"... no." he went quiet. Beverly noticing a sudden calm from him and the rest of the guys. Seeing some defeated sadness on bill as well. Thinking over why that is she guessed it was because his obsession to destroy *IT* was crushed. By how much pen had changed the guys were all willing to work toward an agreement without fighting.

Bill did not entirely want that, he still wanted revenge for his slaughtered brother. Asking all the serious questions for any excuse he could find to rally them all into fighting *IT*. Yet, there were none on pens long record of peace over the years with Beverly. Adding onto the fact he was a new father with a child who would have no idea why a group of men killed off his loving dad.

"bill." Beverly called his attention back. "i never expect you to be friends with him or even like him. Only that you two stay civil to keep the peace and my mental health. Okay?" speaking only to him.

"...okay." he nodded. His body language showing some uplift to his mood. Not needing to be forced into acting nice around Pennywise. Neither expected to become good buddies with him like everyone else seemed to be growing toward.

Beverly gathered up their food to pass down to them all. Taking up

her own plate she ordered, since her whole lunch break was used up to settle issues. Sitting down to eat happily beside all her friends who had a lot of catching up to do after so long.

Bill had published a whole series of horror stories that had been selling well. Ben, of course, had his company growing fast enough to need pens massive supply factories for work. Mike had settled down for a office job in the detective department after feeling his age begin to hit him. Now, however he may reconsider joining the field after today. Stan had gotten many promotions in his line of accounting work. Richie and Eddie had recently gotten engaged to one another. Partially merging their company's with Richie hosting celebs on his talk comedy shows and Eddie providing top treatment to all the shows guests behind the scenes. Earning high talks among the big show biz names as **the** talk show to get on.

The following days, one by one, the losers turned young again. Passing jokes to one another of all the changes. Coming to hang out with Beverly regularly like old times. Sometimes trying to squeeze pen into the mix of certain gatherings. He would come if Beverly asked him too, but mainly kept to himself or her.

Richie being the bravest to talk with him. More of pestering then talking really. Asking multiple questions, usually the exact same ones that really did not add much information. Puzzling pen over the action and to Beverly's amusement at the sight.

"what's your favorite color? How tall are you? Why do you like that crack house so much?" all the questions finally driving pen into scaring him at some point in full Pennywise form. Then Richie would flee to Beverly jokingly claiming "your boyfriend is trying to eat me!" only to continue the annoying questions all over again.

Eddie having to also deal with Richies pranks. Pulling him away from annoying pen to death or worse being annoyed next for ruining the fun. Otherwise keeping the interaction with pen casual. Talking normally about everyday things. Making small plots to prank Richie back using pens help. Both receiving satisfying paybacks after all of Richies pranks.

Ben and mike kept the relationship with pen very casual or simply

business. Sharing beers, talking about each other's work, upcoming plans in each others personal lives. Stan almost doing the same, but anxiously keeping his interaction with pen as low as possible. Outright avoiding him if no other loser was around.

For bill it was obvious they weren't going to be social. Only greeting each other by saying the others name. "Bill." "Grey." then remaining silent between each other until somebody else spoke, they had to pass information, or the other left. Keeping peace between each other on the agreement that Beverly's happiness was most important.

Everything was looking up for the small, but growing town of Derry. Once suffering massive deaths to major disasters. Now turning to be the safest place on earth bearing a record of lowest crime. All thanks to a single love connection between the girl void of happiness and the void from beyond the universe.

THE END

and that's the official end. hope you all enjoyed the story. :3

i have more IT fanfics planned for the future, but need to work on them a little more first.